



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF

BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

No. 16.		PAGE
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland—I.....	325	
The History of our English Bible—Part IV.....	327	
Something about Madagascar.....	330	
"My Times are in Thy Hand".....	331	
With us and Against us.....	332	
The Pruned Vine.....	332	
Short Arrows.....	332	
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Bible.....	333	
THE HALF-HOUR BIBLE CLASS:—III. The Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles.....	335	
Five in the Pea-Shell.....	337	
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters XLIII., XLIV.....	337	
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	343	

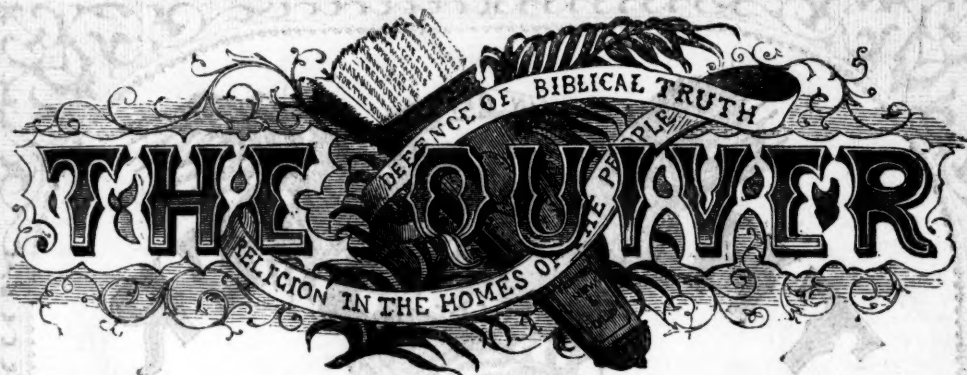
No. 17.		PAGE
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland—II.....	345	
Ancient Sermons.....	348	
An Adventure in Lapland.....	349	
A Death-Bed Scene.....	350	
Keep your Mouth Shut.....	350	
A Help to the Study of the Bible.....	350	
"The Dew-Drops".....	351	
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS:—Joseph in Prison.....	351	
Christ's Peace.....	353	
When will You be Ready?.....	353	
Justice and Mercy.....	354	
Saving Money.....	354	
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Snow-Storm.....	354	
The Poor-Rich and the Rich-Poor.....	355	
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters XLV., XLVI.....	356	
Literary Notices.....	361	
Progress of the Truth.....	362	
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	363	

No. 18.		PAGE
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland—III.....	365	
Buried Alive!.....	367	

No. 19.		PAGE
The Other Side.....	368	
An Eastern Tale.....	368	
Short Arrows.....	369	
EMINENT CHRISTIANS:—John Elliot.....	370	
Woman's Sphere.....	371	
In the Shaft at Hartley Colliery.....	372	
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Prize.....	373	
SUNDAY TALKS WITH THE LITTLE ONES:—Eating and Drinking.....	375	
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters XLVII., XLVIII.....	376	
Literary Notices.....	381	
Musical Notices.....	381	
Progress of the Truth.....	382	
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	383	

No. 19.		PAGE
Readings in Butler's "Analogy." By the Right Hon. J. Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland—IV.....	385	
Mount Ararat and its Climbers.....	387	
Paul Gerhardt's Hymn.....	388	
Do Right, and Fear Not.....	389	
The Diversified Benefits produced by our Lord's Miracles.....	389	
Upwards and Onwards.....	389	
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS:—Pharaoh's Dream.....	390	
The World's Messenger.....	391	
Spiritual Desertion.....	391	
Wisdom Learned Too Late.....	392	
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—About a Boy who Lived in a Mine.....	392	
Charity.....	393	
"Did I not Do it Well?".....	393	
The Cherry-Bud.....	394	
THE HALF-HOUR BIBLE CLASS:—Martyrdom of St. Paul.....	394	
Germs of Thought.....	396	
"For ever with the Lord".....	397	
THE CHANNINGS: Chapters XLIX., L.....	397	
Literary Notices.....	402	
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church.....	403	

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THE QUIVER

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RELIGION IN THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

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READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

I. THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

IN offering myself as a guide to those who desire to understand, and are resolved to study, the great work of Bishop Butler, "On the Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature," I purpose to lay before the reader, in the first instance, what I take to be the general plan and outline of the work, before we proceed to examine in detail the several component parts of the whole.

For logical completeness, candour in controversy, cautious moderation, moral thoughtfulness, practical wisdom, and love of truth, Bishop Butler has left in his memorable work "monumentum ære perennius." The style is not popular, the reasoning is often subtle and profound, and cannot be adequately comprehended without a sustained attention and repeated study. Butler's words must have their exact and emphatic meaning given to them; and his own explanations, to be found in various parts of the work, are the proper glossary by which the meaning may be decisively fixed. It is, moreover, incumbent on the reader to make himself familiar with the treatise as a whole, before he concludes that there is in any part an error or omission. Single words, limiting and saving clauses, studiously moderate statements, must be attended to by those who desire to apprehend and appreciate the earnest force of the argument and the real purpose of the author. His great object was to repel and overthrow the current objections made to the credibility of religion. He seeks to lay a solid foundation for his argument in the acknowledged dispensation and course of Providence in the routine of daily life—in matters of fact which are obvious—matters of common experience, and open to the observation of all. Thus descending to a level with his opponents, and arguing on common data which atheists alone could dispute or deny, he sets up the credibility of religion, and then completes his masterly argument by summing up the proper positive evidence by which religion is proved to be true.

Let me call your attention to the title of the volume you may hear spoken of as "Butler's Analogy:" sometimes it is given as "Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion." This is likely to mislead. It is "The Analogy of Religion (natural and revealed) to the Constitution and Course of Nature." Religion, which is commonly divided into natural and revealed, is compared with that system of Providence which regulates our common daily life. Natural religion is the moral system of the world, discoverable by human reason; revealed religion is the dispensation of God to man, disclosed by Divine revelation. The truths which religion teaches as to our present duties and our future destiny; the position which man occupies in the Divine economy as a moral, immortal, and accountable being—his relation to God; the privileges and obligations incident to this relation; the scheme of religion, its publication, and the proof which God has given of its truth—these were the mate-

rials of a controversy in which speculative difficulties and objections were put forward as sufficient to overthrow the whole system of religion, natural and revealed, as altogether incredible. Many years had elapsed since Lord Bacon had challenged as a folly the contentious controversies of the schools of philosophy in their rival theories of physical science. He taught mankind a more excellent way, modestly and patiently to observe the operations and course of Nature, and note the sequences in their appointed order. This was the province of man, as the minister and interpreter of Nature. This was to be carried on with docility and submission, for, as he emphatically observes, "it is no less true in this human kingdom of knowledge than in God's kingdom of heaven, that no man shall enter into it except he become first as a little child."—(3 vol., 224, Spedd. ed.) "Therefore (as he says), from a closer and purer league between these two faculties, the experimental and the rational, such as has never yet been made, much may be hoped."—(95 App. 4 vol., 93.) Much has since been realised. In this spirit of true philosophy, Bishop Butler proposed to meet speculative objections by practical answers. He assumes as already established by the consideration of final causes, by the abounding evidence of the power and wisdom of the Creator which creation supplies—he takes it as admitted "that there is an intelligent Author of Nature." This is all that he postulates. He suggests that, instead of indulging in mere hypothesis and speculation, which, on the subject of religion, must be altogether imperfect, as it is unbecoming for such a creature as man, we should turn our thoughts to what we experience to be the conduct of Nature with respect to intelligent creatures, which may be resolved into general laws or rules of administration, in the same way as many of the laws of Nature respecting inanimate matter may be collected from experiments. "Let us compare," he says, "the known constitution and course of things with what is 'said to be' the moral system of Nature; the acknowledged dispensations of Providence with what religion teaches us to believe and expect." This comparison brings out the analogy—the resemblance of relations. There is a likeness which we recognise; the things compared may be traced up to the same general laws, and resolved into the same principles of the Divine conduct. We find a unity of design, which is the source of analogy—a uniformity of operation, which is the basis of inference. This unity of design is perceived in the many relations which the material and the moral worlds bear to each other. There is an analogy in the laws by which these phenomena are regulated, and the methods of investigation peculiarly applicable to each. It must, then, be allowed to be just, as Butler observes, "to join abstract reasonings with the observation of facts, and argue from such facts as are known to others that are like them." This is almost the language of Lord Bacon; it is altogether in the spirit of the inductive philosophy. The introduction to the "Analogy" may be properly studied in connection with the 8th chapter of the second part of the Treatise, in which he explains and defends the use which he has made of the argument from



analogy. This mainly consists in refuting objections, in which it is irresistibly convincing. This is the negative use of it, and it makes way for the affirmative proofs and positive arguments by which religion is authoritatively established. When employed as a medium of proof, it may authorise a probable conjecture, inviting further examination; or it may materially confirm and fortify an independent proof. We must, therefore, not be disappointed if we find, in some parts of the treatise, that the argument from analogy, taken by itself, does not seem convincing. This only occurs when it is used as a medium of proof; for it will be found that wherever it is used for its genuine purpose—to repel and refute speculative objections—the masterly hand of Butler has laid prostrate the sophistry and the scepticism—the allies, as I may say, which the enemies of our faith have employed in their hostile attacks. In matters which involve our relation to God, there is a Divine and there is a human aspect in which they may be viewed. The former has reference to the character of God—the reasons and the design of the Divine economy; the latter, to our own obligations—our proper business in this present life—the connection of our duties with our destiny.

Religion, as Butler reminds us, is “a practical thing, and consists in such a determinate course of life as being what there is reason to think is commanded by the Author of Nature, and will, upon the whole, be our happiness under his government.” The design of this treatise (he says) is not to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men; it is not to justify his providence, but to show what belongs to us to do. It is on this eminently practical view of religion—the doing of God’s Word, the keeping diligently what he has commanded, the obedience of faith, which is the proof of love and the purpose of life—on this depends the force of the argument from the analogy of religion to the constitution and course of Nature. What is the course of Nature in this respect? In the concerns of our daily life, to enable us to act with a due regard to our temporal interests, we do not ask for mathematical demonstration. The practical question in all cases is, whether the evidence for a course of action be such as, taking in all circumstances, makes the faculty within us, which is the guide and judge of conduct, determine that course of action to be that which we ought to pursue. This is what is called a practical proof; such a proof as will be admitted fully sufficient in reason to influence the actions of men who act upon thought and reflection. It is matter of experience that the evidence on which we are naturally appointed to act in common matters throughout a very great part of life is doubtful in a high degree. We cannot have, we do not demand, overbearing evidence, nor conclusive demonstration; but we look for that which will satisfy conscience and determine conduct. Should we require another kind of evidence in religion? Is not the evidence on which we are appointed to act in the affairs of life adapted to our moral nature, and sufficient for our moral judgment? and will not evidence of the like kind be sufficient to regulate conduct as the discipline of virtue? Without faith it is impossible to please God,—without believing that he is—that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. This is presupposed; this is to be tested and exercised. Evidence which may fail to satisfy speculative curiosity is sufficient and quite suitable for the discipline of Christian life. Probability (as Butler remarks) is the very guide of life. But observe what he means by probability, and how it is distinguished from demonstration. “Demonstration admits of no degrees; its conclusion is not only certain but necessary. Probability, in the proper—not in the popular

—sense, admits of every variety of degree, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption.” A matter is properly said to be probable when it is like some truth or true event—like it in itself, in its evidence, in some more or fewer of its circumstances; and this, by the constitution of our nature, is adapted to beget that presumption, opinion, or full conviction, which it does necessarily produce in us. Analogy is thus found to be of weight in various degrees towards determining our judgment and our practice. Origen, the great teacher of Alexandria—whose proper name is said to mean the “son of light”—had observed that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of Nature. Butler quotes this with marked approval, and, in the spirit of it, he adds that he who denies the Scriptures to have been from God upon account of these difficulties may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him; and if there be an analogy or likeness between that system of things and dispensation of Providence which revelation informs us of, and that system of things and dispensation of Providence which experience, together with reason, informs us of—i.e., the known course of Nature—this is a presumption that the system of religion and the course of Nature have both the same Author and Cause, at least so far as to answer objections against the former being from God drawn from anything which is analogical, or similar to what is in the latter, which is acknowledged to be from him. Identity of authorship, according to Origen, leads us to expect identity of characteristics; and, on the other hand, identity of characteristics, according to Butler, leads us to presume or apprehend identity of authorship. Butler has taken up the two great volumes of Nature and of Revelation. The authorship of the former is admitted. The style of the Divine authorship is traced throughout both; like principles, like procedure, like anomalies and difficulties to be solved in each, like purposes to be answered by these in the discipline of life. The perplexity of life itself, as disclosed in the book of Nature, disappears when we find in the book of Revelation that it is an institution for eternity, and the speculative objections which tempt men to doubt or deny the truths and facts of revelation also disappear when we turn to our experience of the course of Nature, to the facts of common life. These are subject to the same *a priori* difficulties, but we do not allow ourselves to be reasoned out of what we feel and see and know. We rely on our consciousness and our common sense; the speculative difficulties, whatever be their abstract or intrinsic value, cannot here prevail. If they be false, we must reject them as unfounded; if they be true, we must equally reject them as inapplicable. Our nature and condition compel us to treat such objections as if they were false, when we have to act in our daily life. This is the groundwork of the argument from analogy.

The treatise is divided into two parts. In the first part, three leading points are dealt with—first, a future life, in which happiness and misery will be apportioned as reward and punishment, and this apportionment will be regulated according to a moral rule of distributive justice. So far man is shown to be an immortal, moral, and accountable being. The first chapter deals with the fact of a future life, and the analogies by which it is rendered probable and credible. The second chapter shows that we are under the natural government of God; that pleasure and pain, reward and punishment follow upon our actions, and that we are enabled to foresee that such will be the consequences of these actions. The third chapter carries forward the argument, and shows that

we are under the moral government of God, as the righteous Governor of the world. This naturally leads to the consideration of the second of the three leading points—namely, the present life, as a preparatory stage of existence. It is thus found to be a state of probation, and therefore attended with difficulties and dangers in the temptations by which we are tried and proved. This is the subject of the fourth chapter. It is a state for moral discipline in virtue and piety, in forming habits of active benevolence and passive resignation, and also for the manifestation of character. This is the subject of the fifth chapter. The third leading point is the consideration of the argument against the moral government of God as a fact, and the proof of this fact—an argument based on the doctrine of necessity; and also, the objection that this moral government is not reconcilable with wisdom and goodness. In the sixth chapter, the argument of necessity is thoroughly exposed and completely answered; in the seventh, the second objection is overthrown. There is then a short concluding chapter, summing up the whole argument, as it has been applied to natural religion. The leading proposition, in the first part, that there is a moral Governor of the world, and that virtue is his law, is established in two ways—by external and by internal evidence. The former is found in the profession which has been made in all ages and countries; in the reception of this truth in the first ages; in traditional evidence that it was taught by a revelation. Thus we have general consent, antiquity, and evidence of a revelation, to establish the truth of God's righteous government. The internal evidence is found in the reason of the thing; in the principles of moral liberty and moral fitness; in the presages of conscience and the moral faculty; and in the distinct natural intimations which are given to us in the constitution and course of Nature, and pointed out and reasoned upon in the third chapter. In the second part, the author deals with revealed religion. He first considers the general objections against it, then the special objections against it, and then he considers the positive evidence in support of its truth, which he sums up and clears from objections. The general objections are twofold: first, that before any system of revelation is proposed, it must be superfluous, because unnecessary; and next, that it must be incredible, and could not be proved by miraculous attestation. The first of these objections is fully met in the first chapter, and in the second chapter the other objection is disposed of. There is then the further objection against a proposed system of revelation, either as a system, or a wise and good scheme. The third chapter disposes of the one; the fourth of the other. The special objections which are made are answered by special analogies. There is first the objection founded on the alleged intricacy of means; next, on the idea of mediation; and thirdly, on the want of universality. The appointment of a Mediator and Redeemer is nobly vindicated in the fifth chapter, which cannot fail to edify the faithful student. Objections to this great fundamental truth of Christianity having been scattered and routed, and the other objections to the system of revelation having been repelled and cleared away, the positive evidence is brought forward with advantage. The direct proofs furnished by miracles and prophecy—the indirect, many, and various, by which revelation and the religion which it teaches have been Divinely accredited—are then presented with cumulative force and effect. Light is thus sown for the righteous—for those who, in an honest and good heart, keep the Divine Word which they have heard, and bring forth fruit with patience.

I have thus given you a cursory sketch of this ad-

mirable treatise—the general scope and outline of it—the nature of the argument from analogy, and the general principles on which Butler has brought it to bear upon the great practical subject of religion. Let me commend this work to your earnest, patient, and prayerful study. It is adapted, under God's blessing, to invigorate your minds and discipline your hearts. Difficulties, whether of belief or of practice, are part of our trials here on earth. We must seek the aid of Him without whom we can do nothing. We must seek for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, who can lead us into all truth. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

THE HISTORY OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

PART IV.

Coverdale—Days of Promise—Persecution and Disappointment—The Returning Dawn—Our Authorized Version.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century there were three gifted young men, then unknown to each other, on whom it would appear that God's Spirit was about to descend, to equip them as well-armed warriors in the great battle between Christ's truth and Rome's error. One of them had just entered the monastery of Erfurth. That young man was Martin Luther. Another was busily and eagerly plodding at Greek, and Hebrew, and Latin, and delighting himself with the wonderful things which he daily fetched out of that new Greek Testament, which the erudition of the scholarly Erasmus had commended to men of learning. That young man was our own William Tyndale, and of him we have just spoken. Another was devoting himself to similar studies, and with the self-same ardour, in the Augustine Monastery at Cambridge. That young man was Miles Coverdale, and of him we have now to speak.

The prior of the monastery at that time was Dr. Barnes. He had recently been brought to the knowledge of the truth by the preaching of Bilney, formerly Tyndale's fellow-student and much-loved friend.

Very soon, however, a bitter persecution was aroused against him. He was summoned to London to appear before Cardinal Wolsey, who imperiously and peremptorily demanded whether he would "abjure or burn." The prior fainted in the day of adversity; but it was not long ere he fully regained strength to confess Christ, and he was again brought to trial. At that second ordeal he most nobly bore himself amidst the revilings and threatenings of his enraged foes; and in the month of July, in the year 1540, he received the martyr's baptism of blood. The spirit of triumphant confidence which he cherished in the sure ultimate victory of the truth well appears from the memorable words which he uttered a little before his martyrdom. "To burn me," he exclaimed, "or to destroy me cannot so greatly profit them (Wolsey and Tunstal); for, when I am dead, the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the elements—water and fire—yea, and stones also, shall defend this cause against them, rather than the truth should perish." Brave words these! Deeply moved must have been the soul that poured them forth.

Coverdale was greatly encouraged in his biblical studies by this good prior; and in a letter written from his cell, in the Augustine Monastery, in May, 1527, he says, "Now I begin to taste of Holy Scriptures, nothing I desire in the world but books as concerning my learning; they once had, I doubt not, but Almighty God shall perform that in me which he, of his most plentiful favour and grace, hath begun."

After this Coverdale attended Barnes when he was committed to the Fleet prison. Subsequently, having entered into holy orders, you find him attracting great

attention, and exposing himself to no little hazard, in the county of Essex. There he preached, with much earnestness, and equal fearlessness, against transubstantiation, confession to a priest, and the worship of images. In 1529, or thereabouts, he left England for the Continent; and Fox tells us that he was associated for a time with Tyndale in the translation of the Pentateuch. It is most likely that it was then he conceived the project of translating into English and printing the *whole Bible*: a project which, by great diligence and unwearied perseverance, God enabled him to accomplish. In the preface to his great work one cannot but admire the humility of self-distrust with which he addressed himself to it. He thus writes:—"Considering how excellent knowledge and learning an interpreter of Scripture ought to have in the tongues, and pondering also mine own insufficiency therein, and how weak I am to perform the office of a translator, I was the more loth to meddle with this work. Notwithstanding, when I considered how great pity it was that we should want it so long, and called to remembrance the adversity of them who were not only of ripe knowledge, but would also, with all their hearts, have performed that they begun if they had not had impediment [no doubt the allusion here is to Tyndale, then suffering imprisonment]; considering, I say, that, by reason of their adversity, it could not so soon have been brought to an end as our most prosperous nation would fain have had it, these and other reasonable causes considered, I was the more bold to take it in hand."

It was probably in the town of Zurich, in Switzerland, that Coverdale printed his Bible. All around him central Europe was heaving with the mighty throes of the German Reformation, and the wondrous upheaving of Germany had spread to the Swiss cantons. Resolute and heroic men, whom God had enlightened and girded with strength, were leading on the people in their struggles for liberty and truth. Among them we love to look at our own Coverdale, preparing for his countrymen that blessed book, which is the divine charter of freedom, and which has made our native land "the glory of all lands." The date of Coverdale's Bible is thus given:—"Prynted in the yere of our Lorde MDXXXV., and fynished the fourth day of October."

In the annals of these eventful transition times another honoured name must be mentioned. During the time Tyndale resided at Antwerp a man was introduced to him, who was afterwards distinguished as a Bible translator, and ultimately suffered martyrdom, in Smithfield, in the days of Queen Mary. This man was John Rogers. His conversation with the English exile issued in his conversion from Popery. Nor was it simply a renouncing of error. He embraced the pure truth of God with all his heart, and became one of its most loyal disciples. After Tyndale's martyrdom he resolved to complete the translation which had been thus left unfinished. His education at Cambridge had qualified him for this service, for he is described as "an able linguist and general scholar." Very diligently did he apply himself to the work which he had undertaken, so that, in a short time, it was brought to a successful conclusion; and the translator gratefully makes this record:—"To the honour and prayse of God was this Byble prynted and fynished in the yere of our Lorde God MDXXXVII." This translation was called *Matthew's Bible*; a fictitious name having been assumed for reasons into which we cannot now enter. It was carried through the press by Grafton and Whitchurch, two eminent Continental printers.

Meanwhile, the course of events at home had all been setting, by God's good providence, in a direction favourable to the reception and circulation of these newly-printed Bibles.

The quarrel of Henry VIII. with the Pope, and the defiant attitude to the Romish see which the haughty monarch had assumed, the fall of Wolsey, and the elevation of Thomas Cromwell to the chancellorship, and of Cranmer to the primacy, were all in aid of the rapidly advancing Reformation. In the year 1534, a few days before Christmas, at an assembly of clergy in the Chapter House of old St. Paul's, Cranmer recommended "that his Majesty would vouchsafe to decree that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue by some honest and learned men, to be nominated by the king, and to be delivered unto the people, according to their learning." At that very time, the work which Cranmer so greatly desired "Master Coverdale," both "honest and learned," was on the eve of completing in Switzerland. However, things were not quite ripe for so onward a step as the archbishop then proposed; but when, three years afterwards, Cranmer received Tyndale's Bible from Grafton and Whitchurch, who, it seems, forwarded him a copy immediately it was printed, he resolved to seek permission from the king to put in circulation. Accordingly, without delay, he sent it on to the chancellor, with the request that he would place it in the hands of Henry, and do his utmost to obtain for it an introduction into England. Cromwell's influence prevailed, and very soon, to the unspeakable joy of the archbishop, and also thousands besides, the English Bible appeared, with this inscription on the title-page:—"Set forth with the kinge's most gracyous licence." What a change had taken place in a few years! The very king who had harassed and persecuted Tyndale, and driven him to wander in a foreign land a proscribed exile, and in the same proclamation had condemned both him and his work, now actually allows his translation to appear, bearing the royal *imprimatur*! Little could Tyndale have foreseen such a result when he was led out to execution at Vilvord. But had he not then prayed, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes?"

Soon after this it was determined that a new and improved edition of the Bible should be prepared. As the best paper and workmanship were then to be obtained in Paris, Grafton and Coverdale were instructed to proceed thither, the former to superintend the printing, the latter to examine and correct the sheets. The edition on which they were now employed was afterwards known as the "Great Bible."

A letter from Henry to the King of France obtained for them licence to proceed with the work. But the jealousy of Rome was aroused; the spiritual power showed itself superior to the King's licence, and the officers of the "Holy Inquisition" forbade them, "under canonical pains, to imprint the said Bible." Those who were engaged in the work were also summoned to appear before the Holy Office. Finding there was no possibility of obtaining protection from the French Court, they sent off as many of the printed sheets as they could, and made their escape to England. The Inquisition seized the presses and types, together with the remainder of the printed sheets. Some of these sheets were burnt, and others were sold for waste paper. In a few months the work was resumed in London, and the Great Bible—and a noble edition it was—appeared with the notice, "Fynished Apryle, anno M.CCCC.XXXIX."

So thoroughly had the chancellor and the primate now won the king over to their own views, that orders were issued to the clergy to have all in readiness, before Christmas of that year, "one boke of the whole Bible of the largest volume, in English, to be set up in the churches." The reference here is doubtless to the Great Bible.

Our patient annalist, Strype, has done well to preserve some interesting memorials of the reception the "boke"

met with, from the priests on the one hand, and the people on the other.

He tells us, "the parsons, vicars, and curates did read confusedly the Word of God, and the king's injunction lately set forth, and commanded by them to be read, humming and hawking thereat, that almost no man could understand the meaning of the injunction." But look at the other picture he gives us:—"It was wonderful to see with what joy this book was received, not only among the learner sort, but generally all over England by the vulgar and common people, and with what greediness God's Word was read, and what resort to the places where the reading of it was; and even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the Holy Scriptures read."

But this bright and promising dawn of heavenly light was soon to be overcast. A change came over the counsels of the king. It was mainly owing to the marvellous sway which Cromwell held over Henry, that the royal sanction had been so far granted to the spread of the Bible. That influence had now passed away. In the month of June, 1540, Cromwell was arrested and thrown into prison, and six weeks afterwards he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Henry's old hatred to the Bible revived; the Romanists regained somewhat of their former ascendancy, and in the year 1543 Parliament passed an act really forbidding the Bible, inasmuch as it was decreed, that "any one belonging to the class of apprentices, artificers, journeymen, servants, husbandmen, and labourers," was not to be permitted "to read the Old or New Testament at all, either in public or private." Who will say that the "former times were better than these?" No one who understands them.

The sensual and selfish Henry died in the year 1547. Under the reign of his son and successor, Edward VI., Cranmer and the Protestant party recovered their position and power. The ban was again taken from the truth; the sacred Scriptures were freely printed and circulated, and we can count up some fifty editions which came from the press in the short space of six years and a half—the too brief period of Edward's reign.

And here we reach that disastrous portion of England's history when Rome rose again for a time to her ancient supremacy, and left upon our country the marks of her power in traces of tears and blood.

Upon the accession of Queen Mary, she took a most solemn pledge to make no change in the laws of the realm affecting the Protestant religion, as established in the reign of Edward. Yet no sooner did she feel herself firmly seated on the throne, than she began to show her real intentions and character. Utterly regardless of the engagement by which she had solemnly bound herself—for the Papacy has ever been ready to release princes from any promises made to heretics—she began to restore the Romish worship. The Scriptures were prohibited; Gardiner and other Romish prelates were restored to favour, while Cardinal Pole was sent on a special mission to the Vatican, in order to effect a reconciliation of England with the holy see. The two Houses of Parliament, submissive to the will of the daughter of their former stern and despotic monarch, expressed a desire that the nation might return to the bosom of the Romish Church. The profession of the Protestant faith was declared to be a crime to be punished with death. A terrible system of cruel persecution was organised, and relentlessly followed out. Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, distinguished by fervent piety and a spirit of remarkable humility, was burnt alive at Gloucester on the 9th of February, 1555. His persecutors prolonged to the utmost his dying

agonies, but he bore up with wonderful patience and courage. Old Hugh Latimer, the brave-hearted and out-spoken Bishop of Worcester, who seems to have been almost the only man who never feared the frown of Henry VIII., and the saintly and learned Ridley, Bishop of London, were burnt at Oxford on the 16th of October of the same year. The year after, Cranmer was condemned to suffer death by similar tortures, and many, many more cheerfully laid down their lives rather than surrender the precious Word of God. At such a price were the blessings we now inherit bought for us!

But we must hasten on. Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558, and on the same day her sister Elizabeth was proclaimed queen, amidst the liveliest demonstrations of public joy. The principal incident connected with the English Bible during this monarch's reign, was the printing of what is called the "Bishops' Book." Archbishop Parker was very anxious to secure a new and revised translation. For this purpose, he distributed the various books of Scripture among "learned bishops and able men," who were carefully to correct the text of the Great Bible, and then submit the alterations they proposed to the archbishop. It was then left with him to decide what readings should be finally adopted. When this edition was printed, it very appropriately received the name of the "Bishops' Bible."

Some of these good men who were employed in this work were conspicuous for the firmness with which they had maintained their ground as Christ's confessors in the perilous days of Queen Mary. One of them was Thomas Bentham, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. On one occasion, he attended a company of martyrs who were burnt at Smithfield. "The Queen had forbidden that any one should speak to them at the stake." As Bentham saw their faith and fortitude, he exclaimed, with a loud voice, heedless of the danger which threatened him, "We know that they are the people of God, and therefore we cannot choose but wish well to them, and say, God strengthen them."

The Protestant faith was now securely established as the religion of the country, and the Papal anathemas, which were alike freely and furiously hurled at Queen Elizabeth, fell harmless to the ground. In the progress of the Reformation in her reign, the English Church became divided into two great sections. One section was strongly marked by Romanist sympathies, partly in doctrine, but still more in discipline and ceremonies of worship; and hence arose the High Church party. The other section earnestly contended for a strict adherence to Scripture, both as it regards purity of doctrine and simplicity of ritual. From that section sprung the Puritans.

Much more of deep interest might be said respecting our English Bible, but we are compelled to leave it unsaid, and we must content ourselves with a glance at the period which gave us our "authorised translation," the version now in use.

Soon after James I. came to the throne, the Puritans, whose influence was beginning to be powerfully felt, made a formal complaint of sundry ecclesiastical grievances, which, they alleged, both restricted their Christian liberty and burdened their consciences. The new sovereign entertained their appeal to him, and, accordingly, appointed a meeting to be held at Hampton Court Palace, on the 14th of January, 1604, to hear and examine "things pretended to be amiss in the Church."

This was the famous "Hampton Court Conference." On the third day of the sittings of this notable assembly, Dr. John Rainolds, who was at the head of the Puritan party, offered objections to various renderings in the

existing versions of the Bible, and requested the king to authorise the preparation of a new translation by competent persons.

In all that learned assembly there was certainly no man better qualified to judge of the merits of the question which he introduced. A trustworthy historian says of him, "The truth is, he was most prodigiously seen in all kind of learning, and had turned over all writers, profane, ecclesiastical, and divine; all the councils, fathers, and histories of the Church. He was also most excellent in all tongues, of a sharp and nimble wit, of mature judgment, and so well skilled in all arts and sciences, as if he had spent his whole time in each of them." It was hardly to be expected that the proposal for a new translation, coming from such a quarter, would be received with favour by the men who represented the opposite school. Bancroft, Bishop of London, peevishly replied that "if every man's humour should be followed there would be no end of translating."

Nevertheless, James supported the proposition of the learned Puritan, and a new translation was resolved upon. Measures were soon concerted to carry the resolution into effect; and in a letter to Bancroft, on the 22nd of the following July, the king informs the bishop that he had selected "fifty-four learned men for the translating of the Bible."

Among the names of the men to whom the preparation of the new version was committed, we have some of the most eminent theologians and linguists of the age. They were also men who, independently of their ripe scholarship, were inspired with a devout love for the Word of God, and an ardent desire faithfully to render the text of the sacred originals. Forty-seven of the above-mentioned number were ultimately employed.

And now let us look at the plan which these translators adopted in executing their task. They first separated themselves into six companies. The first company met at Westminster, and to them were committed the books of the Old Testament from Genesis to II. Kings. Among other celebrated names in this division, we meet with Dr. Pocock, who attained a wide fame for his profound skill in Eastern languages.

The second party met at Cambridge, and their department embraced I. and II. Chronicles, Ruth, Ezra, Nehemiah, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, and Solomon's Song. The third company held their sittings at Oxford, with the remaining books of the Old Testament as their portion of the work. The fourth company, at Oxford, translated the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Revelation of St. John. The fifth company, at Westminster, undertook the Epistles; and the sixth, at Cambridge, prepared the Apocrypha. We should not omit to mention that, among the translators in the third division, we meet with the name of Dr. Rainolds.

The following extracts from the instructions which the translators were directed to observe, will show the admirable judgment with which the whole scheme was conceived and carried out:—

"8. Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter or chapters, and having translated or amended them severally by himself, where he thinks good, all to meet together to confer what they have done, and agree, for their part, what shall stand.

"9. As any one company hath dispatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously.

"11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, letters to be directed by authority, to send to any learned in the land, for his judgment in such a place."

About three years of patient and hard-working application did our translators devote to their great work.

No pains of research, discussion, and correspondence were spared, that they might worthily complete what they had so well begun.

Rich indeed is the inheritance they have bequeathed to us. "Other men laboured, and we have entered into their labours."

Let us often think of the self-denial, and privations, and other sharp sufferings of the men who, amidst tears, and disappointments, and persecutions, toiled perseveringly and dauntlessly on, that they might obtain for us the Book which is the inexhaustible fountain of spiritual light and strength, of peace and hope, nor less the guarantee and guardian of our civil liberties—OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

SOMETHING ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

At a moment when Madagascar is likely to attract unwonted attention, it may be well to put our readers in possession of a few reliable facts respecting it. It is about 900 miles in length, and varies in breadth from 300 to 500 miles. For a long time it was believed to be the largest island in the world. It lies some 500 miles from the east coast of Africa, and about an equal distance from the island of Mauritius. The population is usually estimated at somewhere between four and five millions, but it is impossible to state the exact number. Formerly the island was under different governments, but for a number of years it appears to have been ruled by one monarch. There is a lofty range of mountains running through the whole length of the island from north to south, but the country generally appears to be fertile, and suited for pasture or cultivation. The productions are rice, sugar, pepper, coffee, &c.; cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals are reared; copper, iron, silver, tin, and other valuable minerals are found. The inhabitants are not all of one race, but consist partly of Malagasees and partly of Hovahs, both of whom have made considerable progress in agriculture and the arts. The Arabs, who visited the island about the fifteenth century, introduced their mode of writing; but in modern times the missionaries taught the use of European characters, which are now generally employed. The language is peculiar, and resembles some of those which are spoken in the South Sea Islands, but contains some Arabic and many Malay words.

Madagascar is believed to have been known to the ancients, and is supposed to be the island which Pliny calls Cerne, and which Ptolemy calls Menuthias. The Portuguese discovered it in 1492, and by them it was named St. Lawrence. Others have called it St. George. It is described under the name of Madagascar by a German pilgrim, who visited it in or about 1497. This traveller calls it the largest island in the world; but he is wrong when he says the inhabitants were Mohammedans. He also says that camels and elephants abounded, but we find no mention of them in modern writers. His description of pepper and some other productions of the island is tolerably correct, and he observed the difference of races which we have noticed in speaking of the inhabitants. From that time to the present, Madagascar has been more or less visited for the sake of commerce, and the French especially have tried to gain a footing there, and to establish colonies. The first French colonists arrived in 1665, and the island was by them called Dauphiné.

It is, however, more particularly since 1818 that Madagascar has claimed the interest and sympathy of England. In that year the London Missionary Society sent two agents to the island, where they commenced their labours under very favourable circumstances; but

one of them shortly died, and the other was compelled to retire by ill-health. In 1820 the king, Radama I., concluded a treaty with the governor of the Mauritius for the abolition of the slave trade. The missionary who had retired returned, and renewed his efforts under the direct patronage of the king. Schools were opened; ten young men were sent to the Mauritius, and ten to England, for education by the British and Foreign School Society. The Rev. D. Griffiths arrived in 1821, and others followed, both missionaries and artisans. The work rapidly advanced, and its beneficial effects were everywhere apparent. Preaching was freely permitted, and from 2,000 to 5,000 persons would assemble at a time. Converts multiplied, the Scriptures and other books were translated, and everything promised a blessed future. The death of Radama, in 1828, was an event much to be deplored. He was succeeded by Queen Ranavalona, who soon began to oppose Christianity. Her persecuting proceedings went so far, that in 1835 the mission was suppressed, and from that day till her death, in August last, the followers of Christ were continually exposed to torture, exile, and death.

Mr. Griffiths returned to Madagascar in 1838, and remained there till 1840, when he was expelled, after exerting himself in favour of the unhappy Christians. Others, as Mr. Ellis and the late J. J. Freeman, have also distinguished themselves by their endeavours to aid the Christians, many of whom were cruelly put to death, others doomed to perpetual bondage, some hunted up and down like wild beasts, and a few removed from the island by their English friends. Some of these latter visited this country, and excited the profoundest sympathy by the story of their sufferings and their constancy. It is a fact that for many years, among all the converts, not one apostatised to save his life, and that the very heathen were from time to time brought to confess Christ by the triumphant deaths of some of the believers. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, and Christianity has not been extinguished by a persecution of near thirty years, the most terrible in modern history. On July 9th, 1840, Mr. Griffiths was called to witness the martyrdom of nine at one time, before his own house, where they had been brought for the purpose, because he had aided them in a vain attempt to escape from the island. We could fill many columns with heart-rending narratives of this great persecution. The sanguinary cruelty of the queen and her ministers found its match in the meekness, faith, and constancy of the martyrs. The noble exertions put forth by some of our countrymen, also, at the peril of their lives, for these disciples, deserve to be recorded. Nor shall we soon forget the bigoted inhumanity of those respecting whom the following sentence was written in 1843:—"The native teachers Rafaravavy and Joseph have been expelled from the islands N.E. of Madagascar by the French, influenced by the Romish priests."

Rafaravavy, named in the preceding sentence, was a Christian woman, of wonderful courage and ability. She narrowly escaped, when Rasalama,* the first martyr, was taken and put to death, and she soon after visited the spot where she (Rasalama) died, to find nothing of one whom she had loved but a few scattered bones. She subsequently came to England about 1840, but manifested the most extraordinary desire to return to her country, in the service of her Master. In 1842 she was

at Port Louis, in Mauritius, and was extolled by all for her eminent qualities and devoted piety. We cannot follow her history, but she was a burning and a shining light:—

Lo, foremost of the Christian band,
Was Rafaravavy!

For a long time it was known that the prince royal had been baptised, and was the friend of Christians. Circumstances repeatedly occurred to give countenance to these reports; but under the austere and rigid rule of Queen Ranavalona, he had few opportunities of showing his predilections. On her death, August 23, 1861, she was succeeded by the prince, under the name of Radama II. Ramboasalama, a rival prince, endeavoured to prevent the succession, but was defeated. The Christians, who knew the disposition of Radama, favoured his interests, and sought to obtain deliverance at his hands. The fugitives were welcomed back to home and freedom, and those who were in chains were at once delivered. The emancipated Christians immediately wrote to England for missionaries, Bibles, and tracts, having authority from the king himself to do so. The Rev. Mr. Le Brun, of Mauritius, hastened to Madagascar, and has been enabled to resume operations. The venerable Mr. Ellis, one of the old missionaries to the Malagases, is gone to see the faces of such of his flock as still survive, to rejoice with them, to encourage, counsel, and help them.

On the other hand, Radama II. applied to the Governor of Mauritius to re-open communications with the British, and, in consequence, there is a prospect of reviving commerce as well as religion, both of which had been crushed by the insane policy of the late infatuated queen. The Government of Mauritius have sent a mission, which has been well and honourably received. Its report now lies before us, and is one of the most interesting documents we have read for a long time. From this report, and other papers, we shall extract various details, which will form the subject of a subsequent article.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."—PSALM xxxi. 15.

YEARS came and went, and with me all was well,
My barque sailed smoothly o'er life's treacherous seas,
Health, peace, and comfort crowned each passing day,
And I had visions bright of wealth and ease.
But the fierce tempest rose, and all was wrecked,
My strongest cables proved but ropes of sand;
Then through the darkness, Lord, I cried to thee,
"My times are in thy hand!"

I gathered all my strength the tide to stem,
To snatch some fragments from the tossing wave;
But sickness came and laid me helpless by—
Perhaps would bear me quickly to my grave;
Still to thy Word for refuge turned my soul:
Lord, dost thou call me to the silent land?
Or shall thy voice of healing bid me live?
"My times are in thy hand!"

Slowly from fevered couch again I rise,
With wasted strength the struggle to renew:
Ah! how shall faltering steps and fainting heart
Endure life's toilsome journey to pursue?
My bleeding feet a stony path must tread,
My hopes may still be dashed upon the strand;
Yet one sweet thought shall keep me from despair—
"My times are in thy hand!"

So will I onward press till life is o'er,
And death's stern mandate doth my steps arrest;
Then earth for heaven shall be the glad exchange—
This weary toil for that eternal rest.
But when, or where, or how that change shall come?
Whispers my anxious soul with keen demand.
It matters not, dear Lord, thou knowest well—
"My times are in thy hand!"

* *Rasalama* is formed of the well-known Oriental word *Saloom*, or *Salama*, peace, health, happiness, and the usual Malagash prefix to proper names, *Ra*. The people of Madagascar are usually called *Malagases*, and their language the *Malagash*. These words are sometimes written *Madecasse*, *Madagase*, &c.

WITH US AND AGAINST US.

"Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."—2 Kings vi. 16.

THE Assyrians had made war against Israel, and Elisha the prophet kept the king of Israel advised of the plans of his enemy. Hearing of this, the king of Assyria sent a large force of chariots and horses to the city where the prophet was, to make prisoner of him. When Elisha's servant saw the host sent against his master, he was greatly alarmed, and cried out, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" Our text was the answer:—"Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." He then prayed that the Lord would open the eyes of his servant, that he might see the protecting force attending the prophet; and he saw that the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire. In this instance more might have reference to numbers, as the angels of God are an innumerable multitude, or it might have reference to their greater power.

The mighty conflicts the children of Israel encountered may represent the warfare between truth and error, the conflict between Christianity and its foes. It is always true that more are they that are with us (the people of God) than they that are with them (the enemies of Christ). Let us examine the two forces, and contrast their power.

The forces arrayed against Christianity are mighty foes.

1. There are false systems of religion, or heathenism. Man is a religious being, prone to worship, and every nation has its gods and modes of worship. To these the people are strongly attached. And it is found exceedingly difficult to bring them to abandon long-cherished notions for the self-denying religion of Jesus. Some deny the existence of God, and have no religion; others admit the idea of a God, but reject the Bible, and with it the Saviour of mankind; and others deify human reason, and professedly worship its teachings. To them the Bible is nothing. They are inspired as much as Paul, or even Jesus. Every theory that rejects the Bible, or substitutes mysterious communications from the unseen world for its teaching, is a foe to the triumphs of Christianity.

2. The selfishness of the human heart, which develops itself in the love of gain, pleasure, or honour. In some it shows itself in the stubbornness of the will; they must have their way, or they will do nothing.

3. There are evil practices, especially dishonesty, intemperance, and slavery. Wicked men and devils complete the vast army arrayed against Christianity.

Now let us look at the forces to be brought against these mighty foes.

1. We have a system of religion revealed to us by God himself. We oppose the truth of God against all systems of error, confident that, though the progress be slow, it is nevertheless sure. Truth is mighty, and will ultimately prevail. It presents a true system of doctrine, experience, and practice.

2. The Church of God is a mighty power in the earth, and is destined to become still more potent for good as light and truth increase.

3. The angels of God are with us. These are an innumerable company. They are beings of great powers, as one of them slew, of the Assyrian army, in one night, "an hundred fourscore and five thousand."

4. God himself is with us; and if God be for us, who can be against us?

A few reflections.

1. If God be for us, we have nothing to fear.

2. Mighty as the foes of Christ are, they will be overcome and "put under his feet."

3. In which of these grand armies are you enlisted? Impenitent hearer, beware, turn, repent, and live.

THE PRUNED VINE.

"Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 2.

Do you wonder why repeated bereavements, losses, sufferings befall you, till nearly all your life seems cut away? Go, look at the vine-dresser as he cultivates his vine. For what purpose has he planted the tender shoot? That it may grow strong and sturdy, and bring forth abundant fruit! Yet see him after the first year cut back nearly all its growth, and after the second year prune it down again, so year by year cutting it back, never leaving it to its own will in its luxuriance. Why is this? That its sap may be concentrated, its strength matured, its wild straggling exuberance restrained, and a compact growth of rich fruit be perfected. Has the vine bled in vain? Was not the pruner's knife a kindly one?

Yet though Christ says, "I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit," you wonder that you are wounded by God's afflictive hand! See you not that your happiness, your pleasures, your riches, your health, your affections, were the over-abundant branches, by whose many clinging tendrils you were attaching yourself to weak earthly supports? Winding, climbing, clinging around these in free natural growth, all your use was lost. Your use in growth is not your own untrained development; it is to bring forth much fruit for the Master's hand.

Be rather thankful that you are not left as the wild vine, unworthy the pruner's knife.

It is the husbandman's mark of value that he sets upon you.

"Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

Short Arrows.

INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.—To meet at the breakfast table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon parent or child that can ever come to the breakfast table, where the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret. It is evidence of a selfish and degraded nature. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea table, for before the morning comes some of the circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather round that table not again for ever.

THE FLOWER TO BE OFFERED IN THE BUD.—"Am I not too young to devote myself to a religious life?" was a question from a young man to an aged Christian. "No, my young friend, you are never too young to think about your soul's salvation, when you are capable of understanding that you are a sinner. You are never too young to flee to Jesus for salvation, when you are able to understand that he has died for you as a sinner. You are never too young to unite yourself with the Church of Christ when you are able to understand the nature of his salvation; and, therefore, you are not too young to devote yourself to the holy duties of a Christian life."

DOING ONE'S DUTY.—A farmer's boy was stationed at a gate, in order to prevent the hunters from entering and thus damaging his master's crops. After the boy had

been at the gate a short time, a person on horseback rode up and asked the boy to open the gate. "No," said the lad, "I was placed here to keep it shut." The person became angry and expostulated with the boy—"Don't you know that the Duke of Wellington is coming to the gate?" The lad said he did not mind who it was. The duke, on arriving at the gate, saw that the lad was doing his duty, said he ought to be rewarded, handed the boy half-a-sovereign, and rode another way. The boy was delighted, and took care to tell his companions that he had done what "Boney" could not do—he had stopped the Duke of Wellington.

TEMPER UNDER CONTROL.—It is one of the rich rewards of self-mastery, that the very occurrences which fret the temper of an irritable person, bring relief and satisfaction to him who rules his spirit. The following anecdote of Wilberforce is in point:—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid; one of the royal family was waiting for it; he had delayed the search till the last moment; he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him, and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children—only think! What a relief, amidst other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well!"

Months' Department.

THE BIBLE.

"THE day before we came to visit you, good people, at the Manor House," said Arthur to his cousins, "I met a man on the road, who, like myself, was waiting for the coach; he asked me one or two questions about the locality, which, as a matter of civility, I answered. It happened that the coach was later than usual, and the man entered into conversation, which lasted for some time; he expressed himself with wit and fluency, and perfect propriety marked his manner, but similar praise could not be conceded to his opinions. He disbelieved everything; his mind was so perverted that I could not avoid recalling to mind that which was once said of a clever soffer: 'God has lent that man talents, and the man has given them to Satan.'"

"Well," said Walter, "what did you say to this pervert?"

"I told him I regretted that we differed, but I was thankful that neither his philosophy nor his divinity were mine. As I could do no good to him, I was anxious that he should do no evil to me."

"Do you not think," said Willie, "that you were too quick in judging of the man?"

"No; as my father says, if you touch pitch, the instant you touch it, you suspect it to be pitch; and I remember hearing of a gentleman who lent his friend a very unsound book. The friend quickly returned it. 'How is this?' said the lender; 'you cannot have read my book?' 'No,' said the friend, 'I have not; it is not necessary to eat your way through the whole of a leg of mutton to discover that it is tainted.' So I thought that as we travelled so differently in our thoughts, it would be prudent, when the coach stopped, if we travelled differently in our steps. As he expressed himself highly in praise of science and of reason, I told him, when we were leaving the coach, I had not been taught to undervalue either scientific or mental resources; but that I had been always assured by those whom I revered, and whose opinion I valued, that it was my duty to believe—

'There is a science Reason cannot teach;
It soars above the heights her eye can reach;
'Tis only learn'd by Heaven's imparted grace!
The Book of Wisdom is the only place,
And they who mental riches largely share,
Should look on high, and seek for wisdom there!'

"I wish you good morning, sir," he said; 'I admire your spirit, but care nothing for your poetry;' and so saying, he appeared as willing to dispense with my presence, as I was to renounce his companionship."

"You are not to imagine," said Mr. Benson, who was one of the hearers, "that your fidelity to the cause of truth altogether failed. Good results are often produced, although we ourselves may never discover them."

Some years ago, a discussion arose, upon a religious subject, between a clergyman in the north and a very talented opponent. The subject was argued for nearly three hours, with great ability on both sides.

"Well," said a friend to the clergyman, some days after, "how did you progress?"

"Never worked harder in my life," was the reply, "and I think I may add, never with less success. I did not appear to make the slightest impression upon my opponent. My efforts to convince him were entirely thrown away!"

Now hear a conversation which occurred some months afterwards, and in another part of the kingdom.

"I am surprised," said a gentleman, to this same opponent, "to find you so changed in your views. What can have produced this transformation?"

"I must own to you, it is the result of a discussion I had some months ago with a clergyman in the north. I would not let him see the impression he was making; but I never could forget his arguments, and now I never wish to repel them, or to forget them, for I heartily embrace his views, and hope so to do unto my life's end."

We are to walk by faith, and not by sight. Therefore, always be courteous, and always be faithful; and take heed not to mistake rudeness for fidelity. The time, the place, the manner, and the person, must all be considered. Let it be a good plea for a good cause; well-timed, courteously conveyed, and ably expressed. Here is an illustration:—

"Thank you, sir," said an officer to a fellow-traveller, "for your fidelity and discretion, in rebuking me for swearing. I was very wrong in so doing; but wrong as I was, had you rebuked me before others, I would have run my sword through your body."

What men call *tact* is never more needful than when we have occasion to censure others, if we desire to do them good."

"Then, papa," cried Willie, "I think Dr. Barrow exercised this gift in rebuking the monarch, Charles II., who was buried in slumbers during the sermon."

A nobleman sitting near the king was also slumbering. "Shame!" said the divine, in a loud and clear voice, "shame, my Lord Lauderdale! you make so much noise in your sleep that you will wake the king!" His Majesty felt the witty mode of conveying reproof, and during the remainder of the discourse banished his slumbers.

"Sir Isaac Newton, sir," said Walter, "has afforded us an admirable example of fidelity by his reproof to his friend, Dr. Halley."

The Doctor was one day giving utterance to infidel sentiments in the presence of Sir Isaac. "Dr. Halley," said the great man, "I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other subjects of science, because these are subjects which you have studied, and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter."

"Knowing nothing of the matter," said the uncle, "may be affirmed of all infidels, for these cavillers, with all their claim to wisdom, neither understand God nor themselves. I mean God as he is, in his word; and themselves as they are by nature, defective in knowledge, purity, and power. Let us quote an example."

Mr. Wilberforce, some years ago, passed through Dorchester during Carillo's confinement there. The good man went to see Carillo in prison, and endeavoured to engage him in a conversation upon the Scriptures, but he refused. He said he had made up his mind, and did not wish to have his mind perplexed again; and pointing to the Bible in the hand of his visitor, he said, in an awful manner, "How, sir, can you suppose that I can like that book?—for if it be true, I am undone for ever!"

"No," said Mr. Wilberforce, "that is not the necessary consequence, and it need not be; for that book excludes none from hope who will seek salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

"To the mistaken views of the wretched Carlyle, we may add," said Mr. Benson, "the comfortless views of the refined Gibbon."

The celebrated Gibbon, just before his death, confessed that when he considered all worldly things, they were all fleeting; when he looked back, they had been fleeting; when he looked forward, all was dark and doubtful! Surely no one can wish to be an infidel for the comfort to be derived from an infidel creed!

"If your religion," said a scoffer to a pious man, 'should be all false, what do you gain then, I should like to know?'

"If my religion should be all true, what do you lose then, I should *not* like to know?" was the reply, and a wise reply; for none but the ruined can tell what the ruined endure; and possibly a living man would cease to live were the full extent of a ruined man's woe communicated to him. God grant for me and mine, that in this matter we may be eternally in ignorance!"

At this period the servant announced breakfast.

"Maude informs me," said the uncle, "that the BIBLE is to be again our subject. I expected it would be so; for although we have uttered many truths when speaking of the Scriptures, we have scarcely touched the subject."

"I always consider the Bible," said the mother, "as partaking not only of the wisdom of God, but of the fulness of God. Men of the most gifted intellects, and of every clime, and also millions of humble Christians living unknowing and unknown, have alike meditated, conversed, and written upon the Scriptures, and have no more exhausted the subject than the little infant has exhausted the ocean by bearing away its tiny cup filled with the briny water."

"It is as easy," said the father, "for the sun to fill half the world with its warmth, its brilliancy, and its comfort, as it is to give light to a little chamber; so in like manner it is as easy for the Bible to supply subjects for thought above all that a philosopher can comprehend, as it is to afford knowledge adapted to the understanding of a pious cottager."

"I ask myself," said the uncle, "what is there that men highly esteem, of which instances may not be found in the Bible? Let us test it. What say you, Walter? Name any subject you please."

"Try several subjects," said the father. "Walter, what will you name as interesting men?"

"POWERFUL WRITING, sir, possesses for well-read men a great charm."

"Granted; and what says Sir William Jones, who may be estimated as high authority on this point?"

"I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that they contain more sublimity and beauty, finer strains of poetry, and nobler examples of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, from all other ages, and from all other languages."

"Men are charmed," said Arthur, "with PRESENCE OF MIND in the time of danger."

"When Paul discovered that he was surrounded by an angry multitude, who were united in their hostility to him, he adroitly averted the danger by beginning to discuss an important topic respecting which the hearers held opposite opinions. The numbers were about equal; consequently only one-half of his auditors were opponents, and the other half who approved of the subject were transformed into a body-guard, and thus the apostle's presence of mind was the means Divinely employed to secure the preacher's safety."

"Take another instance. The enemies of Paul in their rage were about to scourge him. The apostle, by becoming a Christian, had not ceased to be a citizen; and fortunately he was a citizen of Rome, a freeman, with all the privileges annexed. Now Paul, the learned Jew of Tarsus, knew that by one of the finest speeches uttered in the capital of the Roman empire, indignation had been aroused, because the men of another nation had dared to scourge a Roman, and

that Roman untried and uncondemned. Paul instantly applies this law to himself, and, by asking a question, strikes terror into the minds of his foes, who think no longer of scourging the apostle, but of their own safety."

"Take another case. Paul had rendered himself, by the preaching of the Gospel, amenable to the Roman laws, as it was decreed that no man was to claim Divine honours for any deity not acknowledged by the state; and the violation of this law subjected the violator to the penalty of death. The apostle, when dragged before the authorities, and charged with being a setter forth of strange gods, availed himself of his knowledge. According to tradition, the city of Athens had been visited by a fearful plague. The inhabitants, in their terror, consulted the oracle, and were advised to appease the offended deity by a sacrifice. Not knowing to which of their numerous deities they ought to make the offering, they were advised to drive some oxen from the fold, and follow them, and before whatever altar the cattle stopped, there to offer the sacrifice. The cattle, after many wanderings, lay down to sleep in an open space, where no altar was to be seen. The Athenians, in their terror, erected an altar on the spot in honour of the undiscovered deity, and affixed the inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.' The apostle had seen this altar, and, when charged with setting forth strange gods, and thus violating the laws of the empire, pleaded that he was not breaking the law, but obeying the law, by proclaiming the God whom they already recognised under the title of 'the Unknown God.' In his plea mark his polite address:—'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are greatly devoted to religious services; and as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye without knowledge worship, him declare I unto you.' Then, by a logical argument, by a quotation from one of their own writers, and by an appeal to their reasoning powers, he so established his point as to secure his own deliverance, and to convert one of the judges."

"Walter," said the uncle, "what do you imagine to have exercised the greatest influence over mankind?"

"I think, uncle, I might venture to say ELOQUENCE."

"Eloquence, at all periods of the world's history, has exercised a vast controlling power. Here again the Bible is pre-eminent. The Apostle Paul was a great orator. Longinus, a person of the finest taste, and of great discernment in criticism and polite literature, classes the Apostle Paul among the most celebrated orators of Greece. His speeches in the Acts of the Apostles are worthy of the Roman Senate. They breathe a most generous fire and fervour; are animated with the spirit of liberty and truth. They abound with instances of as fine address as any that are to be found in the speeches of Demosthenes or of Cicero; and his answers, when at the bar, to the questions proposed to him by the court, have a politeness and a greatness which nothing in antiquity ever excelled."

"Are we to suppose," said Arthur, "that St. Paul, an inspired man, employed the same rules in rhetoric as those which Demosthenes or Cicero employed?"

"Yes; for inspiration preserved the apostle from error, but left him to the exercise of his natural talent and of his erudition. We easily discover this; for if you select one of the orations of these great speakers you will find it arranged and classified under the heads of Introduction, Narration, Inference, Proposition, Negation, Confirmation, Refutation, and Conclusion. This is the manner in which Demosthenes and Cicero in their elaborate orations were accustomed to plead. Have the goodness to reach me that Testament, and do you write as I dictate, and let us see what kind of a speech the apostle makes. We have been talking about the men of Athens. I turn to Acts xvii. Write, if you please, as I read:—

"INTRODUCTION.—'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.'

"NARRATION.—'For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God.'

"INFERENCE.—'Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship,

"PROPOSITION.—'Him declare I unto you.

"NEGATION.—'God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

"CONFIRMATION.—'For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.

"REFUTATION.—'Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

"CONCLUSION.—'And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

"Many thanks, my dear uncle, for proving to me that a pious man may employ all his erudition to give effect to his holy work. St. Paul brings to bear, before a refined people, the rules of rhetoric and the writings of the Greek poets."

"True; and in Paul's learning we see the wisdom of God. God was pleased to select the fishermen of Galilee to overturn Paganism, and to set aside Judaism, that men might not think it was by eloquence or by learning that the effect was produced; but lest men should imagine that only the unlearned would become advocates of the Gospel, God saw fit to call the eloquent, and highly learned, and logically minded Paul of Tarsus, to consecrate his vast powers to the same holy cause."

The Half-hour Bible Class.

III.—THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES AND ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

WE have seen in the two preceding lessons what a perfect agreement there is between the facts and the statements of the Apostolic history and the several letters which St. Paul addressed to so many of the primitive Churches. We are now to trace this correspondence a little farther, and thus get additional evidence as to the genuineness of these inspired Books. Let us first read—

Acts xxv. 1-4; 9-12.—Now when Festus was come into the province, after three days he ascended from Caesarea to Jerusalem. Then the high priest and the chief of the Jews informed him against Paul, and besought him, and desired favour against him, that he would send for him to Jerusalem, laying wait in the way to kill him. But Festus answered, that Paul should be kept at Caesarea, and that he himself would depart shortly thither. . . . But Festus, willing to do the Jews a pleasure, answered Paul, and said, Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me? Then said Paul, I stand at Caesar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Caesar. Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? unto Caesar shalt thou go.

In Acts xix. we find the Apostle in the midst of the most stirring scenes at Ephesus, from which place, as we learn from verse 21, he "purposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome." These words are said to have been spoken by Paul at Ephesus, from which he is about to set out for Macedonia and Achaia, intending thence to proceed to

Jerusalem, and then to visit Rome. Now, in which of his Epistles does he allude to these journeys?

"In Romans i. 13 he writes that he had oftentimes purposed to come unto them, but was somehow or other prevented; and in chapter xv. 23, 24, 28, he tells them that for many years he had had a great desire to come unto them, and says—'Whosoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you: for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you. But now I go unto Jerusalem to minister unto the saints. When therefore I have performed this, and have sealed to them this fruit, I will come by you into Spain.'"

In this very Epistle to the Romans, xv. 19, the Apostle says—"From Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ;" but in the Acts the name of Illyricum nowhere occurs. How are we to account for the omission?

"Illyricum adjoins upon Macedonia, and if Paul traversed the whole country of Macedonia, as we learn, from Acts xix. 21; xx. 1, 2, that he actually did, then his route would necessarily bring him to the very confines of Illyricum."

After the Apostle had set forward upon his journey from Achaia to Jerusalem, and had come to Miletus, in Asia, he then sent for the elders or bishops of the Church at Ephesus, to whom, in the course of his eloquent and impressive address, he says—"And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions abide me." Now, what evidence have we that he himself anticipated the suffering and the danger in Jerusalem to which the Holy Ghost bore such distinct witness?

"In his Epistle to the Romans, xv. 30, he writes:—'Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea.'"

Was this Epistle to the Romans written before or after his setting out on his journey to Jerusalem?

"Immediately before he set forward upon his journey from Achaia; nor were the striking words in the Acts written by the Apostle till he had proceeded in his journey as far as Miletus."

On his arrival at Jerusalem, were the prayers put up on his behalf by the Romans really answered, and was he delivered from the unbelieving Jews?

"On the contrary, he was taken into custody, and handed over from tribunal to tribunal, till he was finally taken as a prisoner to Rome."

To what are we to ascribe the determined opposition of the Jews to the Apostle, when, after so many years of active and devoted labour, he appeared in the Holy City as the teacher and advocate of the Christian Faith?

"The Church at Jerusalem, to whom he was introduced the day following his arrival, told him that the rumour had been spread abroad and was believed by his countrymen (see Acts xxi. 21) that he taught all the Jews whom he found among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, asserting 'that they ought not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs.'"

Did St. Paul admit or disclaim this charge?

"He denied the accusation; but the practical effect of his teaching was to estrange both Jew and Gentile from the whole ritual of the Old Economy."

Just so. He everywhere maintains that it was the revealed purpose of God that the Gentiles should, without their being in any sense bound by the law of Moses, be admitted to a perfect equality in position and privilege in the Christian Church with the Jews; and hence

nothing was more natural than the inference that he was subverting Moses and the Law. But the fact really is, that he rather established the Law, by showing that it had all been taken up in the person of the Incarnate One, and completed in his obedience and suffering unto death.

When the Apostle consented, as we are told he did (Acts xxi. 26), to give an example of public compliance with a Jewish rite, by purifying himself in the Temple, what was his reason for so acting?

"It might be to conciliate the Jew, and thus gain his audience to the higher truths of Christianity; or it might be to prevent any occasion of offence; or to show his love of order and peace."

Is there any other instance recorded in the History which would confirm us in this view?

"When the Apostle resolved to associate Timothy with himself in his future travels and labours, he took and circumcised him; and the reason assigned (Acts xvi. 3) is, 'because of the Jews which were in these quarters.'"

Nor must we forget, in reading Paul's Apostolic letters, that many thousands of Jews who had embraced the Gospel were still zealous of the law. The keeping in memory of this single fact will help us better to interpret and understand the Epistles.

In the noble defence which Paul made in the audience of his own nation at Jerusalem, the record of which we have in Acts xxii., the Apostle says—"I verily am a man who am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, and brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye all are this day." Does he make any use of this fact in any of his Epistles?

"In Galatians i. 13, 14, he writes—'Ye have heard of my conversation (or course of life) in times past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the Church of God, and wasted it: and profited in the Jews' religion above many my equals in mine own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers.'"

This passage in the Epistle is nothing more, observe, than a repetition of the fact recorded in the History; but what use does the Apostle make of it?

"It is not unlikely that in Galatia, as in Rome, the Jews formed a principal part of the converts to the Faith; and if so, his design must have been to conciliate their favour, overcome their deep prejudice, and insure a patient attention to the higher claims of Christian Truth."

What was the point in the Apostle's address to his Jewish brethren which so influenced and roused them, as to lead them to exclaim, with lifted and united voice—"Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live" (Acts xxii. 22)?

"Judging from the narrative, it must have been his mission to the Gentiles, and his open avowal that their conversion to God was the one aim of his ministry."

But when his accusers knew that they must now appear before a Roman tribunal, and that they had to give to their charge a more legal form, was this the point on which they seized?

"No; but the profanation of the Temple was the ground which they assumed."

Before whom were they called to confront the Apostle, and who did they employ to conduct their cause?

"In the presence of Felix, the governor of Cæsarea, with Tertullus as their advocate, who seized upon the profanation of the Temple as the one article on which he rested the prosecution."

When Porcius Festus, who succeeded Felix in his office

of governor of Cæsarea, first inquired into the charge preferred against the Apostle—whom Felix had left bound in deference to the Jews—then had the case argued before him, and finally appealed to Paul, whether he was willing to go up to Jerusalem and there be judged again, why did our Apostle object to go?

"He protested against being delivered into the hands of the Jews, because he knew justice would be sacrificed to prejudice or pride; and therefore he appealed unto Cæsar, and thus preferred to be tried by Roman law."

The history informs us that the case was afterwards heard by King Agrippa, and that Agrippa agreed with Festus in the conclusion, that the Apostle might have been set at liberty had he not appealed unto Cæsar; that he was, with other prisoners, put on board a vessel bound for Italy; that the whole party were shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea—that in various ways, and by diversified expedients, they made their way to an island called Melita—that after three months they set out in a ship of Alexandria, in which they at length reached Puteoli, where they found certain Christian converts, with whom they tarried seven days, and then proceeded on their way to Rome, whence certain brethren came as far as Appii Forum to meet them, and whom, when the Apostle beheld, he thanked God and took courage—that not many days elapsed before they entered the imperial city, where the prisoners were delivered to the captain of the guard, but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself, with a soldier that kept him—that three days after his arrival he called the chief of the Jews together, to whom he recited the charge which had been laid against him, the judicial processes through which he had to force his way, and how he had been constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; but that, in fact, it was for the hope of Israel he was now in their presence, bound with a chain. Here the fact of his imprisonment in Rome is asserted; but is there any distinct or definite reference to the fact in any of his Epistles?

"In Ephesians iii. 1, and vi. 19, 20, we read, 'for this cause, I Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles:—To make known the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds.'"

Philippians i. 7, 13, 14, 16, 30; iv. 22:—"Both in my bonds, and in defence and confirmation of the Gospel, ye all are partakers of my grace; . . . my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places; . . . many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds; . . . others preach Christ of contention, supposing to add affliction to my bonds; . . . having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me; . . . all the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household."

Colossians i. 24; iv. 3, 10, 18:—"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you; . . . speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds; . . . Aristarchus, my fellow-prisoner, saluteth you; remember my bonds."

In Acts xxviii. 30, we are told that "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house (in Rome), and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God." Is there any evidence that he was ever set at liberty?

"Writing from Rome to the Church at Philippi, after expressing his ardent desire to depart, and to be with Christ, he says, in chap. i. 25, 'having this confidence, I know that I shall abide and continue with you all for your furtherance and joy of faith.' Again, in chap. iv. 24, he writes, 'I trust in the Lord that I also, myself, shall come shortly.'"

Was not the Epistle to Philemon written also from Rome, and is there not some instruction given to Phile-

mon, in that beautiful letter, to indicate that the Apostle was certain of being set free?

"He there says, verse 22, 'withal prepare me also a lodging, for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you.'"

The history does not, indeed, inform us of the liberation of the Apostle; but it is clear, we think, from these two passages, that he expected not only to leave the seat of judgment uncondemned, but without a single stain upon his character, as a man, a Christian, and an Apostle.

And from this interesting chapter in Paul's history we learn:

I. That it is of unspeakable moment to have a conscience void of offence towards both God and man. Conscious guilt makes a man a coward; but Christian virtue raises him into a hero.

II. That we should have our Christian principles so rooted in our hearts as to withstand the rudest shock, and to endure the most fiery trial.

III. That a good man's influence is often powerful and expansive. The presence of such a man makes itself felt, whether he is in contact with the rulers of the land, or is taking part with his fellow-passengers in saving a vessel from wreck.

IV. That Christianity is the only system of truth which is adapted universally to man, in his far-off distance from God. The Gospel which Paul preached at Tarsus, he preached also at Athens; that which he made known in the Isle of Salamis, he enunciated with the same distinctness and the same fulness in the city of the Cæsars.

V. That belief of Christianity, or faith in Christ, is essential to salvation. He that believeth hath everlasting life; he that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.

Our next lesson will be the martyrdom of St. Paul, as inseparable from the present.

FIVE IN THE PEA-SHELL.

FIVE peas sat in a pea-shell (it is Hans Andersen who is telling this story, little readers). They were green, and the shell was green. Therefore they thought that the whole world was green. The shell grew, and the peas grew too. They could accommodate themselves very well to their narrow house, and sat very happily together, all five in a row. The sun shone outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It was warm and pleasant in there, clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew very fast, and became more intelligent the older they were.

"Shall I always be compelled to sit here?" said one of the peas. "I really am afraid that I shall get hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going on outside of our shell as well as in here."

Weeks passed on, and the peas became yellow and the shell grew yellow, too. "All the world is yellow!" said they. And we cannot blame them, under the circumstances, for the exclamation.

One day their house was struck as if by lightning. They were torn off by somebody's hand, and were put into a coat-pocket which had been nearly filled with peas.

"Now there is going to be an end of us," they sighed to one another, and began to prepare themselves for the change. "But if we live, I would like to hear from the one who goes the farthest."

"It will soon be over with us all," said the smallest. But the largest one replied: "Let come what will, I am ready."

Knack! the shell burst, and all five rolled out in the

bright sunshine. Soon they lay in a little boy's hand. He held them fast, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they were rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.

"Now I am flying out into the world! Catch me if you can!" So said one, and he was very soon out of sight.

The second one said, "I am going to fly up into the sun. He is a charming shell, and would be just large enough for me." And off he flew.

"Wherever we go, we are going to bed," said two others. And they hit the roof of a great stone house, and rolled down on the ground.

"I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one. And it went high up, but came down against the balcony window of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of moss. The moss closed up, and there lay the pea. Everybody seemed to forget that little pea, but not so: God remembered it well.

"I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there. A poor woman lived in the room back of the balcony window. She spent the whole day in making little toys of wood and shells, which was her way of getting a little money. She had a good strong body, but nevertheless she was a very poor widow, and the prospect was, that she would always be one. In that little room lived her half-grown, delicate daughter. A whole year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She will soon go off to see her little sister," sighed her mother. "I had two dear children, and it was a difficult task for me to take care of them both. But the Lord made a compromise by taking one of them to live with him. Now, I would like to keep this one with me, but it appears as if God wants them both with him. Soon she will go and see her sister!"

But the sick girl still lived and lay patiently on her sick bed, while her mother worked with her hands for their daily bread.

By-and-by, spring-time came on. One morning, when the laborious mother was going about her work, the friendly sun shone through the little window, and all along the roof. The sick girl looked down at the bottom of the window, and saw something growing.

"What kind of a weed is that?" she said. "It is going to grow against our window. See! the wind is shaking it!"

And the mother came to the window and opened it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimed. "That is a slender pea-vine; it is now shooting out its green leaves. How it likes the little crevice! Soon we will have a garden!"

Then the sick girl's bed was moved close to the window, so that she could see the little climbing pea. Then her mother went to her work again.

"Mother, I really believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one evening to her mother. "The sun has been shining in the window so kindly to-day, and the pea-vine is growing so fast, that I believe I shall soon be able to go out into the bright sunshine."

"I would to God it could be so," said the mother. But she did not believe it could come to pass.

Then she stuck down a little stick for the pea-vine to run on, and tied a string around it to keep the wind from blowing it away. Every day it grew higher and larger.

"Now it is beginning to blossom," said the mother one day, as she went up to the window. "I am beginning to think my dear daughter will get well again." She had noticed that she had been getting more cheerful and stronger of late; so on the morning that the pea-vine blossomed, she raised her up in bed

and leaned her against a chair. The next week she was able for the first time, for many, many months, to get out of bed and take a few steps.

How happy she was as she sat in the bright sunshine and looked at the growing pea-vine! The window was open, and the morning breeze came skipping in. The girl leaned her head out of the window and kissed her vine. That day was a happy holiday to her.

"The good Father in heaven, my dear child, has planted that little flowering pea there for you, and also to bring hope and joy to my heart." So spoke the mother—and truly too.

Now, what became of the other peas? The one which flew out into the wide world, and said as he passed, "Catch me if you can," fell in the gutter, beside the street, and was swallowed by a dove.

The two which went off together fared no better, for they were both devoured by the hungry pigeons.

The fourth pea, which went off towards the sun, didn't get half-way there, but fell in a water-spout, and lay there for weeks, growing larger all the time.

"I am getting so corpulent," it said one day, "I shall soon burst, I am afraid, and that certainly will be the last of me."

And the chimney, who afterwards wrote his epitaph, told me a few days ago that he did burst. So that was the last of him.

But the sick girl stood one day with bright eyes and red cheeks at her mother's little window, and folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, thanked her heavenly Father for his goodness.

"I am proud of my vine," said the widow. And so said all the world.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LINNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DRAWING THE RIVER.

THE wailing echoes of lamentation were dying out in the high roof of the college school. Hamish Channing, pale, but calm and self-controlled, stood perfectly ready to investigate the account brought by the boat-house keeper of the drowning of Charles. The feelings of those who had had a hand in the work may be imagined perhaps, but certainly cannot be described. Bill Simms choked and sobbed, and pulled his lanky straw hair, and kicked his legs about, and was altogether beside himself. The under masters looked on with stern countenances and lowering brows; while old Ketch never had such a disappointment in all his life (the one grand disappointment of the previous night's supper excepted) as he was feeling now, at the putting off of the flogging.

Diggs, the boat-house keeper, was a widower, with one child, a girl of ten years old. His mother lived with him—an aged woman, confined to her bed of late with rheumatic fever, from which she was slowly recovering. On the previous night Diggs was out, and the girl had been sent on an errand, Mrs. Diggs being left in the house alone. She was lying quietly still, as was the air outside, when sudden sounds broke that stillness, and smote upon her ear. Footsteps—young steps, they seemed—were heard to come tearing down on the outside gravel, from the direction of the cathedral, and descend the steps. Then there was a plunge into the river, and a startling cry.

The old woman echoed the cry; but there were none to hear it, and she was powerless to aid. That a human soul was struggling in the water was certain; and she called and called, but called in vain. She was shut up in the house, unable to move; and there were none outside to hear her. In her grief and distress she at length pulled the bed-clothes

over her ears, that she might hear no more (if it was to be heard) of the death agony.

Twenty minutes or so, and then the girl came in. The old woman took her head from underneath the clothes, and stated what had occurred, and the girl went and looked at the river. But it was flowing along peacefully, showing no signs of anything of the sort having happened. Not a creature was on the path on either side, so far as her eyes could reach in the moonlight; and she came to the conclusion that her grandmother must have been mistaken. "She do have odd fancies," said the child to herself, "and thinks she hears things that nobody else never hears."

At ten o'clock Diggs came home. Now, this man had a propensity to yield to an infirmity to which many others also wickedly yield—that of drinking too freely. It is true this did not often occur; but when it did happen, it was usually at a time when his services were especially required. It is very much the same in this world: we are apt to do things, whether good ones or bad ones, just at the wrong moment. Diggs arrived at home stupid. His old mother called him to her room, and told him what she had heard; but she could make little impression upon him. As his young daughter had done, he took a survey of the river, he taking it only from the windows of his house—the girl had gone on to the bank—and then he tumbled into bed, and slept heavily until the morning.

Up betimes, he remembered what had been told to him, and went out of doors, half expecting possibly to see some corpse floating on the surface. "I was detained out last night on an errand," explained he to some three or four stragglers who had gathered round him, "and when I got in, my old mother told me a cook-and-bull story of a cry and a splash, as if somebody had fell into the river. It don't look much like it, though."

"A dead dog, may be," suggested one of the idlers. "They be always a throwing rubbish into this river on the sly."

"Who is?" sharply asked Diggs. "They had better let me catch 'em at it!"

"Lots of folks is," was the response. "But if it was a dead dog, it couldn't well have cried out."

Diggs went in-doors to his mother's chamber. "What time was it, this tale of yours?" asked he.

"It was about half-past seven," she answered. "The half hour chimed out from the college just afore or just after, I forget which." And then she related again what she knew he could not clearly comprehend over night: the fact of the fleet-sounding footsteps, and that they appeared to be young footsteps. "If I didn't know the cloisters to be shut at that hour, I should ha' thought they come direct from the west door—"

The words were interrupted by a calling from below, and the man hastened down. A boy's cap, known from its form to belong to one of the collegiate scholars, had just been found under the lower bank, lodged in the mud. Then somebody *had* been drowned! and it was a college boy!

Where does a crowd collect from? I don't believe anybody can tell; but that we can't see their descent, it might be supposed they dropped from the skies. Not three minutes after that trencher was picked up the people were gathering thick and threefold, retired though the spot was; and it was at this time that Mr. Bill Simms had passed, and heard the tale, which turned his heart and his face white.

Some time given to supposition, to comments, and to other gossip indigenous to an event of the sort, and then Mr. Diggs started for the college school with the cap. Another messenger ran to the Channings' house, the name in the cap showing to whom it had belonged. Diggs related the substance of this to the master, suppressing certain little points bearing upon himself.

Mr. Pye took the cap in his hand, and looked inside. The name, "C. Channing," was in Mrs. Channing's writing; and in the sprawling hand of one of the school-boys—it looked like Bywater's—"Miss" had been added. Charley had scratched the addition over with strokes from a pen, but the word was distinct still.

"The river must be dragged, Diggs," said Hamish Channing.

"The drags are being got ready now, sir. They'll be in, by the time I get back."

Hamish strode to the door. Tom came up from his desk, showing some agitation, and looked at the master. "You will allow me to go, sir? I can do no good at my lessons in this suspense."

"Yes," replied the master. He was going himself.

The school rose with one accord. The under masters rose. To think of study in this excitement was futile; and, in defiance of all precedent, the boys were allowed to quit the room, and troop down to the river. It was a race which should get there first; masters and boys ran together. The only one who walked pretty soberly was the head master. He had to uphold his dignity.

The drags were already in the river, and the banks were lined; police, friends, spectators, gentlemen, mob, and college boys jostled each other. Arthur Channing, pale and agitated, came running from his home. The old vergers and bedesmen came; some of the clergy came; Judy came; and the Dean came. Hamish, outwardly self-possessed, and giving his orders with quiet authority, was inwardly troubled as he had never been. The boy had been left to his charge, and how should he answer for this to his father and mother?

He went in and saw the old woman; as did the renowned Mr. Butterby, who had appeared with the rest. She related to them succinctly what she had heard on the previous night. "I could ha' told, without having heard it now, that it was the steps of a college boy," she said. "I don't listen so often to 'em that I need mistake. He seemed to be coming from the west door o' the cloisters—only that the cloisters be shut at night; so he may have come from round by the front o' the college. Desperate quick he ran, and le'pt down the steps; and a minute after there was the splash and the cry, and the footsteps were heard no more. One might fancy that, in turning the corner to run along the towing-path, he had turned too quick, with too wide a sweep, and so fell over the bank."

"Did you hear no noise afterwards?" questioned Hamish.

"I didn't. I called out, but nobody came anigh to answer it; and then I hid my ears. I was afraid, ye see."

They left the old woman's bedside, and returned to the crowd on the bank. The Dean quietly questioned Hamish about the facts, and shook his head when put into possession of them. "I fear there is little hope," he said.

"Very little. My father and mother's absence makes it the more distressing. I know not, Mr. Dean, how—"

Who was this, pushing vehemently up, to the discomfiture of everybody, elbowing the Dean with as little ceremony as he might have elbowed Ketch, thrusting aside Hamish, and looking down on the river with flashing eyes, with working nostrils? Who should it be but Roland Yorke? for that was his usual way of pushing through a crowd, as you have heard before.

"Is it true?" he gasped. "Is Charles Channing in the water?—sent there through the tricks of the college boys—of Tod?"

"There is little doubt of its truth, Roland," was the answer of Hamish.

Roland said no more. Off went his coat, off went his waistcoat, off went other garments, leaving him nothing but his drawers and his shirt; and in he leaped impetuously, before anybody could stop him, and floundered away in the water, looking after Charles, paying no heed to the shouts that the drags would get hold of his legs.

But neither drags nor Roland could find Charles. The drags were continued in use, but there was no result. Very few had expected that there would be any result, the probability being that the current had carried the body down the stream. Hamish had been home to soothe the grief of his sisters—or rather to essay at soothing it—and then he came back again.

Roland, his ardour cooled, had likewise been home to exchange his wet things for dry ones. This done, he was flying out again, when he came upon the Reverend William

Yorke, who was hastening down to the scene, in some agitation.

"Is the boy found, Roland, do you know? How did it happen? Did he fall in?"

"Considering the light in which you regard the family, William Yorke, I wonder you should waste your breath to ask about it," was Roland's touchy answer, delivered with as much scorn as he could call up.

Mr. Yorke said no more, only quickened his pace towards the river. Roland kept up with him, and continued talking.

"It's a good thing all the world's not of your opinion, William Yorke! You thought to put a slight upon Constance Channing when you told her she might go along, for you. It has turned out just the best luck that could have happened to her."

"Be silent, sir," said Mr. Yorke, his pale cheek flushing scarlet. "I have already told you that I will not permit you to use Miss Channing's name to me. You have nothing to do with her or with me."

"You have nothing to do with her, at any rate," cried aggravating Roland. "She'll soon belong to your betters, William Yorke."

Mr. Yorke turned his flashing eye upon him, plainly asking the explanation that he would not condescend to ask in words. It gave Roland an advantage, and he went on swimmingly with his mischief.

"Lord Carrick has seen the merits of Constance, if you have not; and—I don't mind telling it you in confidence—has resolved to make her his wife. He says she's the prettiest girl he has seen for ages."

"It is not true," said Mr. Yorke, haughtily.

"Not true!" returned Roland. "You'll see whether it's true or not when she's Countess of Carrick. Lady Augusta was present when he made her the offer. He was half afraid to make it for some time, he told us, as he was getting on in years, and had grey hair. Halloo! you are turning yellow, William Yorke. She can't be anything to you! You threw her away, you know."

William Yorke, vouchsafing no reply, got away from his tormentor. He probably did look yellow; certainly he felt so. Roland indulged in a quiet laugh. He had been waiting for this opportunity ever since he became cognisant of what had taken place between the earl and Constance. The earl had made no secret of his intention and its defeat. "I'll have some fun over it with Mr. William," had been Roland's thought.

A sudden noise! Cries and shouts on the banks of the river, and the dense crowd moved and swayed about with excitement. Mr. Yorke and Roland set off to run, each from his different point, and the cries took a distinct sound as they neared them.

"They have found the body!"

It was being laid then upon the bank. Those who could get near tried to obtain a glimpse of it. The college boys, with white faces and terror-stricken consciences, fought for a place; Roland Yorke fought for it; the head master fought for it: I am not sure that the Bishop—who had seen the commotion from his palace windows, and came up to know what it meant—did not fight for it.

A false alarm, so far as their present object was concerned. A little lad, who had been drowned more than a week before, had turned up now. He had incautiously climbed on the parapet of the bridge, whence he fell into the water, and their search for him had hitherto been fruitless. He was not a pleasant sight to look upon as he lay there; but the relief to certain of the college boys, when they found it was not Charles, was immeasurable. Bywater's spirits went up to some of their old impudence-heat. "In looking for one thing you find another," quoth he.

Very true, Mr. Bywater! Sometimes we find more than we bargain for. The drags were thrown in again, and the excited crowd jostled each other as before, their faces hanging over the brink. Hush! Hark! Another prize! What is it coming up now?

A rare prize this time! The drags pulled and tugged, and the men cried, "Heave-ho!" and the hundred and

one voices echoed it: "Heave-ho! heave-ho!" Hush! Hush—sh—sh! A breathless minute of suspense, and up it comes. Amid straw and tangled weeds and mud, and the odds and ends that a river's waters will collect, something hard and clanking was thrown upon the bank, and wondering eyes and faces peered over it.

Nothing but a pair of keys. A pair of large rusty keys, tied together by a string. Bywater, and Hurst, and young Galloway, and one or two more, cast significant glances together, and were nearly choking with fright and suppressed laughter. One standing there, conspicuous for his dress, which among other items comprised an apron, turned a significant glance on them. Bold Bywater met it, and looked a little less bold than usual. But the prelate had kept counsel, and meant to keep it; and he looked away again.

Once more were the drags thrown into the water. Once more the mob, gentle and simple, hustled on its brink. When the college bell tolled out for morning prayers, those, whose duty was to attend the cathedral, drew themselves away unwillingly, Arthur Channing was one. Whatever might be his grief, his suspense, obligations must be fulfilled.

Later in the day, when the search was over—for it was deemed useless to continue it—and when hope was over, a council was held at Mr. Channing's house. Mr. and Mrs. Channing must be made acquainted with this sad business; but how was it to be done? By letter? by telegraph? or by a special messenger? Constance had suggested writing, and silently hoped that Hamish would take the task upon himself, for she felt nearly unequal to it in her dire distress. Mr. Galloway, who had been in and out all the morning, suggested the telegraph. Hamish approved of neither, but proposed to dispatch Arthur, to make the communication in person.

"I cannot leave Helstonleigh myself," he said; "therefore it must devolve upon Arthur. Of course, his journey will be an expense; but there are times when expense must not be regarded. I consider this one."

"A letter would go quicker," said Mr. Galloway.

"Scarcely, in these days of fast travelling," was the reply of Hamish. "But that is not the question. A letter, let it be ever so explanatory, will only put them in suspense. As soon as they have read it, five hundred questions will suggest themselves that they will wish to ask; and, to wait to have them satisfied, will be intolerable, especially to my mother. Arthur's going will obviate this. He knows as much as we know, and can impart his knowledge to them."

"There is a great deal in what you say," mused Mr. Galloway.

"I am sure there is," spoke Constance through her tears, "though it did not strike me previously. In mamma's anxiety and suspense, she might start for home, to learn details."

"And I think it is what she would do," said Hamish, "if not my father also. It will be better that Arthur should go. He can tell them all they would learn if they came home; and, so far as it can be, that would be satisfactory."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Huntley and his daughter. Ellen had begged her father, when she found he was going to the Channings', to allow her to accompany him, and see Constance in her distress. Mr. Huntley readily acquiesced. The drowning of poor Charley was a serious affliction, in contemplation of which he forgot the ineligibility of her meeting Hamish.

Hamish did not appear to perceive any ineligibility in the matter. He was the first to take Ellen's hand in his, and bend upon her his sweet smile of welcome. Knowing what Ellen did know of Mr. Huntley's sentiments, and that he was looking on, it rendered her manner confused and her cheeks crimson. She was glad to turn to Constance, and strive to say a few words of sympathy. "Had Harry been one of those wicked, thoughtless boys to join in this ghost trick, I could never have forgiven him!" she impulsively exclaimed, the hot tears running down her cheeks.

The subject under consideration was referred to Mr. Huntley, and his opinion requested: more as a form of courtesy than anything, for Hamish had made up his mind

upon the point. A thoroughly affectionate, dutiful son was Hamish Channing; and he believed that the tidings could be rendered more bearable to his father and mother by a messenger being sent, than they could be by any other mode of communication. The excuse that Constance and Arthur had, throughout, found for Hamish in their hearts was, that he had taken the bank-note, out of latent affection to Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

"You are wrong, every one of you," said Mr. Huntley, when he had listened to what they had to say. "You must send neither letter nor messenger. It will not do."

Hamish looked at him. "Then what can we send, sir?"

"Don't send at all."

"Not send at all!" repeated Hamish.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Huntley. "You have no positive proof yet that the child is dead. It will be alarming them unnecessarily."

"Mr. Huntley!" uttered Constance. "Is it possible that you see grounds for hope?"

"Honestly to confess it, my dear, I do not see much ground for hope," he replied. "But, on the other hand, there are no positive grounds for despair. So long as you have not these grounds furnished, I say, Keep it from Mr. and Mrs. Channing. Answer me one thing: What good end would it serve, the telling them?"

"Is it not a duty?"

"I do not see it," said Mr. Huntley. "Were the poor boy's fate known, beyond uncertainty, it would be a different matter. If you send and tell them all there is to tell, what would come of it? The very suspense, the doubt, would have a bad effect. It might bring Mr. Channing home; and the good, already effected, might be driven back again—his time, his purse, his hopes, that he has given to the journey, wasted. Allowing that he still remained, the news might check his cure. No: my strong advice to you is, Suffer them for the present to remain in ignorance."

Hamish began to think that Mr. Huntley might be right.

"I know I am right," said Mr. Huntley. "If the putting them in possession of the facts could be productive of any benefit to themselves, to you, or to Charles, I'd go off myself with Arthur this hour. But it could effect nothing; and, to them, it might result in ill. Until we know something more certain ourselves, let us keep it from them."

"Yes, I see it," said Hamish, warmly. "It will be so."

Constance felt her arm touched, and coloured with emotion when she found it was done by the Reverend Mr. Yorke. In this day of distress, people seemed to come in and go out without ceremony. Mr. Yorke had entered with Tom Channing. He entirely took up the new view of the matter, and strongly advised that it should not be allowed to reach Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

Mr. Galloway, when he was departing, beckoned Constance into the hall. It was only to give her a private word of friendly sympathy, of advice—not to be overwhelmed, to cling to hope. She thanked him, but it was with an aching heart, for Constance could not feel this hope.

"Will you grant me the favour of a minute's private interview?" asked Mr. Yorke stiffly, meeting her in the hall.

Constance hesitated for a moment. He was asking what she felt he had no right to ask. She coloured, bowed, and stepped towards the drawing-room. Mr. Yorke threw open the door for her, and followed her in.

Then he became agitated. Whatever his pride or his temper may have been, whether the parting between them was his fault or Constance's, it was certain that he loved her with an enduring love. Until that morning he had never contemplated the losing Constance; he had surely looked forward to some indefinite future when she should be his; and the words spoken by Roland had well nigh driven him mad. Which was precisely what Mr. Roland hoped they would do.

"I would not speak to you on this day, when you are in distress, when you may deem it an unfitting time for me to speak," he began, "but I cannot live in this suspense.

Let me confess that what brought me here was to obtain this interview with you, quite as much as this other unhappy business. You will forgive my speaking to-day.

"Mr. Yorke, I do not know what you can have to speak of," she answered, with dignity. "My distress is great, but I can hear what you wish to say."

"I heard—I heard"—he spoke with emotion, and went plunging abruptly into his subject—"I heard this morning that Lord Carrick was soliciting you to become his wife."

Constance could have laughed, but for her own distress, agitated though he was. "Well, sir?" she coldly said, in a little spirit of mischief.

"Constance, you cannot do it," he passionately retorted. "You cannot so perjure yourself!"

"Mr. Yorke! Have you the right to tell me I shall or shall not marry Lord Carrick?"

"You can't do it, Constance!" he repeated, laying his hand upon her shoulder, and speaking hoarsely. "You know that your whole affection was given to me! It is mine still; I feel it is. You have not transferred it to another in this short time. You do not love and forget so lightly."

"Is this all you have to say to me?"

"No, it is not all," he answered, with emotion. "I want you to be my wife, Constance, not his. I want you to forget this miserable estrangement that has come between us, and come home to me at Hazledon."

"Listen, Mr. Yorke," she said: but it was with the utmost difficulty she retained her indifferent manner, and kept her tears from falling: she would have liked to be taken to his sheltering arms, never to have quitted them. "The cause which led to our parting was that suspicion that fell upon Arthur, coupled with something that you were not pleased with in my own manner, relating to it. That suspicion is upon him still, and my course of conduct would be precisely the same, were it to come over again. I am sorry you should have reaped up this matter, for it can only end as it did before."

"Will you not marry me?" he resumed.

"No. So long as circumstances look dark on my brother."

"Constance! that may be for ever!"

"Yes," she sadly answered, knowing what she did know; "they may never be brighter than they are now. Were I tempted to become your wife, you might reproach me afterwards for allying you to disgrace; and that, I think, would kill me. I beg you not to speak of this again."

"And you refuse me for Lord Carrick! You will go and marry him!" exclaimed Mr. Yorke, struggling between reproach, affection, and temper.

"You must allow me to repeat that you have no right to question me," she said, moving to the door. "When our engagement was forfeited, that right was forfeited with it."

She opened the door to quit the room. Mr. Yorke might have wished further to detain her, but Judy came bustling up. "Lady Augusta's here, Miss Constance."

Lady Augusta Yorke met Constance in the hall, seizing both her hands. "I had a bad head-ache, and lay in bed, and never heard of it till an hour ago!" she uttered with the same sort of impulsive kindness that sometimes actuated Roland. "Is it true that he is drowned? Is it true that Tod was in it?—Gerald says he was. William, are you here?"

Constance took Lady Augusta into the general sitting-room, into the presence of the rest of her guests. Lady Augusta asked a hundred questions, at the least; and they made her acquainted with the different points, so far as they were cognisant of them. She declared that Tod should be kept upon bread and water for a week, and she would go to the school and request Mr. Pye to flog him. She overwhelmed Constance with kindness, wishing she and Annabel would come to her house and remain entirely for a few days. Constance thanked her, and found some difficulty in being allowed to refuse.

"Here is his exercise book," observed Constance, the tears filling her eyes; "here is the very place where he laid his

pen. Every other minute I think it cannot be true that he is gone—that it must be all a dream."

Lady Augusta took up the pen and kissed it: it was her way of showing sympathy. Mr. Huntley smiled. "Where's William gone?" asked Lady Augusta.

The Reverend William Yorke had quitted the house, shaking the dust from his shoes, in anger, as he crossed the threshold. Anger as much at himself, for having ever given her up, as at Constance Channing; and still most at the Right Honourable the Earl of Carrick.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. JENKINS IN A DILEMMA.

I DON'T know what you will say to me for introducing you into the privacy of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's bed-chamber, but it is really necessary. We cannot very well get along without it.

A conjugal dispute had occurred that morning when Mrs. Jenkins got up. She was an early riser, as was Jenkins also, in a general way; but since his illness, he had barely contrived to get down in time for breakfast. On this morning—which was not the one following the application of mustard to his chest, but one about a week subsequent to that medicinal operation—Mrs. Jenkins, upon preparing to descend, peremptorily ordered him to remain in bed. Nothing need be recorded of the past week, save two facts: Charles Channing had not been discovered, either in life or in death; and the Earl of Carrick had terminated his visit, and left Helstonleigh.

"I'll bring your breakfast up," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"It is of no use to say that," Jenkins ventured meekly to remonstrate. "You know I must get up."

"I say you shall not get up. Here you are, growing weaker and worse every day, and yet you won't take care of yourself! Where's the use of your taking a bottle a-day of cough mixture—where's the use of your making the market scarce of cod-liver oil—where's the use of wasting good mustard, if it's all to do you no good? Does it do you any good?"

"I am afraid it has not, as yet," confessed Jenkins.

"And never will, so long as you give your body and brains no rest. Out you go by nine o'clock, in all weathers, ill or well, and there you are at your business till evening; stooping yourself double over the writing, dancing abroad on errands, wearing out your lungs with answering callers! There's no common sense in it."

"But, my dear, the office must be attended to," said Jenkins, with much deference.

"There's no 'must' in the case, as far as you are concerned. If I say you shan't go to it, why, you shan't. What's the office, pray, in comparison with a man's life?"

"But I am not so ill as to remain away. I can go yet, and do my work."

"You'd be for going, if you were in your coffin, you would!" was Mrs. Jenkins's wrathful answer. "Could you do any good then, pray?"

"But I am not in my coffin," mildly suggested Jenkins.

"Don't I say you'd be for going if you were?" reiterated Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes, in her heat, lost sight of the precise point under dispute. "You know you would! you know there's nothing in the whole world that you think of, but that office! Office—office—office, it is with you from morning till night. When you *are* in your coffin, through it, you'll be satisfied."

"But it is my duty to go as long as I can, my dear."

"It's my duty to do a many things that I don't do!" was the answer; "and one of my duties which I haven't done yet, is to keep you in-doors for a bit, and nurse you up. I shall begin it from to-day, and see if I can't get you well that way."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue, Jenkins. I never say a thing but you are sure to put in a 'but.' You lie in bed this morning,—do you hear?—and I'll bring up your breakfast."

Mrs. Jenkins quitted the room with the last order, and that ended the discussion. Had Jenkins been a free agent—free from business obligations—he had been only too glad to obey her. In his present state of health, the work of the office had become almost too much for him; it was with difficulty that he went to it and did his duty there. Even the walk, short as it was, in the early morning, was nearly beyond his strength; even the rising betimes was beginning to tell upon him. And though he had little hope that nursing himself up in-doors would prove of essential service, he felt that the rest it brought would be to him an inestimable boon.

But Jenkins was one who thought of duty before he thought of himself; and, therefore, to remain away from the office, if he *could* drag himself to it, appeared to him little less than a sin. He was paid for his time and services—fairly paid—liberally paid, some might have said—and they belonged to his master. But it was not so much from this point of view that Jenkins regarded the necessity of going—conscientious though he was—as at the thought of what the office would do without him, there being nobody to replace him but Roland Yorke. Jenkins knew what he was, and so do we.

To lie in bed, or remain in-doors, under these circumstances, Jenkins felt to be impossible; and when his watch gave him warning that the breakfast hour was approaching, up he got. Behold him sitting on the side of the bed, essaying to dress himself—*essaying* to do it. Never had Jenkins felt feebler, or weaker, or less able to cope with his increasing illness, than on this morning; and when Mrs. Jenkins dashed in—for her quick ears had caught, downstairs, the sounds of his stirring—he sat there still, stockings in hand, unable to help himself.

"So you were going to trick me, were you! Are you *not* ashamed of yourself, Jenkins?"

Jenkins gasped twice before he could reply. A giddiness seemed to be stealing over him, as it had done that other evening, underneath the elm trees. "My dear, it is of no use your talking; I *must* go to the office," he gasped out.

"You shan't go—if I lock you up! There!"

Jenkins was spared the trouble of a reply. The giddiness had increased to faintness, his sight left him, and he fell back on the bed in a state of unconsciousness. Mrs. Jenkins rather regarded it as a triumph. She pushed him into bed, and tucked him up.

"This comes of your attempting to disobey me!" said she, when he came round again. "I wonder what would become of you poor, soft mortals of men, if you were let have your own way! There's no office for you to-day, Jenkins."

Very peremptorily spoke she. But, lest he should attempt the same again, she determined to put it out of his power. Opening a closet, she thrust every article of his clothing into it, not leaving him so much as a waistcoat, turned the key, and put it into her pocket; poor Jenkins watching her with despairing eyes, and not venturing to remonstrate.

"There," said she, speaking amiably in her glow of satisfaction, "you can go to the office now, if you like. I'll not stop you; but you'll have to march through the streets leaving your clothes in that closet."

Under these difficulties, Jenkins did not entirely see his way clear to get there. Mrs. Jenkins went instead, catching Mr. Roland Yorke just upon his arrival.

"What's up, that Jenkins is not here?" began free Roland, before she could speak.

"Jenkins is not in a fit state to get out of his bed, and I have come to tell Mr. Galloway so," replied she.

Roland Yorke's face grew to twice its usual length at the news. "I say, though, that will never do, Mrs. Jenkins! What's to become of this office?"

"The office must do the best it can without him. *He's* not coming to it."

"I can't manage it," said Roland, in considerable consternation. "I should go dead, if I had to do Jenkins's work, and my own as well."

"He'll go dead, unless he takes some rest in time, and gets a little good nursing. I should like to know how I am to nurse him, if he's down here all day!"

"That's not the question," returned Roland, feeling uncommonly blank. "The question is, how the office, and I, and Galloway are to get along without him? Couldn't he come in a sedan?"

"Yes, he can; if he likes to come without his clothes," retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "I have taken care to lock *them* up."

"Locked his clothes up!" repeated Roland, in wonder. "What's that for?"

"Because, as long as he has got a bit of life in him, he'll use it to drag himself down here," answered Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "That's why. He was getting up to come this morning, defying me, and every word I said to him against it, when he fell down on the bed in a fainting fit. I thought it time to lock his things up then."

"Upon my word, I don't know what's to be done," resumed Roland, growing quite hot with dismay and perplexity at the prospect of some extra work for himself. "Look here!" exhibiting the parchments on Jenkins's desk, all so neatly left—"here's an array! Jenkins did not intend to stay away, when he left those last night, I know."

"He intend to stay away! catch him thinking of it!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "It is as I have just told him—that he'd come in his coffin. And it's my firm belief that if he knew a week's holiday would save him from his coffin, he'd not take it, unless I was at his back to make him. It's well he has got somebody to look after him that's not quite deficient of common sense!"

"Well, this is a plague!" grumbled Roland.

"So it is—for me, I know, if for nobody else," was Mrs. Jenkins's reply. "But there's some plagues in the world that we must put up with, and make the best of, whether we like 'em or not; and this is one. You'll tell Mr. Galloway, please; it will save me waiting."

However, as Mrs. Jenkins was departing, she encountered Mr. Galloway, and told him herself. He was both vexed and grieved to hear it; grieved on Jenkins's score, vexed on his own. That Jenkins was growing very ill, he believed from his own observation, and it could not have happened at a more untoward time. Involuntarily, Mr. Galloway's thoughts turned to Arthur Channing, and he wished he had him in the office still.

"You must turn over a new leaf from this very hour, Roland Yorke," he observed to that gentleman, when he entered. "We must both of us buckle-to, if we are to get through the work."

"It's not possible, sir, that I can do Jenkins's share and mine," said Roland.

"If you only do Jenkins's, I'll do yours," replied Mr. Galloway, significantly. "Understand me, Roland: I shall expect you to show yourself equal to this emergency. Put aside frivolity and idleness, and apply yourself in earnest. Jenkins has been in the habit of taking part of your work upon himself, like I believe no clerk living would have done; and, in return, you must now take his. I hope in a few days he may be with us again. Poor fellow, we shall find his loss!"

Mr. Galloway had to go out in the course of the morning, and Roland was left alone to the cares and work of the office. It occurred to him that, as a preliminary step, he could not do better than put the window open, that the sight of people passing (especially any of his acquaintance with whom he might exchange greetings) should cheer him on at his hard work. Accordingly, he threw it up to its utmost extent, and went on with his writing, giving alternately one look to his task, and two to the street. Not many minutes had he been thus spurring on his industry, when he saw Arthur Channing pass.

"Hist—st—st!" called out Roland, by way of attracting his attention. "Come in old fellow, will you? Here's such a game!"

(To be continued.)

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JANUARY 26.

THE POPE'S "BULL."—In 1564, Pope Pius IV. confirmed by a "bull" the decrees of the celebrated eighteenth or last general council of Trent. A "bull," or edict, is a rescript of ancient use, and generally written on parchment. The "bull" is properly the seal, deriving its name from "*bulle*," and has been variously made of gold or of silver, of lead or of wax. On one side are the heads of Peter and Paul, on the other the name of the pope, and the current year of his pontificate. Bulls denouncing Queen Elizabeth and her abettors, and consigning them to perdition, accompanied the Spanish Armada. In modern times the Bible societies have been similarly anathematised. Joseph Stanford, in his recently published "*Memoir of Joseph Alleine*," the Puritan, affords us an interesting illustration of the nature of these edicts, observing:—"The Pope himself formed no low estimate of the political sagacity of the Puritans; and we may remark, as an evidence of the light in which he regarded the 'then expected' war, that a bull of his was intercepted, and sent up to Parliament, promising canonisation to those Catholics who might fall on the side of the king—a fact which has not found its way into any of our histories." In support of this allegation, Mr. Stanford quotes the third volume of the "*Commons' Journals*," pages 257 and 264. The fundamental law of the German Empire, as promulgated at the Diet of Nuremberg, in 1356, by the Emperor Charles IV., was called the *Golden Bull*, because the seal attached was of gold, an honour rarely conferred.

JANUARY 27.

KING JOHN.—In 1800, a storm blew down the remains of King John's castle at Old Ford, near Bow. It was erected in 1203, and was undoubtedly the residence of that weak, wicked, and tyrannical monarch; the place where, according to tradition, he plotted the murder of Prince Arthur, and where he slept after signing Magna Charta. The building had been much mutilated during the civil wars. The chapel fell about forty years previously. The ground belongs to Christ's Hospital, and nothing now remains to remind us of the man whose name in the records of history is associated, though ingloriously, with our civil and religious liberty.

THE GREEK FATHERS.—John Chrysostom, one of the most learned and eloquent of the Fathers, was born at Antioch, about the year 344. While yet young, he formed a resolution of entering upon a secluded life, and betook himself to the neighbouring mountains, where, it is said, he lived four years with an ascetic hermit. He then retired to more secret parts of the desert, where he spent two years more. At length, worn out by continual watchings, fastings, and other severities, he was forced to return to Antioch, and to his former way of living. He was ordained deacon in 381, and now began to compose and publish many of his works. Five years afterwards, he was ordained a priest by Flavian, in which office he acquitted himself with so much reputation, that, upon the death of Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, in the year 397, he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant see. Chrysostom was no sooner installed, than that zeal and ardour for which he was afterwards famous was employed in endeavouring to effect a general reformation of manners. With this disposition, he began with the clergy, and next attacked the laity. His preaching is said to have been eminently successful among the lower classes. It was from his eloquence that the name "*Chrysostomus*," *golden-mouthed*, was given him, his usual name being only John. The first and then temporary expulsion of Chrysostom from Constantinople is variously related. The charges brought against him were either so frivolous or so notoriously false, that it would be useless to recapitulate them. He refused to obey the summons of the council appointed by his enemies until they ceased to act as his judges, and the result was that he was sentenced to exile

for contumacy, and for a contempt of the emperor's authority. But the people were not easily satisfied. Chrysostom was put on a vessel by night, but crowds ran down to the beach eagerly demanding his restoration. His austere and simple mode of life had invested his character with special veneration. An earthquake occurred two or three days after his departure. The people, not yet recovered from their grief at his loss, loudly proclaimed that it was an indication of the displeasure of Heaven. The empress wrote courteously, inviting him to return, and throwing all the blame of his departure upon the machination of his enemies, which she now affected to see through and deplore. His return was immediate. The Bosphorus was covered with vessels to welcome him back. Thousands ranged around him with lighted tapers, and with an outburst of holy joy in choral hymns, conducted him to his church. Scarcely, however, had Chrysostom enjoyed a calm of two months, when a statue was set up at Constantinople in honour of the Empress Eudoxia. At the dedication of this magnificent statue there were great rejoicings. These were indeed solemn exercises, not unmingled with some superstition. But Chrysostom, unable to bear these improprieties, denounced them with his usual freedom, and blamed not only those who had actually taken part, but even those who had ordered them. The empress was offended. She resolved once more to assemble a council, professedly to take cognisance of the language he had employed. The result was, that he was again ordered into exile. His followers and adherents were insulted by the soldiery. Chrysostom had refused to go, unless upon compulsion, saying to the emperor, "I received this church from God for the salvation of the people, and I may not abandon it. But as the city is yours, if you are resolved upon my going, drive me out by force, that I may have a lawful excuse." He arrived at Nicea, in Bithynia, in June, 404. But the malice of the empress still pursued him. At her instigation, he was ordered to be removed to Cucusus, in the desert of Mount Taurus. At that place he did not neglect his episcopal functions. His zealous enemies obtained from the Emperor Arcadius a more severe rescript, to have him removed to a desert place still more remote, and near the Euxine Sea. The journey was long, occupying three months, and the brutal conduct of the two soldiers to whom he was entrusted, exposure to cold, to wet weather, and fatigue, brought on, at Cumana, violent fever, from which he died September 14, in the year 407. He had governed the church at Constantinople six years to the time of his banishment, and in all, nine years and eight months. Gibbon says of him that his character was "consecrated by absence and persecution;" that "the respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed on a desert spot among the mountains of Taurus, from whence Chrysostom extended his pastoral care to the mission of Persia and Scythia, negotiated with the Roman Pontiff and the Emperor Honorius, and boldly appealed from a partial synod to the supreme tribunal of a general council." Undoubtedly Chrysostom was one of the most distinguished of the Greek Fathers, and, perhaps, the most eloquent and popular preacher of his age. The intemperance of his zeal furnished occasionally to his enemies advantages which they would have sought without success in the purity of his life. Their machinations were at last successful, and shortened the career of one of the most learned, pious, and charitable men of that period. His style is Asiatic, somewhat diffuse and redundant, but even in translation is often read with advantage. His entire works comprise, in Greek, eight folio volumes, or in Greek and Latin there are thirteen, consisting of commentaries, 700 homilies and orations, 43 doctrinal treatises, and 242 epistles.

JANUARY 28.

EVENTS.—In 1547 died Henry VIII. of England, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age. His name is indelibly associated as that of an instrument in the progress of the Reformation. He repudiated his first wife twenty years after marriage, and, in the course of about ten years, espoused five others. The reign of Henry

was, on many accounts, the most remarkable in the ecclesiastical annals of the kingdom.

In 1732 the Protestants of Salzburg, being driven out of their country, settled, by invitation of the King of Prussia, in Brandenburg.

JANUARY 29.

LEIGH RICHMOND.—In 1772 was born the celebrated author of the "Dairyman's Daughter." During his childhood he received an injury which lamed him for the remainder of his life. After having laid the foundation of a classical education, he proceeded to Cambridge, where a severe illness, produced by intense application, materially retarded his academical progress. He graduated in 1793, and proceeded to take his degree in arts in 1797, during which year he married, took deacon's orders, and commenced his pastoral duties in the Isle of Wight. Subsequently, he officiated for some time at Lock Chapel, in the metropolis, and in 1805 obtained the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he died on the 8th of May, 1827. Besides a work entitled "The Fathers of the Church," he wrote a great number of narrative pieces in support of religion, of which, perhaps, the most popular and best known is the one above-mentioned; which, together with his "Young Cottager," "Negro Servant," and others, after having been printed separately, were collected and published in one volume, entitled "Annals of the Poor." Some of these simple and unpretending compositions, which procured for their author a large share of public esteem, as well as the friendship of many pious and learned individuals, have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages, and millions of copies of them have been circulated. He preached extemporaneously, and without much preparation. "Why," said he, "need I labour, when our simple villagers are far more usefully instructed in my plain, easy, familiar manner? The only result would be, that I should address them in a style beyond their comprehension."

JANUARY 30.

CHILLINGWORTH.—In 1644 died William Chillingworth, the man with whose name is ever associated the proverb, "The Bible only is the religion of Protestants." He was born in 1602, at Oxford, and in 1623 was a fellow of Trinity College, in that university. In his day the comparative merits of the English and Romish Churches formed a subject of zealous and incessant disputation with the students, and several learned Jesuits succeeded in making proselytes among the Protestant clergy and nobility. Chillingworth, being an able disputant, was singled out by the famous Jesuit, Fisher, by whom he was convinced of the necessity of an infallible, living rule of faith. Upon this he for a time abjured Protestantism, and joined the Jesuit college at Douay; but, after a few months, the arguments of Laud induced him to return to Oxford, in 1631, where he spent four years in re-considering the Protestant tenets. In 1635 he published his "Religion of Protestants, a Safe Way to Salvation." The work excited great attention. The principle of Chillingworth is, that the volume of Divine Scriptures, ascertained to be such by the ordinary rules of historical and critical investigation, are to be considered the sole authority of Christians, to the utter exclusion of ecclesiastical tradition. He was attached very zealously to the royal cause, and wrote a treatise, yet unpublished, on the "Unlawfulness of Resisting the Lawful Prince, although most Impious, Tyrannical, and Idolatrous." His character and abilities have been greatly and justly extolled by many of our ablest divines. Tillotson characterised him as "the incomparable Chillingworth, the glory of his age and nation," and Locke wrote of him in terms equally laudatory and decisive. "Those," says Mosheim, "who desire to know the doctrines of the Church of England, must especially read Chillingworth's 'Religion of Protestants.'" And, best of all, the talented infidel Gibbon observes that "Chillingworth had most ably maintained the principle that the Protestant's sole judge is the Bible, and its sole interpreter is private judgment."

EVENTS.—Many important events, closely connected

with the history of our Protestant civil and religious privileges, are associated with this day.—In 1606, Everard Digby was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at the west end of St. Paul's Church, London, for his complicity in the gunpowder plot. It was proved that he had offered £1,500 towards defraying the expenses of that atrocious and treasonable attempt, and was taken in open rebellion, after the plot was detected and had miscarried.—On that day, in 1647, Charles I. was delivered up to the parliament by the Scots. They obtained the promise that "respect should be had to the king's personal safety in the defence of the true religion, and the liberties of the two kingdoms, according to the solemn league and covenant."—In 1649, and on the same anniversary, the unhappy king was beheaded. Born in Scotland, in 1600, he succeeded to the throne in 1625. Only three days were allowed to intervene between his sentence and his execution.—On that day, in 1661, in the reign of his son, Charles II., the heads of Oliver Cromwell, John Bradshaw, and Henry Ireton were set on poles at Westminster Hall, and their bodies buried under the gallows at Tyburn, where, after disinterment, their corpses had been hung.—On the same day, in 1673, the expense of the permanent erection of the finest statue in London, that of Charles I. at Charing Cross, was ordered to be defrayed, with part of £70,000 voted for his funeral celebration.

JANUARY 31.

THE STUARTS.—In 1788 Charles Stuart, the Roman Catholic claimant to the throne of England, died at Rome. He was the grandson of James II., born at Rome in 1720. In 1745 he landed in Scotland with only seven companions, and marched south, as far as Derby. Here his career was arrested, and the battle of Culloden decided his fate. He wandered about the wilds of Scotland for five months, often without food, a price being set upon his head. He finally escaped in a French vessel, and ended his inglorious life in low dissipation.

FEBRUARY 1.

LEIGHTON.—In 1684 died Dr. Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, whose "Commentary on St. Peter" is yet a popular work. He was the son of a physician who, for having written a book entitled "Zion's Plea," fell under the wrath of the High Commission court, and was sentenced to horrible mutilation and long imprisonment. This fact in his father's history does not appear to have effectually prevented him from employing, for a number of years, his talents and influence in a vain endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between the Presbyterian and Episcopalian parties. As a preacher, he was admired beyond all his contemporaries. Burnet says of him, that he "was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of Divine things that could be seen in any man." His valuable writings confirm this testimony. Full of majesty and beauty, they will never cease to be regarded as the choicest treasures of a Christian library. Wodrow says of him, "By many he was judged to be latitudinarian, and of over-extensive charity. I doubt not but that his opinion was that the government of the Church was not fixed in the Holy Scriptures, which was also the opinion of some great English divines, Hooker, Stillfleet, and others; but, nevertheless, he was both sound in the faith and strong in the faith." It is honourable to his memory, that Leighton refused to be a participator in the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical High Commission, in 1665, against all who would not conform. No violence was committed in his diocese, nor was it necessary he should carry out his intention of quitting his bishopric, in order to prevent them. In 1670, he proposed his "scheme of accommodation" to the king. Nothing came of it. Leighton was, in fact, a man of but one party, and that was and is, the Church of God, regarded as persons who are spiritually regenerate. He resigned his bishopric in 1673, and lived afterwards, for ten years, privately, in Sussex, dying, on a visit to London, at an inn, where, of all places, he had often expressed his wish to die, as indicative of a pilgrim going home. He obtained his wish, and ended his life at the "Bell," in Warwick Lane.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

II. THE CREDIBILITY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

WHEN an insurance office insures the life of an individual, they are not certain whether the man may die to-morrow, or at the end, perhaps, of thirty or forty years; they have established probabilities to act upon, which are deemed sufficient to guide them. So if, in a court of law, we sit on a trial in which a man's life is involved, all we can have is that "moral certainty" which will satisfy the consciences of twelve men on their oaths. So that in common life it is not mathematical certainty, but probability in its various degrees, upon which we act. Butler takes the constitution and course of Nature as his basis; he inquires what are the principles on which we act, and he applies those principles to religion. We now come to what he says is the foundation of our hopes and fears, a future life; and there can be, certainly, no subject more interesting and more momentous to beings such as we are, than the consideration that there is to be a future state of existence, with which our present state is mysteriously or irrevocably connected. This first chapter concerns simply the mere fact of a future life; he goes on afterwards to pursue the argument further, and to show that we are under the moral government of God. In this chapter he proposes to show what analogies there are in the constitution and course of Nature that we can bring to bear on the fact of a future life. Now, the great office of analogy is to repel objections—to refute disproofs—to remove unfavourable presumptions. It is seldom used for the purpose of direct proof: it is not suited for that. It clears the way—it makes a matter credible,—leaves it open for the application of other proofs, which it confirms. If you look at the concluding section of this (first) chapter, you find he says:—"This credibility of a future life." That is all he professes to establish. "This credibility of a future life which has been here insisted upon, how little soever it may satisfy curiosity, seems to answer all the purposes of religion in like manner as a demonstrative proof would." What he means by that is this:—This doctrine of a future life *may* be true. His argument with the Deists is that they could not be safe unless they were able to disprove religion. "Because," he says with regard to a future state of existence, "it *may* be true." You *may* be here under the moral government of God; you may hereafter be in a state of eternal misery or eternal happiness, and that state may be connected with your faith and conduct in this life. Hence, even supposing it to be a doubtful matter, how should a person act where consequences so momentous are at stake? In the ordinary affairs of life, just in proportion to the importance of consequences will you give these consequences what is called "the benefit of a doubt." That is what he means by saying that "the credibility of a future life answers all the purposes of religion"—answers the purpose he had in view in the chapter, which was to show that it was pro-

bable, in the sense in which he defines probability. In the first section of the chapter he proposes the argument thus:—"Whether it be not from thence (that is, the analogy and course of Nature) probable that we may survive this change and exist in a future state of life and perception." Now, in this chapter the objection which the materialist puts forward, of the destruction of the soul along with the body, is removed by the presumption which analogy supplies. Now, with regard to a future life, the foundation for our belief of it is twofold: there is the argument from what we call "the light of Nature," and the teaching of Revelation; but, to show how much Butler felt the weakness of the argument drawn from Nature, and how it could only afford that credibility—that removing of unfavourable presumptions—that clearing the way for the positive teachings of Revelation, turn to the second part of the first chapter:—"Nor must it by any means be omitted, for it is a thing of the utmost importance, that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. The great doctrines of a future state, the danger of a course of wickedness, and the efficacy of repentance, are not only confirmed in the Gospel, but are taught, especially the last is, with a degree of light to which that of Nature is but darkness." So that he considers the light of Nature was but darkness compared with the Gospel, which in terms "brings life and immortality to light." A most able dissertation on this subject has been written by the Archbishop of Dublin, in his "Essays on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion," where he shows that we are almost exclusively indebted to the Gospel teaching for the light we enjoy with regard to that blessed hope. Now (excluding the Scriptural proofs), the arguments for a future life are threefold. There are the metaphysical arguments, and there are what I may call the "physical arguments," derived from the law of material things, and the course of external Nature. The metaphysical arguments were those subtle scholastic disquisitions in which our schoolmen delighted: the nature of the soul, its essence, whether material or immaterial, divisible or indivisible. All these foolish disquisitions end in nothing, and afford no light with regard to a future state. The physical arguments are different: they give some little light on the question, but subject to this objection—that, dealing with a part of our nature that is common to us with animals, and in some degree with vegetables, the conclusions therefrom, if they can be called conclusions, would apply equally to all: so that the metaphysical arguments are worse than useless, and the physical arguments are of very slight advantage. But what we call the moral arguments are of great value; they are derived from the consideration of man's capacity, his aspirations, his moral and intellectual progress, the course of human enlightenment, his power of grasping eternal truths. The lower creatures seem here fitted for the positions they occupy; to enjoy happiness to the utmost degree their nature is capable of, to attain to the highest improvement their nature is capable of. The brute attains a certain degree of perfection, and then stops; but man, in his course of

moral and spiritual improvement, goes on; and sometimes at the very moment when cut off by death, he is in the course of blooming into a higher degree of improvement. The argument from that is very strong, and the human heart accepts it, and it is completely in harmony with those mysteries of our being that are within us, our feelings and emotions; and we accept the conclusion at once that we are destined for immortality hereafter. These are the moral agents which are independent of the light of Revelation. Now, Butler takes the general laws of Nature. He says:—"The changes we have ourselves undergone, and the changes we may yet undergo without being destroyed; the change, for instance, before birth to birth, the completely different state we are in in the womb, and afterwards when born into life; the changes we may yet undergo without being destroyed, the changes our bodies undergo gradually by the assimilation of food and the gradual wasting of particles; then, again, the way in which limbs may be cut off, or portions of the body pared away, still without affecting the rational being." These changes he refers to to show what he calls the law of change, the different stages of existence, both with regard to ourselves and other creatures. There is the common one of the butterfly springing from the grub. Therefore (he says), as there have been antecedent stages of existence in which we were acquiring fitness for the present stage, so death may be one of those stages of continuous existence: and we are now undergoing another course of preparation for that future state; and just as before we came to the present state, we were undergoing preparation for the present stage, so the law of change warrants the presumption, as far as it goes, in favour of there being a future stage of existence. He goes on to the second law—the law of continuance—by which things are presumed to go on unless you see some reason to the contrary. He says:—"That we have those powers and capacities before death, and until death, is a presumption that we shall retain them after death." It is on the same kind of presumption we expect that the sun will rise to-morrow, that uniformity in the operations of Nature seems to be quite congenial to our minds, and to adapt itself to our constitution. All experience is founded upon that supposition—that things will continue to go on as they have done. If we find no reason in Nature from which to infer death to be the destruction of our rational being, then we have a right to infer that it will not, "because there is in every case a probability that all things will continue as we experience they are, in all respects, except those in which we have some reason to think they will be altered." But, then, he says there is "a general confused suspicion that, in the great shock and alteration which we shall undergo by death, we (i.e., our living powers) might be wholly destroyed." And then he combats that suspicion by arguing from a phrase which you will often find in the book—"the reason of the thing." He argues from the nature of death, and shows that we cannot thence infer that death is the destruction of living agents, because we really know nothing of what death really is. We only know some of the effects of it—i.e., its powers over the body—and these effects do in no wise appear to imply the destruction of a living agent. He then shows that neither can we find anything in the whole analogy of

Nature to afford even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers. He pursues the argument in the eighth section, which, I think, is open in some degree to the criticism of being involved in that metaphysical view which reasons on the immateriality and indivisibility of consciousness; but, so far as it answers the arguments of the materialist, it is undoubtedly of use. It is a striking lesson to us to show how we should attend to the volumes of God's works and Word, and not indulge in metaphysical speculations, to ask what does the Gospel teach us? It says not a word of material or immaterial; the Resurrection of the Body is its great doctrine. In early times this doctrine of a future state was left in obscurity, because the doctrine of a future state is essentially connected with the fact of the death and resurrection of our Lord, on which the world's destiny altogether hangs; therefore, until that other doctrine was propounded in the fulness of time, all with regard to a future state was left comparatively in darkness. In this chapter, where Butler is arguing this, he goes into the question of the consciousness being single and indivisible, and there is a degree of subtlety in it, and it fully answers materialists so far as it goes, but really I do not think it is of any great importance. He points out this by adverting to other portions of our body. He says: you use a glass for the eye, which assists it; that leads you to suppose that the eye itself is a kind of perfect instrument, and so it is, for the telescope has been constructed and perfected from a regard to the constitution and peculiar form of the eye itself. So with the ear, which can be aided by instruments. And he instances the case when losing a limb, you get its place supplied by a cork or wooden one, which you can move; and so with other portions of our body. In that way he shows that the portions of the body are in the nature of instruments to obey the mind, and therefore he infers that so far from the mind being connected with them so as to be destroyed by their destruction, in its entirety and vigour it is complete, though many of those are taken away. So far as there is any presumption to be derived from this, it is in favour of the continued existence of the rational soul, because such, independently of these, controls them, and deals with the material substances which are put in their place when any of them are removed, and has control over these substances, just as it had over the portions of the body. He then meets the objections that those difficulties apply to the animal creation also, by saying that it may be the intention of God that animals should also exist in a future state. What the fact is with regard to that we cannot tell; we know nothing one way or the other about it. But he says there is another argument founded upon a matter which is more peculiar to mankind, and then he puts the case of our present power—the power of exercising reason, memory, and affection—and takes the distinction between sensation and these powers of reason, memory, and affection, where our mind and moral nature act by themselves. He says that we get ideas that way that we can, without the use of our bodies, reflect upon. When we have got ideas our minds can act, and therefore he argues from that the independence of the mind of the body. Its fate is not, therefore, connected with the body in that way that you can assume, from the dissolution of the body, that that involves the dissolution of the mind and natural soul. By these very excellent arguments he repels the objections of the materialists. That is what he had in view, because it is quite plain that he looked upon the teaching of Revelation upon this subject as the main and important teaching, and that he was sweeping away the objections which unbelieving men made, these objections being founded upon the sup-

posed connection between the soul and body to such a degree that when death dissolves the body the soul perishes along with it; and these arguments, he urges, show that they had no right to indulge in such speculations as these, because, although the mind was able to go far in the way of reason on the subject, it cannot go so far as we could go by presumption, whether from one source or another, or from that consideration of the law of change, or of continuance, or of adaptation, or the manner in which our mind seems to act without the body, or the way in which we can lose limbs and portions of the body, or in which we can, by the use of various instruments, assist the operations of our body, showing that they are to a certain degree instrumental. All these warrant the inference, as far as it goes, that the dissolution of the body does not carry with it the dissolution of the rational and moral nature. That is the whole length which he goes to in this argument. Then he says there are two states of life in man, which he calls the sensual state and the state of reflection, where, he says, if ideas are gained, "it is by no means certain that anything which is dissolved by death is any way necessary to the living being after ideas are gained." If we follow the analogy of the seed, there may be some germ in our body which is indestructible, from which the spiritual body may afterwards arise. He also mentions the case of mortal diseases which do not affect our intellectual ability. There are classes of diseases from which men die suddenly, and yet, at the very moment of their death, their mind may be in a high state of intellectual and moral culture. There was, for instance, the late Judge Talford, who, when he was addressing the grand jury at Stafford, and in the very middle of his observations, fell forward on the bench and died. Instances of that kind have frequently taken place; but upon what ground could he infer or assume that the mind which, up to that moment, had been kept in a high state of culture, would expire, and go out with the body? These mortal diseases may at any moment carry off the body by death; yet, as they do not seem to affect our intellectual powers, this, he says, affords the presumption that these diseases will not destroy those powers. He says there is not a shadow of probability to lead us to state the conclusion as to our reflecting powers, for, in these diseases, persons appear to be, before death, in the highest state of life. He also says:—"Our daily experiencing these powers to be exercised without any assistance that we know of from those bodies which will be dissolved by death, and our finding often that the exercise of them is so lively to the last—these things afford a sensible apprehension that death may not, perhaps, be so much as a continuance of the exercise of those powers, nor of the enjoyments and sufferings which it implies." The whole tone of his "Analogy" is to remove objections. When he has done this, he takes up the positive proofs, in the second part of the "Analogy." He clears the ground first of all those objections which unbelieving men have brought forward. He adds, also, that "death may immediately, in the natural course of things, put us into a higher and more enlarged state of life, as our birth does—a state in which our capacities and sphere of perception and of action may be much greater than at present." For we find, with regard to our bodies and senses, we are very often hindered from a more perfect state of reflection and reason by our bodies, since they interfere sometimes with our reflective powers; and those hindrances may be removed by death; and it may be so that just as at our birth the child in the womb is preparing for the present state of existence, so here we may be preparing for entrance into a state of enlarged powers and capacity of enjoyment. It is sometimes said that

Butler is rather a gloomy writer, but it is his moral seriousness and thoughtfulness. He thought of every man as a moral and immortal being, here placed under the dispensation of a God of love, of the law of holiness, the law of his moral government. He thought that all the teaching of Revelation went to show of an immortality hereafter. He thought of the destiny of every moral and immortal being, and how that destiny was connected with the way in which he availed himself of the means and privileges that God had placed in his power in this life. One may well apply to him those beautiful lines of our great poet:—

"Walk calmly on the solemn, silent shore
Of that vast ocean you must sail so soon."

He adds, however, a very important observation, which shows his cautiousness, as he did not intend to carry the argument one whit beyond the exact requirement of the question. "But if we would confine ourselves to what we do know and understand—if we would argue only from that, and from that form our expectations, it would appear at first sight that as no probability of living beings ever ceasing to be so can be concluded from the reason of the thing, so none can be collected from the analogy of Nature, because we cannot trace any living beings beyond death." "But," he says again, "these observations together may be sufficient to show how little presumption there is that death is the destruction of human creatures." One observation, he says, is made with regard to the decay of vegetables, as if there was an analogy between them and living creatures, but this he answers at once by saying that there is no analogy whatsoever, "because one of the two subjects compared is wholly void of that which is the principal and chief thing in the other—the power of perception and of action that is peculiar to man, and which," he says, "is the only thing we are inquiring about the continuance of." With regard to the resurrection of the body, the analogy mentioned by our Lord himself, he shows that to be perfect. Then he adds that his object in this, the first part of his work, is merely to repel the objections urged by the materialists, and not to bring forward any positive proofs for his own side. He argued upon the facts and experiences of ordinary life in Nature, and cast aside the theories and cobwebs which speculative men had raised. It was the glory of Bacon, getting rid of all such theories, to induce men to reason up from the operations and course of Nature, and to argue from the book of Nature, and not from the speculations of their own metaphysical brains. Thus he cleared away the cobwebs of the schools, and laid the foundation of that inductive method which was afterwards opened out by Newton, and so largely employed by Butler. All God's appointments are regulated according to the course of Nature, "since what is natural as much requires and pre-supposes an intelligent agent to render it so continually, as what is supernatural or miraculous does to effect it for once." When people talk of things being contrary to experience, as those do who talk of miracles being untrue, we may ask—Contrary to whose experience? As if we were to limit God by the experience of a human being! What blasphemy! that the creature who gets knowledge, and enlarges it so that what he knows not to-day he may know to-morrow, is to bind down the Creator! Therefore, he says here that persons' notions of what is natural may be enlarged; and he adds, "that there is no absurdity in supposing that there may be beings in the universe whose capacities may be so extensive as that the whole Christian dispensation may to them appear analogous to God's dealings with other parts of his creation." He has removed and re-

pelled all the objections that the materialist urges with regard to the supposed immortality of the soul, and shows that the various presumptions which grow out of our experience of Nature are rather in favour of that immortality. Butler does not here follow out the argument to its full extent, but makes use of it to prepare the way so far as is necessary for his purpose in this part. Philosophers, with all their speculations, admit that they can know nothing about the beginning of life; but the Word of God teaches us that God himself breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life. There is nothing in Nature analogous to the human soul, and as that soul came direct from God, its nature and destiny must be taught by God; and therefore it is taught to us in revelation. Consequently, analogy does not do more than furnish illustrations, and remove objections, and repel disproofs. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul seemed a most obscure doctrine before the Gospel light came, because it had reference to Christ. It was not necessary to tell men of it before then fully, because its rewards and punishments were altogether connected with Christ, and until he had come the future state was not fully disclosed. It is only as Christ is gradually brought forward in revelation that you find light breaking in upon this doctrine, until at last it is fully revealed to us when life and immortality are brought to light together. I was greatly struck by the doubts and difficulties which seem to have met the old philosophers in their inquiries as to a future state. Dr. Arnold speaks of this doctrine in connection with Christ. There it is not a matter of opinion, but a great reality, an historical fact, upon which the immortality of the soul depends. See what he says with regard to that fact:—"I have been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the understanding of a fair inquirer, than the great sign that God has given us, that Christ died and rose again from the dead." This he views as a man accustomed to historical research and Christian inquiry, and shows that the great fact of the resurrection of Christ was established upon the clearest evidence. We have our hopes of immortality based upon the works, and life, and death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ. It is proved in this clear and conclusive manner; no uncertainty, no obscurity, no speculation, but there it is, clear and distinct, and may I not add, in the words of the Apostle—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Then you have also the statement that the "gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," and that "the wages of sin is death;" and, lest any one should think that they shall be destroyed by death, we are told that death itself shall be destroyed. We read sometimes of wretches who fly in a state of unbelief to death, as if there to find a refuge from misery, and sin, and vice; but the Gospel teaches us that in the resurrection, man, with a body, shall rise again, and that the soul shall not die, but that even death itself shall be destroyed, and then shall open out to us an immortality of endless bliss or endless woe. Is it any wonder, then, that this great and good man, with all those solemn truths and thoughts before his mind, should have written every line of this great work in a tone of seriousness, and sobriety, and solemnity? You may call it gloomy if you like, but it is the writing of a man with his heart set upon a great theme, speaking in the presence of death itself to those who are the heirs of immortality, and whom he was anxious to see looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearance of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

ANCIENT SERMONS.

WHEN once the churches of the early Christians began to take a tolerably settled form, the arrangement was commonly as follows:—There was first the part allotted to the clergy, variously called the "holy place, or "presbytery," or "place of sacrifice." By-and-by this part of the church was separated off from the rest by means of a partition of rails resembling a network. The Latin word for network was then *cancelli*, and hence comes our modern term *chancel*. Secondly, there was the *naos*, or *nave*, which is another term that has lasted down to our own day. Here sat all the baptised Christian persons who were not either presbyters or deacons, and this was the most considerable portion of the building. Thirdly and lastly, came the oblong ante-nave, or ante-chapel, which, from its elongated shape, was commonly called *narthex*, that being the Greek term for a rod or staff. This division answered to the outer court of the Jewish Temple, and was allotted exclusively to unbelievers, or to those intending Christians who had not yet received baptism.

We have been somewhat particular in this description, because by its means a more accurate understanding may be arrived at concerning the preaching arrangements of the early Christians. The original plan was, that some presbyter or minister of eminence should address the people from his seat in the *chancel*; but just outside the *chancel*, and at the upper end of the *nave*, there was a desk from which the Holy Scriptures were read by the deacons, together with any other documents of general interest. We must bear in mind that the Church of Christ in those days was a militant, or fighting church, not in name only, but in deed. It was a missionary community in all its parts. Wherever there was a congregation established, there, in the very nature of things, was a mission-centre. It followed that epistles from foreign churches, or from itinerant presbyters, were read with all, or more than all, the interest with which we now-a-days listen to missionary letters or records. Every now and then there would come the particulars of some noble confession, perhaps of a martyrdom; and so deep was then the popular interest, that the presbyter who read the news must needs take his stand in the pulpit outside the *chancel*. By-and-by the more earnest among them, finding the congregations increase, resolved to preach *always* from that pulpit; and among the foremost were those devoted and zealous ministers, Chrysostom and Augustine.

As a general rule, the duty of preaching on the Sabbath day seems to have been at first confined to the bishops, or senior pastors in each town or congregation. But the rule was often broken by the good sense of these elders and by the demands of the popular voice. An Athanasius or an Augustine could not long be kept waiting, and no doubt many a bishop was ready to follow the example of Flavian of Antioch, who raised Chrysostom immediately upon his ordination to the post of principal teacher in that city. Antioch was a place of great luxury and effeminacy; the bishop was an aged and infirm man; and there was therefore good cause to put forward one whose iron energy in the rebuke of vice has never been surpassed in the Christian pulpit.

Proofs exist in the writings of Basil the Great, Gregory of Nyssa, Jerome, Theodoret, Chrysostom, and Augustine, that not one only, but several discourses in succession—after the manner of the Scottish Church—were often delivered in the same assembly by different preachers. These discourses may naturally be supposed to have followed the reading of Scripture, and to have

been therefore more or less in the nature of homilies or expositions rather than sermons. We must realise to ourselves the far greater freshness with which narratives and expositions of doctrine taken from the Bible fell upon the ear of those early congregations, who had no printed copies of the sacred volume to consult at home, and depended almost entirely upon "hearing the word" for their spiritual guidance and instruction.

The length of sermons was liable to as many fluctuations then as it is now. But it may be remembered, as a general rule, that the discourses of the Greek fathers are the longer, and those of the Latin fathers very much the shorter of the two. The delivery of Augustine's Homilies could rarely have occupied half an hour; often not more than ten minutes must have brought the discourse to an end.

It was usual in some parts of the ancient community for the preacher to sit and the people to stand during the delivery of the sermon. This custom prevailed most widely in the French churches, and in those on the northern coast of Africa, where Augustine lived and died. How much this sort of variation in usage may depend on mere accident we may infer from the difference between our own habits of devotion and those of the Scotch, who very generally sit during the psalm or hymn, and stand while at prayer.

Nothing was more common than to hear a burst of applause following some striking sentence or stirring appeal in the sermon. The men would shout or clap their hands, the ladies would actually wave their handkerchiefs, as is now done at the theatre. The holy seriousness of Chrysostom was deeply grieved by these noisy testimonials, and in more than one passage of his Homilies on St. Matthew we find him plainly declaring his displeasure. In a sermon of Gregory of Nazianzus, we find an allusion to the shorthand writers who regularly attended noted preachers in those days. Gaudentius of Brescia observes in the preface to his discourses that the note-takers had inaccurately transcribed his words, and to this inaccuracy may be traced the different recension we have of so many of the ancient homilies. Gregory draws a distinction between "public and private pens;" which seems to point to two sets of notaries, one recognised professionally, the other consisting of amateurs, or Christians desiring to increase their stock of religious literature. Origen, who lived in the third century, refused, up to his sixtieth year, to admit any regular shorthand writers into his church. He subsequently gave permission, and above a thousand of his discourses were taken down before his death.

The early preachers followed, with very rare exceptions, the practice of extemporaneous preaching, understanding by that term all kinds of delivery short of reading from a complete MS., or from very full notes. It was reckoned a desirable if not an essential requisite in a preacher that he should be able to discourse to the congregation on a part of Holy Scripture from the pure inspiration of the moment. It has been a question whether laymen were allowed to preach in the early Church. The true answer seems to be this. The custom was to have church and class-rooms (for baptisteries were nothing but class-rooms, where new members might be baptised) all under one roof. In the class-rooms the deacons might read and expound the Scriptures; it was their express duty to do so diligently. Now, at some of these quiet Bible-classes, it seems that holy and pious lay members of the congregation were allowed both to expound and preach, though not admitted to do so within the church itself. This is at once a simple solution, and most in accordance with the documents preserved to us. It affords one more among the many parallels between ancient and modern practice.

AN ADVENTURE IN LAPLAND.

LAPLAND can hardly be said to retain a place upon the map of Europe, but the name is still to be met with in the journals of travellers. Some centuries ago the Laplanders occupied an immense territory, which is now included in Russia, Sweden, and Norway. At present, for a great distance, Sweden and Russia are divided by a river which runs through part of old Lapland. This river is the Muonio; it flows from north to south, and falls into the Gulf of Bothnia. The country on either side of it is thinly inhabited, and the towns are few. In the lower portion of its course, the Muonio is called the Tornea. We give these brief details for the purpose of introducing a communication written, we understand, by a French Protestant, who has recently visited the country, and who transmits some account of a remarkable incident in his experience. He says:—

"We had traversed the first part of Lapland, a journey which has to be made almost entirely on foot; we had arrived at Karesuando, a small town belonging to Swedish Lapland, situated on the right or west bank of the Muonio, and from that point the route may be accomplished by means of a boat. Not being acquainted with the Finnish language, we asked our guides, who were Norwegians and Laplanders, whom we had brought from Athurgaard, near Hammerfest, to serve as our interpreters, and to procure a boat for us. Some hours afterwards, three powerful Finnish rowers took us along down the course of the Muonio, while our guides returned on their mountain track towards the north.

"For a distance of more than fifty leagues, the Muonio pursues its way among majestic and impenetrable forests, whose silence and solitude the hand and foot of man has never disturbed. We experienced a very natural feeling of sadness as we thought on the fact that we had no means of communicating with our boatmen, the only human beings whom we should be able to look upon for many a long and weary hour. All at once, although we had accomplished scarcely the half of the distance, they drew up the boat and fastened it to the shore, shouldered our baggage, and took us in spite of our most energetic protestations, and led us to a little abandoned hut, not far from the bank of the river. There they kindled a good fire, after which they left us alone, and disappeared in the forest.

"A whole hour passed away, and we began to yield to despondency; but all at once, while ransacking every nook and corner of the hut, I discovered between two of the rafters some books in the Finnish language, among which was found a New Testament. To show my finding to my companions with a joyous exclamation, and to pull out my French Testament from my bag, was but the work of a moment. My friends and myself set ourselves to study, and after an hour's application, which became more interesting and easy as we advanced, we had drawn up a little vocabulary containing all that we had most need of at the moment.

"Very soon after this our boatmen re-appeared upon the banks of the river, and it was with no improper joy and satisfaction that we ran to meet them, and to ask in pure Finnish, to their great astonishment, why they had taken us ashore, and when we could set out again. It turned out that some indispensable repairs were needed by the boat, and that this had been the cause of our delay. Since it would be some time before the repairs in question would be completed, we were able at our leisure to continue the work which we had begun. Eventually they came to inform us that everything was ready; and when we left the little cabin, we carried with us—thanks to my New Testament transformed into a dictionary—the means of making ourselves understood by our boat-

men and their countrymen during the six whole days which we had yet to spend among them. The rest of the journey was therefore accomplished without difficulty; thanks to the Bible, which had once more, and this time in the literal sense of the word, served as our guide in the world. 'Thy word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path.'

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

"I HAVE nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation; nothing to expect but condemnation."

The speaker articulated with difficulty. He was a large man, massive of feature, and muscular of limb. The awful pallor of the face was increased by the masses of thick, black hair that lay in confusion about the pillow, brushed off from the dead whiteness of his forehead. Struck down suddenly from full, hearty life to the bed of death, he made there and then an agonising confession, such as too often racks the ear of the listener at unhappy death-beds.

A meek woman sat near the nurse, who was striving quietly to alleviate the suffering he endured.

"Oh, don't talk to me of pain!" he cried, bitterly. "It is the mind, woman—the mind;" and agony overclouded his face.

He continued, slowly and deliberately, "There is a demon whispering in my ear for ever, 'You knew it at the time, and at every time; you knew it.' Knew what? why, that a penalty must follow a broken law. Mark me—I have not opened a Bible for thirty odd years; I have not entered a church for twenty; yet the very recollection that my mother taught me to pray (and she died when I was only six) has passed judgment upon all my sins. I have done wrong, knowing that it was wrong; first with a few qualms, then brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend. Sir, in one minute of all my life I have not lived for heaven; no, not one minute.

"Oh, yes; Christ died for sinners; but my intellect is clear, sir; clearer than ever before. I tell you"—his voice sharpened, almost whistled, it was so shrill and concentrated—"I can see almost into eternity. I can feel that unless Christ is desired, sought after, longed for, that unless guilt is repented of, his death can do no good.

"Do I not repent? I am only savage at myself to think, to think, sir!" he lifted his right hand impressively, "that I have so cursed myself. Is that repentance? Do not try to console me; save your sympathy for those who will bear it, for I cannot.

"Thank you, nurse;" this as she wiped his brow, and moistened his parched lips. "I am not dead to kindness, if I am to hope. I thank you, sir, for your Christian offices, though they do me no good. If we sow thorns, you know, we cannot reap flowers; and corn don't grow from the seed of thistles. I have been following up the natural laws, and I see an affinity between them and the great laws of God's moral universe. Heaven was made for the holy; 'without, are dogs,' and 'whoremongers, and adulterers.' There's a distinction; it's all right."

After that, till eleven o'clock, his mind wandered; then he slept a few moments. Presently, roused by the striking of the clock, he looked around dreamily, caught the eye of the nurse, then of the Christian friend who watched.

"It's awfully dark here," he whispered. "My feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. Oh, for some foundation!" He stretched his hand out as if feeling for a way.

"Christ is the only help—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," whispered the man of God.

"Not for me!" and pen cannot describe the immeasurable woe in that answer.

"I shall fall—I am falling!" he half shrieked an instant after; he shuddered, and all was over. The wilfully blind, deaf, and maimed, had gone before his Judge. The despairing soul had taken that last plunge into eternity.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN, whose book about the American Indians we reviewed in THE QUIVER, has recently published another little book, the object of which is to inculcate the importance to health of keeping the mouth shut. He says that the Indians are very careful in observing this rule. Old squaws shut the mouths of their papooses while the little ones lie sleeping, and thus get them in the habit of always keeping them closed while in sleep. Mr. Catlin contends that very many of our diseases, especially those of the lungs, and the facility of taking contagions, are induced by our practice of keeping open the mouth in sleep. The breath of life was originally breathed into man's nostrils, says Mr. Catlin, and through the nostrils it should continue to be received. Though, like most men who have got hold of a theory founded on a few leading facts, he has carried his notion to extremes, the Indian traveller's advice is not unworthy of consideration.

Now, from a much larger induction of facts, I would boldly say that keeping the mouth shut, as a measure of morality, will save us many vexations and quarrels, and much unhappiness. When any one says insulting things to you, if you answer him back with hot and bitter words, the result will surely be a fierce altercation. But just keep a close mouth at the start, refuse to retort insult with insult, to give passion for passion, and show the attacking party your superiority of self-control in restraining your anger, and he will retire from the scene of action very much shattered in spirit, but with a sense of respect for you, who are left stronger than before; for while hot and foolish words poured forth from his ever opening mouth, your lips were compressed, and never a word of retort came out of them. Plainly, you were the conqueror.

When criticisms of men and women, their doings and weaknesses, are boldly ventured by those about you, have a care to your mouth, and remember charity before you join in the outcry, lest afterwards you discover that what was said in haste and ignorance did injustice to a brother. When idle gossip is the current coin of talk, guard your mouth. When personal detraction is the staple of conversation, remember the Indian rule. When judgments of actions are rashly given, your part is to keep a closed mouth. When a quarrel is rising among your religious associates, set the example of careful abstinence from controversy, and thus keep peace.

So, in the family, in the church, in ordinary-social life, regard the rule to keep your mouth shut at proper times; and as those Indian mothers gently bring together the opened lips of their babes, to guard them from contagion and the maladies that lurk in the night air, so do you teach your children to guard their lips, as a wise preventive of disease of temper and disposition.

A HELP TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

It is a very great assistance to every one who reads and studies the Scriptures, to have at hand a brief and convenient chronological table for constant reference. Especially is such an aid valuable in the reading and study of the Old Testament. It is like a finger-board by the

road-side. Many a good man who has read the Bible all his days cannot tell when the prophets lived, or the period during which the kings ruled. A familiarity with the prominent events and periods of sacred history affords great satisfaction to its possessor, as it enables him to keep every part of his knowledge in its proper place, and furnishes him with pins to fasten all the parts together. Chronology greatly assists the teacher in imparting instruction, as it is a help to the memory. It is essential to the acquisition of thorough Bible learning.

The following table is intended to be pasted on one of the fly-leaves of a Bible, taking care to leave room for other useful tables which may hereafter follow, also for the elucidation of the Scriptures.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Creation to the death of Adam, about.....1,000 years.
The death of Adam to birth of Abraham, about1,000 "
Birth of Abraham to Solomon's Temple.....1,000 "
Temple to Christ, about1,000 "

YEARS.	SHORTER PERIODS.	A.M.	B.C.
1656	Creation to Deluge. Gen. v.; vii. 6.....	1656	3343
352	Deluge to birth of Abraham. Gen. xi. 10—26, 32. Acts vii. 2—4.....	3008	1996
75	Abraham's birth to his leaving Haran. Gen. xii. 4.....	2983	1921
290	Abraham's birth to Jacob's going to Egypt. Gen. xxi. 8; xxv. 26; xlviii. 28.....	2298	1706
215	Abraham's leaving Haran to Jacob's going to Egypt.....		
15	Abraham's probable sojourn in Haran, as it is likely he was 60 years old when he left Ur.....		
215	Jacob's going to Egypt to the Exode.	2513	1491
430	Abraham's leaving Haran to the Exode. This explains Ex. xii. 40. Gal. iii. 17. In Gen. xv. 13, and Acts vii. 6, the time is put in round numbers 400 years, or as some say, reckoning from the birth of Isaac, in whom the promise began to be fulfilled.....		
40	Exode to the end of the wandering.	2553	1451
7	Passage of the Jordan to the conquest of Canaan and the distribution of the land under Joshua.....	2560	1444
349	Distribution of Canaan to the election of Saul as king.....	2908	1095
84	This was the period of the Judges. Election of Saul to the foundation of the Temple. Acts xiii. 21. 1 Kings ii. 11; vi. 1.....	2993	1011
7	Foundation of the Temple to its completion. 1 Kings vi. 38.....	3000	1004
398	Completion of the Temple to the commencement of the captivity in Babylon.....	3398	606
416	Completion of the Temple to its destruction with the city.....	3416	588
70	Commencement of the captivity to the end.....	3488	536
19	Commencement of the second Temple to its completion.....	3469	515
	It was commenced B.C. 534. The work was soon interrupted, but was resumed B.C. 520. This Temple was greatly injured and desecrated from B.C. 175. Herod began to repair it B.C. 20, and the work continued a long time—46 years. John ii. 20.....		
120	Election of Saul to the end of Solomon's reign, when the kingdom was divided. Acts xiii. 21. 1 Kings ii. 11; xi. 42.....	3029	975
817	Kingdom of Judah—19 Kings. Commencement of Rehoboam's reign to the end of Zedekiah's.....	3416	588
264	Kingdom of Israel—19 kings. Commencement of Jeroboam's reign to the end of Hoshea's, when Samaria was destroyed, and the ten tribes were carried to Assyria.....	3283	721
507	Whole period of the kings.....	3604	400
400	Prophets from Jonah to Malachi.....		

After the return from the captivity, Judea continued under the power of the Babylonian empire until Babylon was taken by Cyrus, when it became subject to Persia. On the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, it became a part of his dominion. After the division of Alexander's empire it came under the rule of Egypt.

Subsequently, it became subject to Syria, and remained under that power until the revolt of Mattathias and his sons, when the Maccabean dynasty was established. Finally, it became tributary to the Romans, and was under the power of the Roman empire at the coming of Christ.

THE DEW-DROPS.

"Ow, dearest mother! tell me, pray,
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To tremble on the flowery spray,
Or on the fields till noon?"

The mother gazed upon her boy,
Earnest with thought beyond his years,
And felt a sharp and sad annoy,
That meddled with her dearest joy;
But she restrained her tears.

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are borne away by angel wings,
Before contamination clings
To their frail loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given
There are the dew-drops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of heaven.

"No stain of earth can reach them there,
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,
Of love and peace Divine."

The boy gazed upward into space,
With eager and inquiring eyes,
While o'er his pale and thoughtful face
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May
That child lay down beneath the sod;
Like dew, his young soul passed away,
To mingle with the brighter day,
That veils the throne of God.

Mother, thy fond, foreboding heart
Truly foretold thy grief and pain,
But thou didst choose the Christian part
Of resignation to the smart,
And owned thy loss his gain.

Scripture Illustrations.

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

(Gen. xl.)

JOSEPH was put among the other prisoners who were in the custody of his master. After a time, the king was offended with his chief butler, or cup-bearer, and his chief baker, who were put into prison where Joseph was. As they were persons of some importance, Joseph was appointed to wait upon them. Some time after, the two Egyptians dreamed dreams which they regarded as significant, which Joseph admitted to be so, and which were fulfilled according to his explanation. Such is the general subject of the fortieth chapter, some points of which we proceed to illustrate.

It must excite no surprise that there was no formal inquiry either into the case of Joseph or of the other prisoners, so far as we can discover. Joseph's master imprisoned him on the faith of his wife's statement, and took no further steps in the matter. Pharaoh's will was sufficient for the incarceration of his butler and baker,

and they remained in prison till it should please him to pronounce a decision. Eventually, he decided that his butler should be restored, and that the baker should suffer death. All this is in harmony with what we know of the treatment of persons accused. They were cast into prison by those who had competent authority, and there appears to have been no regular rule respecting further proceedings; hence some of them seem to have been forgotten altogether. When these events occurred, it is probable that the accused were rather in custody than in an actual prison. They were deprived of their liberty, and under confinement, but not in any cell or dungeon. Afterwards, indeed, Joseph was shut in a dungeon, from which he was taken to appear before Pharaoh; but this could not have been the case when he waited upon the two Egyptians.

Verses 1, 2. The butler, afterwards called the chief of the butlers, was rather a cup-bearer, an officer of some importance in an Oriental palace. This office was filled by Nehemiah in the court of Artaxerxes (Neh. i. 11; ii. 1), and the name of Rab-shakeh, the chief captain in Sennacherib's army (2 Kings xviii. 17, &c.), simply means the chief cup-bearer. The duties of the office were to present to the king the wine he drank. In describing the customs of the court of Astyages the Mede, Xenophon speaks of the duties of the cup-bearer, who, before he offered the wine to his master, had to pour part of it into his own hand and drink it, to show that poison had not been mixed with it. The chief butler, therefore, occupied a responsible post.

The baker was another important functionary, and his duties probably corresponded somewhat with those of chief cook, involving much more than merely superintending the making of bread. In this case, the chief baker appears to have had to bring to his master's table the fancy bread, &c., which was used there. That the Egyptians devoted considerable attention to the art of cooking is shown by the monuments which describe the operations of the kitchen with some minuteness. Both the butler and the baker are called "officers" (*saris*), a word which we have formerly seen was applied to Potiphar, and which we find in the name Rab-saris (*i.e.*, chief officer), who was a captain in the army of Sennacherib. The dignity of these two persons sufficiently explains why Joseph was appointed to wait upon them—a duty for which his master must have known him to be well qualified.

Verse 5. "According to the interpretation of his dream." It was a universal belief among the ancients, that dreams were sent for some mysterious purpose. Hence, among the Assyrians and Babylonians, there were persons who made the interpretation of dreams their profession, as we read in the Book of Daniel. The same opinions and practices prevailed among the Greeks, Romans, &c.; and in classical writers numerous instances of the interpretation and fulfilment of dreams are recorded. The Egyptians were a very superstitious people, and their wise men, among other things, professed not only divination, but the interpretation of dreams. These magicians, or wise men, were as distinct an order in Egypt as the corresponding class in Babylon.

Verses 9—18. The dream of the butler is interesting. It has been said that the Egyptians did not use wine, and that the vine did not grow in the country; but if so, this account could not be true. Happily, there is decisive evidence that the narrative is quite in harmony with known facts. The following passage by Sir J. G. Wilkinson will serve to throw light on many points in this chapter:—

"The ancient Egyptians, like all Orientals, ate much

bread at table; and fancy rolls, or cakes, often sprinkled with sesame, cummin, carraway, or other seeds, were in great abundance at every feast. The bread was sometimes flat, like our girdle-cakes, and made in the same manner, or 'on the hearth,' on which, when swept clean, the cake of dough was laid, and then covered over with live charcoal (as commonly practised by the Arabs); but it was more generally baked in an ordinary oven. All who could afford it had wheaten bread, the poor people alone being satisfied with a coarse kind made of *Doora* flour. They ate with their fingers, in the Oriental way, knives and forks not being used at table; and water, cooled in porous bottles, or wine in glass, porcelain, or metal cups, was brought round to those who asked for it."

The same learned author also says:—"They indulged very freely in wine, many qualities of which were highly esteemed in Egypt. Of these the most noted were the Mareotic, the Anthyllan, the Teniotic, the Sebennytic, the Coptite, and a few others. Those 'of the north' appear to have been reputed the best; and in after times, when the trade with Greece was opened, wines from that country, as well as from Phœnicia, were imported into Egypt. It always had its place on the altars of the gods, as well as on the tables of the rich; it was not forbidden to the priests; and a certain quantity was always allowed to soldiers on duty in the city, as part of their daily rations," &c. "The Egyptians, also, at an early time, had excellent beer, which, in default of hops, was flavoured by lupins, skirret, and an Assyrian root. The bitter ale, made by the Baseses and Allsops of Pelusium, was noted as the best."

No doubt it will be observed that the butler, in his dream, took the grapes and pressed them out into Pharaoh's cup. This, too, was in agreement with known ancient customs. The gold cup of Thothmes III., in shape like a handsome bowl, seven inches across, is now to be seen in the Louvre. The habit of drinking the expressed juice of the grape, unfermented, prevailed to a wide extent in ancient times, and seems to have been mixed with water, as among the Orientals of our own day.

It has been said that the vine was unknown in Egypt, but this is a mistake. The very names of the wines prove them to have been Egyptian productions; and, apart from some hints in Scripture (as Psalm lxxx. 8), there is direct proof that the vine was known in the land. The Egyptians claimed for their god Osiris the honour of having first cultivated the vine, and made wine from its fruit. Among the monuments, vintage scenes, the labours of the wine-press, and vine-like ornaments are to be seen, and the vine itself is still found in the country. In the time of Pliny, the Romans themselves imported wine from Egypt. Sir J. G. Wilkinson says, "The vineyard of a house occupied a large space, and the vines were trained on trellis-work, often in the form of bowers. The wine-press was frequently in or near the vineyard. The grapes were trodden by the feet, or their juice was wrung out by twisting them in a bag," &c. (Compare Isaiah liiii. 1—3, and Psalm lxxv. 8.)

Verse 16, &c. In the baker's dream the "bakemeats" were, no doubt, the fancy bread, or pastry, already alluded to. If our space allowed, we would easily add much more to illustrate the love of the Egyptians for good cookery. The baskets are represented as carried on the head, which, especially when the burden was light, was usual. Some of the baskets manufactured by the Egyptians were flat, shallow, and ornamental, and such would be those employed by the baker in the duties of his office.

CHRIST'S PEACE.

"MY PEACE I give unto you," says Christ. The expression is peculiar, implying a peculiarity in the peace conferred. There is a peace which the world gives and takes away. It is mostly outside—superficial. Underneath, there is often a current of restlessness and bitterness. The sunny sides of Etna smile with vineyards; grapes ripen; flowers bloom; birds warble; flocks gambol over verdant slopes, and children dance and sing. Yet beneath all this scene of placid beauty, volcanic fires are heaving, and earthquakes are struggling in Titanic throes. Such is the peace the world gives: the peace without religion. The lips may smile, the eye sparkle, and jokes and laughter may resound. The world, which judgeth by the outward appearance alone, says, "How happy!" But could you look within the heart, in lonely hours, in midnight watchings, in seasons when reflection forces itself upon the mind, what a turbulent, restless flood would you often find there.

We all live a double life—the life which others see and think we live; and the life of the soul, which is revealed only to our own consciousness, and to the eye of God. The real life of every man is this inner life of conflict, of temptation, of hope, fear, remorse, despair. Never did battle rage at Pharsalia or Waterloo like the battle which often desolates the soul of man. Bunyan has endeavoured to depict this strife in the fierce conflict with Apollyon; but the reality will defy the descriptive pen even of Milton. There is nothing this side of the spirit world more sublime and full of awe than this soul warfare, as some experience it.

You see a man with gentle movement, placid eye, and soft tones of voice. Like others he walks the streets, and bows smiling in his morning greeting. There is nothing which meets the eye to reveal the tempest which shakes his whole immortal nature, and which may be hurrying him to temporal and eternal ruin. Remorse, with her fearful accusations, is pursuing him through all the avenues of the soul. Angry passions are making their impetuous onslaught where the defences are weak. The cries of helplessness, and anguish, and despair, are resounding fearfully within him.

How little do we know of each other! No man is acquainted with his neighbour. We see only the outside. The soul, and all its world of mystery and wonder, are concealed from our view. The peace which Christ gives is just adapted to such a world as ours; and yet the superficial observer, who has never experienced this peace, can but feebly appreciate its value and power.

Two travellers are on a bleak plain. The night is dark and stormy. Rain, mingled with sleet, has drenched them to the skin. They toil through the mire, breasting the gale, numbed with cold, and almost ready to perish with fatigue. The storm beats alike upon them both, and they both alike experience its fury. But one of the benighted travellers sees, in the distance, the light of his home. It tells him that the hearth fire is burning brightly; that the tea table, with the warm repast, is spread; that clothing is hung before the fire, to be exchanged for his damp garments; that wife and children, with love-beaming smiles, are waiting to greet him. Gathering his garments around him, he tramps bravely on, through cold and gloom, singing blithely,

"There is no place like home, sweet home."

But the other benighted wanderer, on the same plain, exposed to the same storm and cold, is a homeless vagrant. There is no fireside for him—no wife or child. The gloom of the tempestuous night is rendered more intense by the gloom which darkens his soul. He must crawl into

some shed or barn, or throw himself upon the frozen ground, beneath some dripping shrub; and there, in vain, seek sleep, while the wailings of the storm mock his misery.

So it is in the toilsome, tempest-swept journey of life. The Christian and the worldling, on that journey, are alike overtaken by darkness and the storm. They both encounter its unmitigated fury. It beats upon the head of one as pitilessly as upon that of the other. Alike they are chilled, and drenched, and exhausted.

But the Christian sees the illuminated windows of his Father's house. He knows the greeting which awaits him there—the bliss, perfect and eternal, which he soon shall attain. This gives strength to his fainting heart. Bravely he can bear the storm, knowing that the calm is near. But for the worldling, in the hour of trial, what is there? Nothing! When the peace which the world gives—the peace of youth, prosperity, and pleasure—is taken away, there is nothing left.

We must all be overtaken by the storm. Reader! will you be a wanderer along your pilgrimage, homeless, friendless, with no hope to cheer? or, will you be sustained by the assurance that you have in heaven a warm and happy home, where you shall find rest and refuge from the tempest for ever?

WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?

EVERY minister of Christ must have been often saddened by the tendency of men to postpone present duty. Procrastination characterizes all classes, more or less strongly, in whatever pertains to their immortal interests. Some, because they are not fit, some, because they imagine that circumstances hereafter will be more favourable, and all because they are not now ready, are allowing day after day, and year after year, of their precious and ever-shortening season of probation to pass away unimproved. Multitudes of this class readily confess their obligations to discharge this or that duty, but they are not ready to discharge it. Death is constantly thinning out their ranks, and death-beds, full of bitter and unavailing regrets, often warn them; but still they do not deliberately and seriously set themselves to do what they know they ought to do without delay. *When will they be ready?*

Here is a man who has for years hesitated to take a decided and consistent stand as a Christian professor. The vows of God are upon him. He assumed them voluntarily. He knows that he cannot shake them off. He is not a trifler; there is nothing in his external character that gives a decided lie to his profession; he is regularly in his place in the sanctuary, perhaps also delights in the society of good men. But he has never attempted deliberately, and in humble reliance on God, to take an open and active part in the discharge of known and obvious Christian duty. Ask him why he has not done this, and his invariable answer is—"I do not feel ready to do it." Ah, yes, my dear friend, I understand you, but will you answer this question—When will you be ready?

Not far distant from me is an inquirer after salvation. His mind has for years been tenderly impressed, and tears of solicitude often steal, uninvited, down his thoughtful face. Again and again has he been urged to go to Christ at once. He always wishes he was "ready" to go, but has not yet been ready. If this article should meet his eye, will he ponder this question—When will you be ready?

Yonder is a man who says he has never felt any special anxiety upon religious subjects. He believes in the reality and necessity of religion, knows he must possess it

or perish, and means to seek it before he dies, but he is not "ready" now.

That he is not ready now is, alas! too evident; but, if I had his private ear, I would like to propose for his consideration that important question, as yet unanswered—When will you be ready?

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

JUSTICE is every man's due; therefore no praise can be claimed by a man on the simple plea of having done justice to his fellow. The want of justice is a vice, or, at least, a failing in the same sense as drunkenness or dishonesty. But, alas for fallen humanity! where is the man that doeth justly? How few there are in this world of whom it can be said, "Just and right is he." Justice is one of those virtues which can only exist in a state of perfection; if a man's conduct lean to either side, he ceases to be just. Where, then, must we look for justice?—to God, and to him alone, whose every attribute is perfect. In his grand scheme of human redemption we have an exhibition of God's justice combined with unlimited mercy. Man had sinned, and the penalty of that sin was death—eternal death—even the death of the soul. Such being the penalty, it became impossible for man to redeem himself: the very act of redemption would involve his eternal ruin. Here God's mercy came to man's rescue, and he provided a ransom—nothing less than his only-begotten Son, whose very nature rendered the Atonement of unlimited value; for no number of human souls could be put in opposition to Christ's divine nature, and be said to exhaust its value. His justice demanded satisfaction, and his mercy freely provided that satisfaction; neither attribute infringed upon the perfection of the other. In the scene on the cross of Calvary we see "mercy and truth meeting together;" in Christ's death and resurrection we see "righteousness and peace kissing each other."

SAVING MONEY.

At a meeting to raise money for the missionary cause, after a number of the brethren had subscribed, a young man who, from some motives of delicacy, had not been called upon for a subscription, said, "Put me down for five pounds." "That is more than we expect from you, brother," said one; "none of us is giving more than two pounds." "Well," he replied, "put me down for five; I can pay that, and save money by the operation."

"How so?"
"Why," he replied, "in former times I spent a much larger sum annually in amusements and indulgences that I shall participate in no longer; and, as religion will be a gain to me pecuniarily as well as spiritually, I feel it my duty to contribute liberally to the Church. I don't want to save money by my religion."

The remarks of this young Christian suggest the question whether there is not a great want of gratitude manifest in the conduct of some professors of religion. It is no exaggeration to say that many persons owe all their temporal prosperity to the change that religion has produced. Prior to that their habits were such as kept them poor, and would have kept them poor to the end. But being made "new creatures," they commenced a life in which old things are left behind; and, in consequence, enjoy an improvement in reputation, social standing, health, pecuniary resources, and everything dear to man in this world and the next. Surely, if such persons are deficient in liberality to the Church, they have "left their first love," or have been most imperfectly instructed in their duty.

We sometimes sing

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small—
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my ALL!"

And shall we ever sing it again without asking ourselves the question, "HOW MUCH OWEST THOU TO MY LORD? But if we owe him EVERYTHING, shall we think of putting him off with 'The blind and the lame' for sacrifice?"

YOUTH'S Department.

THE SNOW-STORM.

"MAMMA," said little Georgie Bell, who lived with his mother in a cottage in a mountainous district of America, "this snow-storm has lasted three days, and the snow is coming still; I am afraid we shall be covered so deep that we can never get out. Look, mamma; the snow is up to the middle of the window now." Mrs. Bell looked out at Georgie's request, but she did not seem frightened, although she saw that the white wall was steadily rising around the little brown cottage which she and her fatherless boy called their home. Georgie watched his mother's face; and seeing no sign of alarm, such as filled his own childish bosom, his brow cleared; he left the window, and sat down beside her. The tender mother laid her hand kindly upon his head, and smiled serenely in his upturned face.

"Shall I tell you a story, Georgie?" she said.

"Yes, mamma; I always like your stories, because I know they are true. What will you tell me about now?"

"Something which happened in a snow-storm twenty years ago, my dear boy."

"Something which happened to you, mamma?"

"Not to me, my child; though I myself saw and knew it. You remember your grandpa Norton, who died a year ago in this very room, Georgie? Well, you did not know him when he had a nice and comfortable house, a good farm, and everything he needed for his comfort; but I well remember, for I shared it all. At the time of the great snow-storm which I promised to tell you about, my two brothers were alive, and they also lived at home with us. Your grandpa had then a beautiful flock of sheep, which he valued more than any of his possessions. He was not at home when the storm commenced, having gone about twenty miles to the market town with produce. It was with great difficulty that he made his way home through the falling and drifting snow; and as it was already late in the evening, and he was greatly exhausted, he trusted to the assurances of my brothers that the stock on the farm were all properly cared for, and retired to rest. But in the morning he learned that his careless boys had neglected to secure the sheep; and not one of the flock could be found. The lot in which they were kept when not brought up for shelter, was a very large one; but the fences were secure, so that they could not have escaped; and the conclusion was that they had all perished in the storm."

"Your grandma cried bitterly, as I did, at the thought. Grandpa looked sternly at the boys, who were pale with fear and sorrow. In the midst of our perplexity, a neighbour, not having heard of our father's return, kindly made his way through the drifted snow to our dwelling. After hearing the story of our sad loss, he at once encouraged us to hope that the sheep might, after all, be alive and safe. 'I have kept them many years,' he said, 'and know their habits pretty well. In such a storm as this, if they cannot get to a place of shelter, they

usually seek the protection of a wall or fence. Getting on its southern side, they will huddle together as compactly as possible, and keeping warm by close contact with each other, they will survive even a fearful storm like this. Come, Mr. Norton, show me where your sheep were kept, and I will help you to find them.'

"Thus encouraged, your grandpa and the boys again went forth. The sheep lot was reached, and once more it was searched with eager eyes. Upon its northern boundary was a high stone wall, and against that wall the snow was piled fearfully.

"That is just the place for them," said neighbour Hine. 'I dare say they are under that highest drift, about midway of the fence. Let us dig through and see.' All hands were instantly at work; and their labour was soon rewarded with success. The whole flock was found; not one missing; nor any of them suffering, except, perhaps, with hunger. Closely packed as they could stand, their firm adhesion kept the storm from separating them, and thus their mutual warmth preserved each. And though buried several feet beneath the surface of the drift, their warm breath had melted the snow from around them, and they had a safe and cosy shelter! When they were thus found alive and unharmed, my father fairly wept, shedding tears of joy as freely as I had those of grief. I have never forgotten that scene."

"Mamma," said little Georgie, drawing a long breath of relief and pleasure,—"mamma, was it God who made the sheep so wise?"

"Yes, my child. And if he cares thus for the beasts of the field, need we be afraid to trust him?"

Georgie's answering smile was a radiant one, although the bright dew-drops in his eyes showed that his deepest feelings were stirred. No more was said of his fears or troubles; he went early and cheerfully to bed; and when, the next morning, kind neighbours came from a mile's distance, with teams and shovels, to clear the drifts from the cottage, and set their doors and windows free, Georgie again smiled in his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, we are all safe, thanks to our heavenly Father!"

THE POOR-RICH AND THE RICH-POOR.

It was on the early dusk of a winter afternoon, that a child, poorly clad and carrying a big bundle in her arms, knocked at the side door of a large and elegant house. The door opened, and in answer to her question she was directed to a room up-stairs, warm and light as summer.

There sat a lady in her easy chair, talking to two women sewing near her. A young girl stood fingering the rich silk upon which the women were at work, with a face which wore a look of extreme discontent. "I can't go," she cried, in an angry tone; "I am sure I cannot. I have nothing to wear; I am destitute of everything decent." At that moment a servant came in and handed a letter to the mistress, who, on looking it over, "Tell her *Nothing*," she said; "I have not a farthing to spare; and do not bring subscription-papers to me again, for I have nothing to give."

Nothing to wear! nothing to give! That is being poor indeed.

Turning round, her eye fell on the little girl with the big bundle. "Ah! here comes Mrs. Brown's work; she is so prompt—bring it along, Nelly."

The child laid the bundle on the table before her, which she unpinned, bringing to view a great pile of children's clothes. "So beautifully done!" she said, taking up one seam after another.

Nelly looked gratified, and waited.

At last the lady looked up, as much as to say, "You may go." But the child wanted something more substantial than praises to carry home to her poor hard-working mother. Praises would not procure flour from the baker, nor tea from the grocer.

At last she said, hesitatingly, "Mother wants to know if it is convenient for you to let her have a little money?"

"Ah! that indeed," said the lady; "but I am afraid my purse is empty, Nelly. Can't your mother wait? I cannot spare anything, I know; I am sorry to be so out of funds. Next week, tell your mother, I will satisfy her."

The little girl was too timid to urge her immediate wants, and with a heavy heart she turned to go, while her mother's employer said to her woman, "I get this beautiful work done so cheap. Mrs. Brown is glad to do it at almost any price."

Nelly had a good mile to go to reach her humble home, and she ran as quickly as she could through the deepening dark and cold.

"Back quick, daughter!" whispered a sick man, bolstered up in a chair, when the child came in.

"I did not buy the things you wanted, father," she said, in a mournful tone. "She did not pay me; she said she had no money."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, stopping her stirring of the kettle on the stove; "and I hurried so to get it done. No money!" she repeated, bitterly. "What are we to do?"

"You forget that daughter has been to the poor-rich after money," said the sick father, smiling, and warming Nelly's little cold hand in his.

"Poor-rich, father?" said she; "that's funny. We are the poor."

"We are *rich-poor*," answered he.

"Not very rich, father," said the little girl.

"Yes, daughter; rich in having a precious Redeemer—rich in his grace, 'which will save to the uttermost all who come unto him;' rich in 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' We are rich in God's promises. We can trust Him, whose are the silver and the gold and the cattle on a thousand hills, who invites us to come to him without money and without price. Yes, daughter, the world may call us poor, but we are among the *rich-poor*."

The child looked at the sick man as he spoke, then threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him with the tenderest affection.

Mrs. Brown put the contents of her kettle on the table; a dish of weak tea and a piece of bread made up their frugal supper. The sick man was drawn to his place, and the little family sat down with thankful hearts.

"Oh! mother," said the little girl, "how old Mrs. Stark would like some of this! I am pretty sure she has not had much to-day."

"Take her some, Nelly," said the sick man; "we have enough and to spare."

And Mrs. Brown presently filled a cup with tea, and sent it to her poorer neighbour.

"Mother, she was so glad, she could say nothing but, 'God bless you, child.'"

Some time in that evening there was a knock at the poor man's door. It was a friend come to say that a society of benevolent persons had arranged to give them a weekly allowance of bread and coals during the winter.

"O God, how great is thy goodness which thou hast wrought for them who trust in thee before the sons of men!" exclaimed the sick father, with folded hands. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

"I had rather be rich-poor than poor-rich, father," whispered Nelly, leaning her head on his shoulder.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANEBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

A NEW SUSPICION.

ARTHUR CHANNING was walking leisurely down Close Street. His time hung heavily upon his hands. In quitting the cathedral after morning service he had joined Mr. Harper, the lay clerk, and went with him, talking, towards the town; partly because he had nothing to do elsewhere—partly because out of doors appeared more desirable than home. In the uncertain state of suspense they were kept in respecting Charles, the minds of all, from Hamish down to Annabel, were in a constant state of unrest. When they rose in the morning the first thought was, "Shall we hear of Charles to-day?" When they retired at bed time, it was, "What may not the river give up this night?" It appeared to themselves that they were continually expecting tidings of some sort or other; and with this expectation hope would sometimes be mingled. Hope! where could it spring from? The only faint suspicion of it, indulged at first, that Charley had been rescued in some providential manner, and conveyed to a house of shelter, had had time to die out. A few houses there were, half-concealed near the river, like there are near most other rivers of traffic, which the police trusted just as far as they could see, and whose inmates did not boast of shining reputations; but the police had overhauled these thoroughly, and found no trace of Charley. Nor was it likely that they would conceal a child. So long as Charles's positive fate remained a mystery, suspense could not cease; and with this suspense there did mingle some faint glimmer of hope. Suspense urges to exertion; inaction is intolerable to it. Hamish, Arthur, Tom, all would rather be out of doors now than in; there might be something to be heard of, some information to be met, and the looking after it was better than the staying at home to wait for it. No wonder, then, that Arthur Channing's steps would bend of their own accord towards the town, when he left the cathedral morning and afternoon.

In passing Mr. Galloway's office, the window of which stood wide open, Arthur had found himself called to by Roland Yorke.

"What is it?" he asked, halting at the window.

"You are the very chap I wanted to see," cried out Roland. "Come in! Don't be afraid of meeting Galloway: he's off somewhere."

The prospect of meeting Mr. Galloway would not have prevented Arthur from entering. He was conscious of no wrong, and he did not shrink as though he had committed it. He went in, and Mr. Harper proceeded on his way.

"Here's a go!" was Roland's salutation. "Jenkins is laid up!"

It was nothing but what Arthur had expected. He, like Mr. Galloway, had observed Jenkins growing ill and more ill. "How shall you manage without him?" asked Arthur; Mr. Galloway's dilemma being the first thing that occurred to his mind.

"Do you know?" answered Roland, who was in an explosive temper; "I don't. If Galloway thinks to put it all upon my back, it's a scandalous shame! I never could do it, or the half of it. Jenkins worked like a horse when we were busy. He'd hang his head down over his desk, and never lift it for two hours at a stretch!—you know he would not. Fancy my doing that! I should get brain fever before a week was out."

Arthur smiled at this. "Is Jenkins much worse?" he inquired.

"I don't believe he's worse at all," returned Roland, tartly. "He'd have come this morning as usual, fast enough, only she looked up his clothes."

"Who?" said Arthur, in surprise.

"She. That agreeable lady who has the felicity of owning Jenkins. She was here this morning as large as life, giving

an account of her doings, without a blush. She looked up his things, she says, to keep him in bed. I'd trick her, I know, were I Jenkins. I'd put on her flounces, but what I'd come out, if I wanted to. Rather strange they'd be, for him."

"I shall go, Roland. My being here only hinders you."

"As if that made any difference worth counting! Look here!—piles and piles of parchments! I and Galloway could never get through them, hindered or not hindered. I am not going to work over hours! I won't kill myself with labour! There's Port Natal, thank goodness, if the screw does get put upon me too much!"

Arthur made no reply. It made little difference to Roland: whether encouraged or not, talk he would.

"I have heard of folks being worked beyond their strength; and that will be my case, if one may judge by present appearances. It's too bad of Jenkins!"

Arthur spoke up: he did not like to hear blame, even from Roland Yorke, cast upon hard-working, patient Jenkins. "You should not say it, Roland. It is not Jenkins's fault."

"It is his fault. What does he have such a wife for? She keeps Jenkins under her thumb, just as Galloway keeps me. She looked up his clothes, and then told him he might come here without them if he liked: my belief is, she'll be sending him so, some day. Jenkins ought to put her down. He's big enough."

"He would be sure to come here, if he were equal to it," said Arthur.

"He! Of course he would!" angrily retorted Roland. "He'd crawl here on all fours, but what he'd come, only she won't let him. She knows it, too. She said this morning that he'd come when he was in his coffin! I should not like to see it arrive!"

Arthur had been casting a glance at the papers. They were unusually numerous, and he began to think with Roland—that he and Mr. Galloway would not be able to get through them unsaid. Most certainly they would not, at Roland's present rate of work. "It is a pity you are not a quick copyist," he said.

"I dare say it is!" sarcastically rejoined Roland, beginning to play at ball with the wafer-box. "I never was made for work; and if—"

"You will have to do it, though, sir," thundered Mr. Galloway, who had come up, and was enjoying a survey of affairs through the open window. Mr. Roland, somewhat taken to, dropped his head and the wafer-box together, and went on with his writing as meekly as poor Jenkins could have done; and Mr. Galloway entered.

"Good day," said he to Arthur, shortly enough.

"Good day, sir," was the response. Mr. Galloway turned to his idle clerk.

"Roland Yorke, you must either work, or say you will not. There is no time for playing and fooling; no time, sir! do you hear? Who put that window stark staring open?"

"I did, sir," said incorrigible Roland. "I thought the office might be the better for a little air, when there was so much to do in it."

Mr. Galloway shut it with a bang. Arthur, who would not leave without some attempt at a passing courtesy, let it be ever so slight, made a remark to Mr. Galloway that he was sorry to hear Jenkins was worse.

"He is so much worse," was the response of Mr. Galloway, spoken sharply, for the edification of Roland Yorke, "that I doubt whether he will ever enter this room again. Yes, sir, you may look; but it is the truth!"

Roland did look, looked with considerable consternation. "How on earth will the work get done, then?" he uttered. With all his grumbling, he had not contemplated Jenkins being away more than a day or two.

"I do not know how it will get done, considering that the clerk upon whom I have to depend is Roland Yorke," answered Mr. Galloway, with severity. "One thing appears pretty evident, that Jenkins will not be able to help to do it."

Mr. Galloway, more perplexed at the news brought by Mrs. Jenkins than he had let appear (for, although he chose to make a show of depending upon Roland, he knew how much dependence there was in reality to be placed upon him—none better), had deemed it advisable to see Jenkins personally, and judge for himself of his state of health. Accordingly, he proceeded thither, and arrived at an inopportune moment for his hopes. Jenkins was just recovering from a second fainting fit, and he appeared altogether so ill, so debilitated, that Mr. Galloway was struck with dismay. There would be no more work from Jenkins—as he believed—for him. He mentioned this now in his own office, and Roland received it with blank consternation.

An impulse came to Arthur, and he spoke upon it. "If I can do you any good, sir, in this emergency, you have only to command me."

"What sort of good?" asked Mr. Galloway.

Arthur pointed to the parchments. "I could draw out these deeds, and any others that may follow them. My time is my own, sir, save the two hours devoted to the cathedral, and I am at a loss how to occupy it. I have been idle ever since I left you."

"Why don't you get into an office?" said Mr. Galloway.

Arthur's colour deepened. "Because, sir, nobody will take me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Galloway, drily, "a good name is easier lost than gained."

"Yes, it is," freely replied Arthur. "However, sir, to return to the question. I shall be glad to help you, if you have no one better at hand. I could devote several hours a day to it, and you know that I am thoroughly competent to be trusted with the work. I might take some home now."

"Home!" returned Mr. Galloway. "Did you mean that you could do it at home?"

"Certainly, sir. I did not think of doing it here," was the pointed reply of Arthur. "I can do it at home just as well as I could here; perhaps better, for I should shut myself up alone, and there would be nothing to interrupt me, or to draw off my attention."

It cannot be denied that this was a most welcome proposition to Mr. Galloway; indeed, his thoughts had turned to Arthur at the first. Arthur would be far preferable to a strange clerk, looked for and brought in on the spur of the moment—one who might answer well or answer ill, according to chance. Yet that must have been his resource, Mr. Galloway knew.

"It will be an accommodation to me, your taking part of the work," he frankly said; "but you had better come to the office and do it."

"No, sir, I would rather—"

"Do, Channing!" cried out Roland Yorke, springing up as if he were electrified; "the office will be bearable if you come back again."

"I would prefer to do it at home, sir," continued Arthur to Mr. Galloway, while that gentleman pointed imperiously to Yorke, as a hint to him to hold his tongue and mind his own business.

"You may come back here and do it," said Mr. Galloway.

"Thank you, I cannot come back," was the reply of Arthur.

"Of course you can't!" said angry Roland, who cared less for Mr. Galloway's displeasure than he did for displaying his own feelings when they were aroused. "You won't, you mean! I'd not show myself such a duff as you, Channing, if I were paid in gold to do it!"

"You'll get paid in something presently, Roland Yorke, but it won't be in gold!" reproved Mr. Galloway. "You will do a full day's work to-day, sir, if you stop here till twelve o'clock at night."

"Oh, of course I look out to do that, sir," retorted Roland, in a fume. "Considering what's before me, on this desk and on Jenkins's, there's little prospect of my getting home on this side four in the morning. They needn't sit up for me; I can go in with the milk. I wonder who invented writing? I wish I had the fingering of him just now!"

Arthur turned to the parchments. He was nearly as much at home with them as Jenkins. Mr. Galloway selected two that were most pressing, and gave them to him, with the requisite materials for copying. "You will keep them secure, you know," he remarked.

"Perfectly so, sir; I shall sit quite alone."

He carried them off with alacrity. Mr. Galloway's face cleared as he looked after him, and he made a remark aloud expressive of his satisfaction. "There's some pleasure in giving out work when you know it will be done. No play—no dilatoriness—finished to the minute that it's looked for! You should take a leaf out of his book, Yorke."

"Yes, sir," freely answered Roland. "When you drove Arthur Channing out of this office, you parted with the best clerk you ever had. Jenkins is all very well for work, but he is nothing but a muff in other things. Arthur's a gentleman, and he'd have served you well. Jenkins himself says so. He is honourable, he is honest, he—"

"I know enough of your sentiments with respect to his honesty," interrupted Mr. Galloway. "We need not go over that tale again."

"I hope everybody knows them," rejoined Roland. "I have never concealed my opinion that the accusation was infamous; that, of all of us in this office, from its head down to Jenkins, none was less likely to finger the note than Arthur Channing. But, of course, my opinion goes for nothing."

"You are bold, young man."

"I fear it is my nature to be so, sir," cried free Roland. "If it ever should turn up how the note went, you'll be sorry, no doubt, for having visited it upon Arthur. Mr. Channing will be sorry; the precious magistrates will be sorry; that blessed dean, who wanted to turn him from the college, will be sorry; not a soul of them but believes him guilty; and I hope they'll be brought to repentance for it in sackcloth and ashes."

"Go on with your work," said Mr. Galloway, angrily.

Roland made a show of obeying; but his tongue was like a steam-engine: once set going, it couldn't readily be stopped; and he presently looked up again.

"I am not uncharitable; at least, to individuals. I always said the post-office helped itself to the note, and I'd lay my last half-crown upon it. But there *are* people in the town who think it could only have gone in another way. You'd go into a passion with me, sir, perhaps, if I mentioned it."

Mr. Galloway—it has been before mentioned that he possessed an unbounded amount of curiosity, and also a propensity to gossip—so far forgot the force of good example as to ask Roland what he meant. Roland wanted no better encouragement.

"Well, sir, there are people who, weighing well all the probabilities of the case, have come to the conclusion that the note could only have been abstracted from the letter by the person to whom it was addressed. None but he broke the seal of it."

"Do you allude to my cousin, Mr. Robert Galloway?" ejaculated Mr. Galloway as soon as indignation and breath allowed him to speak.

"Others do," said Roland. "I say it was the post-office."

"How dare you repeat so insolent a suspicion to my face, Roland Yorke?"

"I said I should catch it!" cried Roland, speaking partly to himself. "I am sure to get in for it, one way or another, do what I will. It's not my fault, sir, if I have heard it spoken in the town."

"Apply yourself to your work, sir, and hold your tongue. If you say another word, Roland Yorke, I shall feel inclined also to turn you away, as one idle and incorrigible, of whom nothing can be made."

"Wouldn't it be a jovial excuse for Port Natal!" exclaimed Roland, but not in the hearing of his master, who had gone into his own room in much wrath. Roland laughed aloud; there was nothing he enjoyed so much as to be in opposition to Mr. Galloway; it had been better for the advancement of that gentleman's work, had he habitually kept a tighter rein over his pupil. It was perfectly true,

however, that the new phase of suspicion, regarding the loss of the note, had been spoken in the town, and Roland only repeated what he had heard.

Apparently, Mr. Galloway did not like this gratuitous suggestion. He presently came back again. A paper was in his hand, and he began comparing it with one on Roland's desk. "Where did you hear that unjustifiable piece of scandal?" he inquired, as he was doing it.

"The first person I heard speak of it was my mother, sir. She came home one day from calling upon people, and said she had heard it somewhere. And it was talked of at Knivett's last night. He had a bachelors' party, and the subject was brought up. Some of us ridiculed the notion; others thought it might have grounds."

"And pray, which did you favour?" sarcastically asked Mr. Galloway.

"I! I said then, as I have said all along, that there was nobody to thank for it but the post-office. If you ask me, sir, who first set the notion afloat in the town, I cannot satisfy you. All I know is, the rumour is circulating."

"If I could discover the primary author of it, I would take legal steps to punish him," warmly concluded Mr. Galloway.

"I'd help," said undaunted Roland. "Some fun might arise out of that."

Mr. Galloway carried the probate of a will to his room, and sat down to examine it. But his thoughts were elsewhere. This suspicion, mentioned by Roland Yorke, had laid hold of his mind most unpleasantly, in spite of his show of indignation before Roland. He had no cause to deem his cousin otherwise than honest; it was next to impossible to suppose he could be guilty of playing him such a trick; but somehow Mr. Galloway could not feel so sure upon the point as he would have wished. His cousin was a needy man—one who had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and was for ever appealing to Mr. Galloway for assistance. Mr. Galloway did not shut his eyes to the fact that, if this *should* have been the case, Robert Galloway had had forty pounds from him instead of twenty—a great help to a man at his wife's end for money. He had forwarded a second £20 note, upon receiving information of the loss of the first.

What he most disliked, looking at it from this point of view, was, not the feeling that he had been cleverly deceived and laughed at, but that Arthur Channing should have suffered unjustly. If the lad ~~was~~ innocent, why, how cruel had been his own conduct towards him! But with these doubts came back the remembrance of Arthur's unsatisfactory behaviour with respect to the loss; his non-denial; his apparent guilt; his strange shrinking from investigation. Busy as Mr. Galloway was, that day, he could not confine his thoughts to his business; he would willingly have given another £20 note out of his pocket to know, beyond doubt, whether or not Arthur was guilty.

Arthur, meanwhile, had commenced his task. He took possession of the study, where he was secure from interruption, and applied himself diligently to it. How still the house seemed! How still it had seemed since the loss of Charles! Even Annabel and Tom were wont to hush their voices; ever listening, as it were, for tidings to be brought of him. Save the two servants, Arthur was alone in it. Hamish was abroad, at his office; Constance and Annabel were at Lady Augusta's; Tom was in school; and Charles was not. Judith's voice would be heard now and then, rising from the kitchen regions, in direction or reproof to Sarah; but there was no other sound. Arthur thought of the old days when the sun had shone, when he was free and upright in the sight of men; when Constance was happy in her future prospects of wedded life; when Tom looked forth certainly to the seniorship; when Charley's sweet voice and sweeter face might be seen and heard; when Hamish—oh, bitter thought, of all!—when Hamish had not fallen from his pedestal. It had all changed—changed to darkness and to gloom; and Arthur may be pardoned for feeling gloomy with it. But, in the very midst of this gloom, there arose suddenly, without effort of his, certain

words spoken by the consoling singer of Israel; and Arthur *knew* that he had but to trust to them:—

"For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHAPTER XLVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. GALLOWAY.

MORNING passed into afternoon, and afternoon was drawing towards its close. Roland Yorke had contrived to struggle through it, and be alive still, in spite of the amount of work which was pressed upon him. Mr. Galloway had put on his spectacles and copied out several pages himself—a thing he rarely attempted. But he had gone out now, and had carried with him some letters to post.

"Yes!" grumbled Roland. "He can stretch *his* legs, but he takes good care I shall not stretch mine! Why couldn't he send me with those letters? It's my place to post them; it's not his. Write, write, write! till my fingers have got the cramp, and my feet have no more feeling in them than the stool has! Why, I wouldn't stop by myself in this horrid, musty, parchmented old place—Oh, it's you, is it?"

This was addressed to the postman, who came in with the afternoon delivery of letters—two, which he handed to Roland, and departed.

Of course Roland immediately began to scrutinise them; turning them over; critically guessing at the senders; playing with them at pitch and toss—anything to while away the time, and afford him some cessation from his own work. By these means he contrived to pass five minutes rather agreeably (estimating things by comparison), when Mr. Galloway's servant entered.

"Is my master in, Mr. Roland?"

"Of course he's not," said Roland. "He's gone gallivanting somewhere. He has all the pleasure of it, and I have all the work."

"Will you please to give him this letter, then?" said the man. "The post has just left it at our house, so I brought it round."

"What's it brought round here for?" asked Roland.

"Because he ordered it done. He said he expected a letter would be delivered at the house by the afternoon post, and if it came I was to bring it to him at once. Good afternoon, sir."

This little bit of information was quite enough for Roland. He seized the letter, as he had done the others, and subjected it to the like scrutiny. The address was written in a singular hand; in large, printing-looking letters. Roland satisfied his curiosity, so far as the outside of the letter could do it, and then rose from his stool and laid the three letters upon Mr. Galloway's desk in his private room.

A short while, and that gentleman entered. "Anything by the post?" was his first question.

"Two letters, sir," replied Roland. "And John brought round one, which was addressed to the house. He said you expected it."

Mr. Galloway went into his private room. He glanced casually at the addresses on the letters, and then called Roland Yorke. "Where is the letter John brought round?" he inquired, somewhat testily.

Roland pointed it out. "That was it, sir."

"That!" Mr. Galloway bent on it a keener glance, which probably satisfied him that it bore his private address. "Was this the only one he brought?" added he; and from his manner and words Roland inferred that it was not the letter he had expected.

"That was all, sir."

Roland returned to his own room, and Mr. Galloway sat down and opened his letters. The first two were short communications relative to business; the last was the one brought by John.

What did it contain? For one thing, it contained a bank-note for £20. But the contents? Mr. Galloway gazed at it, and rubbed his brow, and gazed again. He took off his spectacles, and put them on; he looked at the bank-note,

and he read and re-read the letter: for it completely upset the theory and set at naught the data he had been going upon; especially the data of the last few hours.

"The finder of that lost £20 note sends it back to Mr. Galloway. His motive in doing so is, that the wrongly suspected may be cleared. He who was publicly accused of the offence was innocent, as were all others upon whom suspicion (though not acted upon) may have fallen. The writer of this alone took the note, and he now restores it."

Abrupt and signatureless, such was the letter. When Mr. Galloway had sufficiently overcome his surprise to reason rationally, it struck him as being a singular coincidence that this should come to him on the day when the old affair had been renewed again. Since its bustle had died out at the time of the occurrence, Mr. Galloway did not remember to have voluntarily spoken of it, until that morning with Roland Yorke.

He took up the bank-note. Was it the one actually taken—the same note—kept, possibly, in fear, and now returned? He had no means of knowing. He thought it was not the same. His recollection of the lost note had seemed to be that it was a dirty note, which must have passed through many hands; but he had never been quite clear upon that point. This note was clean and crisp.

Who had taken it? Who had sent it back? It entirely disposed of that disagreeable suspicion touching his cousin. Had his cousin so far forgotten himself as to take the note, he would not have been likely to return it: he knew nothing of the proceedings which had taken place in Helstonleigh, for Mr. Galloway had never mentioned them to him. The writer of this letter was cognisant of them, and had sent it that they might be removed.

At the first glance it, of course, appeared to be a proof positive that Arthur Channing was not guilty. But Mr. Galloway was not accustomed to take only the superficial view of things: and it struck him, as it would strike others, that this might be, after all, a refined bit of finesse on Arthur's own part to remove the suspicion off himself. True, the cost of essaying it was twenty pounds; but what was that, compared in value to the restoration of his good name?

The letter bore the London post-mark. There was not a doubt that it had been there posted. That told nothing. Arthur, or anybody else, could get a letter posted there, if wishing to do it: "where there's a will, there's a way," thought Mr. Galloway. But again, where was Arthur Channing to get twenty pounds from? Mr. Galloway did not think that he could get it from anywhere, or that he possessed himself a twentieth part of it. So far, the probability was against Arthur's being the author. Mr. Galloway quite lost himself in conjectures. Why should it have been addressed to his residence, and not to the office? He had been expecting a letter from one, that afternoon, who always did address to his residence: and that letter, it appeared, had not come. However, that had nothing to do with this. Neither paper nor writing afforded any clue, and the letter was palpably disguised.

He called in Roland Yorke, for the purpose of putting to him a few useless questions—like a great many of us do when we are puzzled—questions, at any rate, that could throw no light upon the main subject.

"What did John say when he brought this letter?"

"Only what I told you, sir. That you expected a letter addressed to the house, and ordered him to bring it round."

"But *this* is not the letter I expected," tapping it with his finger, and looking altogether so puzzled and astonished, that Roland stared in his turn.

"It's not my fault," returned he. "Shall I run round, sir, and ask John about it?"

"No," testily answered Mr. Galloway. "Don't be so fond of running round. This letter—There's somebody come into the office," he broke off.

Roland turned with alacrity, but very speedily appeared again, on his best behaviour, bowing as he showed in the Dean of Helstonleigh.

Mr. Galloway rose, and remained standing. The Dean

entered upon the business which had brought him there, a trifling matter connected with the affairs of the chapter. This over, Mr. Galloway took up the letter and showed it to him. The Dean read it, and looked at the bank-note.

"I cannot quite decide in what light I ought to take it, sir," remarked Mr. Galloway. "It either refutes the suspicion of Arthur Channing's guilt, or else it confirms it."

"In what way confirms it? I do not understand you," said the Dean.

"It may have come from himself, Mr. Dean. A wheel within a wheel."

The Dean paused to revolve the proposition, and then shook his head negatively. "It appears to me to go a very great way towards proving his innocence," he observed. "The impression upon my own mind has been, that it was not he who took it—as you may have inferred, Mr. Galloway, by my allowing him to retain his post in the cathedral."

"But, sir, if he is innocent, who is guilty?" continued Mr. Galloway, in a tone of remonstrance.

"That is more than I can say," replied the Dean. "But for the circumstances appearing to point so strongly to Arthur Channing, I never could have suspected him at all: a son of Mr. Channing's would have been altogether above suspicion, in my mind; and, as I tell you, for some time I have not believed him to be guilty."

"If he is not guilty——" Mr. Galloway paused; the full force of what he was about to say pressing strongly upon his mind—"if he is not guilty, Mr. Dean, there has been a great deal of injustice done—not only to himself——"

"A great deal of injustice is committed every day, I fear," quietly remarked the Dean.

"Tom Channing will have lost the seniorship for nothing!" went on Mr. Galloway, in a perturbed voice, not so much addressing the Dean, as giving vent to his thoughts aloud.

"Yes," was the answer, spoken calmly, and imparting no token of what might be the Dean's private sentiments upon the point. "You will see to that matter," the Dean continued, referring to his own business there, as he rose from his chair.

"I will not forget it, Mr. Dean," said Mr. Galloway. And he escorted the Dean to the outer door, as was his custom when honoured by him with a visit, and bowed him out.

Roland, just then, looked a pattern of industry. He had resumed his seat, after rising in salutation as the Dean passed through the office, and was writing away like a steam-engine. Mr. Galloway returned to his own room, and set himself calmly to consider all the bearings of this curious business. The great bar to his being able fully to regard Arthur as innocent, was the difficulty there existed of fixing upon anybody else as likely to have been guilty. Likely! he might almost have said as *possible* to have been guilty. "I have a very great mind," he growled to himself, "to send for Butterby, and let him rake it all up again!" The uncertainty vexed him, and it seemed as if the affair was never to have an end. "What if I show Arthur Channing the letter first, and study his countenance as he looks at it? I may gather something from that. I don't fancy he'd be an over good actor, as some might be; if he has sent this money, I shall see it in his face."

Acting upon the moment's impulse, he suddenly opened the door of the outer office, and there found that Mr. Roland's industry had, for the present, come to an end. He was standing before the window, making pantomimic signs through the glass to a friend of his, Knivett. His right thumb was pointed over his shoulder towards the door of Mr. Galloway's private room; no doubt, to indicate a warning that that gentleman was inside it, and that the office, consequently, was not free for promiscuous intruders. A few sharp words of reprimand to Mr. Roland ensued, and then he was sent off with a message to Arthur Channing.

It brought Arthur back with Roland. Mr. Galloway called Arthur into his own room, closed the door, and put the letter into his hand in silence.

He read it over twice before he could comprehend it; indeed, he did not do so fully then. His surprise appeared

to be perfectly genuine, and so Mr. Galloway deemed it. "Has this letter been sent to you, sir? Has any money been sent to you?"

"This has been sent to me," replied Mr. Galloway, tossing to him the twenty-pound note. "Is it the one that was taken, Channing?"

"How can I tell, sir?" said Arthur, in much simplicity. And Mr. Galloway's long doubts of him began to melt away. "You did not send the money—to clear yourself?"

Arthur looked up in surprise. "Where should I get twenty pounds from?" he asked. "I shall have a quarter's salary from Mr. Williams, shortly; but it is not quite due yet. And it will not be twenty pounds, or anything like that amount."

Mr. Galloway nodded. It was the thought which had struck himself. Another thought, however, was now striking Arthur; a thought which caused his cheek to flush and his brow to lower. With the word "salary" had arisen to him the remembrance of another's salary, due about this time: that of his brother Hamish. Had Hamish been making this use of it—to take the stigma from him? The idea received additional force from Mr. Galloway's next words: for they bore upon the point.

"This letter is what it purports to be—a missive from the actual thief: or else it comes from some well-wisher of yours, who sacrifices twenty pounds to do you a service. Which is it?"

Mr. Galloway fixed his eyes on Arthur's face and could not help noting the change which had come over it, over his manner altogether. The open candour was gone: and in its place reigned the covert look, the hesitating manner, the confusion which had characterised him at the period of the loss. "All I can say, sir, is that I know nothing of this," he presently said. "It has surprised me as much as it can surprise any one."

"Channing!" impulsively exclaimed Mr. Galloway, "your manner and your words are in opposition, as they were at the time. The one gives the lie to the other. But I begin to believe you did not take it."

"I did not," returned Arthur.

"And therefore—as I don't like to be played with and made sport of, like a cat tormenting a mouse—I think I shall give orders to Butterby for a fresh investigation."

It startled Arthur. The curiously significant tone of Mr. Galloway, his piercing gaze upon his face, also startled him. "It would bring no satisfaction, sir," he said. "Pray do not. I would far rather continue to bear the blame."

A pause. A new idea came glimmering into the mind of Mr. Galloway. "Whom are you screening?" he asked. But he received no answer.

"Is it Roland Yorke?"

"Roland Yorke!" repeated Arthur, half reproachfully. "No, indeed. I wish everybody had been as innocent of it as was Roland Yorke."

In good truth, Mr. Galloway had only mentioned Roland's name as coming uppermost in his mind. He knew that there was no suspicion attaching to Roland. Arthur resumed, in agitation—

"Let the matter drop, sir. Indeed, it will be better. It appears now that you have the money back again; and, for the rest, I am willing to take the blame, as I have done."

"If I have the money back again, I have not other things back again," crossly repeated Mr. Galloway. "There's the loss of time it has occasioned, the worry, the uncertainty: who is to repay me all that?"

"My portion in it has been worse than yours, sir," said Arthur, in a low, deep tone. "Think of my loss of time, my worry and uncertainty; my loss of character, my anxiety of mind: they can never be repaid to me."

"And whose the fault? If you were truly innocent, you might have cleared yourself with a word."

Arthur knew he might. But that word he had not dared to speak. At this juncture, Roland Yorke appeared. "Here's Jenner's old clerk come in, sir," said he to his master. "He wants to see yourself, he says."

"He can come in," replied Mr. Galloway. "Are you

getting on with that copying?" he added to Arthur, as the latter was going out.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, whom Roland Yorke designated as "Jenner's old clerk," was shut in with Mr. Galloway; and Roland who appeared to be on the thorns of curiosity, arrested Arthur.

"I say, what is it that's agate? He has been going into fits, pretty near, over some letter that came, asking me five hundred questions about it. What have you got to do with it? What does he want with you?"

"Somebody has been sending him the money back, Roland. It came in a letter."

Roland opened his eyes. "What money?"

"The money that was lost. A twenty-pound note has come. He asked me whether it was the veritable note that was taken."

"A twenty-pound note come!" repeated puzzled Roland.

"It's true, Roland. It purports to be sent by the taker of the money for the purpose of clearing me."

Roland stood for a few moments, profound surprise on his face, and then began to execute a hornpipe of triumph amid the desks and stools of the office. "I said it would come right some time, over and over again, I did! Give us your hand, old fellow! He's not such a bad trump, after all, that thief!"

"Hush, Roland! you'll be heard. It may not do me much good. Galloway seems to doubt me still."

"Doubt you still?" cried Roland, stopping short in his dance, and speaking in a very explosive tone. "Doubt you still! Why, what would he have?"

"I don't know," sighed Arthur. "I have assured him I did not send it, but he fancies I may have done it to whiten myself. He talks of calling in Butterby again."

"My opinion, then, is, that he wants to be transported, if he is to turn up such a heathen as that!" stamped Roland. "What would he have, I ask? Another twenty, given him for interest? Arthur, dear old fellow, let's go off together to Port Natal, and leave him and his office to it! I'll find the means, if I rob his cash-box to get them!"

But Arthur was already beyond hearing, having waved his adieu to Roland Yorke and his impetuous but warm-hearted championship. Anxious to get on with the task he had undertaken, he hastened home. Constance was in the hall when he entered, having just returned from Lady Augusta Yorke's.

His confident throughout, his gentle soother and supporter, his ever ready adviser, Arthur drew her into one of the rooms, and acquainted her with what had occurred. A look of terror rose to her face, as she listened.

"Hamish has done it!" she uttered, in a whisper. "This puts all doubt at an end. There are times—there have been times—she burst into tears as she spoke—"when I have fondly tried to cheat myself that we were suspecting him wrongfully. Arthur! others suspect him."

Arthur's face caught the same look that was upon hers. "I trust not!"

"But they do. Ellen Huntley has dropped an inadvertent word, which convinced me he is in some way doubted there. She caught it up again in evident alarm, ere it was well spoken; and I dared not pursue the subject. It is Hamish who has sent this money."

"You speak confidently, Constance."

"Listen. I know that he has drawn money—papa's salary and his own: he mentioned it incidentally. A few days ago I asked him for money for housekeeping purposes, and he handed me a twenty-pound note, in mistake for a five-pound. He discovered the mistake before I did, and snatched it back again in some confusion. 'I can't give you that,' he said in a laughing manner, when he recovered himself. 'That has a different destination.' Arthur! that note, rely upon it, was going to Mr. Galloway."

"When was this?" asked Arthur.

"Last week. Three or four days ago."

Trifling as the incident was, it seemed to bear out their suspicions, and Arthur could only come to the same conclu-

sion that his sister did: the thought had already crossed him, you remember. "Do not let it pain you thus, Constance," he said, as her tears fell fast. "He may not call in Butterby. Your grieving will do no good."

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, with a burst of anguish. "How God is trying us!"

Ay! like as the silver, which must be seven times purified, ere it be sufficiently refined.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

ANSWERS TO "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

Seven Answers to the Seven "Essays and Reviews." By JOHN NASH GRIFFIN, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. JOSEPH NAPIER, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. London: Longman & Co.

THESE answers to the "Essays and Reviews" were originally published in special supplements to the *London Review*. The author says:—"I have to acknowledge my deep obligation to the Right Hon. Joseph Napier for the very valuable introduction from his graceful and able pen, prefixed to this volume." The introduction referred to is brief, but beautiful, and sets forth some important ideas in striking and effective language. Of the essayist school, he says it is painful to "find them labouring to demolish what they were peculiarly bound to uphold, and undermining the very foundations of revealed truth. If miracles are impossible, or incredible if possible; if prophecy is a pretence, if sacred history is but a myth, the Church is a monster fraud, and the clergy are but 'common cheats.'" He admits that "the Church does not expressly propound any preconceived theory of inspiration, nor does she profess to limit the influence or define the operation of the Holy Spirit." But he shows how the Bible is still regarded as the pure Word of God, and invested with paramount authority; and he well says, in words which deserve to be remembered:—"To drag it down to the level of human composition, is to degrade and dishonour what is supernatural and inspired; to seek its full interpretation in the common method of expounding the language of works of human learning—in the cold canons of grammar and criticism—is to seek the living amongst the dead, to confound the word of the living God and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit with the language of fallible man and the aspirations of the human soul. The Bible speaks to our faith; the Spirit bears witness with our spirit: the truths of God's pure and holy word are spiritually discerned."

"Our Lord himself propounded no definite theory of inspiration," says Mr. Napier, and we may add that neither did he define the nature of miracles, or of prophecy. There is a profound silence in Scripture on many points which have exercised the curious wit of man. This is very much because, as we have just heard, "the Bible speaks to our faith." It never was meant for purely intellectual exercise, like the elements of Euclid. It sets forth great facts, embodying profound spiritual truths, and when our faith accepts the facts, we derive from them the advantage they were meant to confer. Had the Bible discussed all possible questions, or consisted of precise definitions, it would either have been a book of unwieldy size, or abounding in deficiencies, or unfitted for all men. Its Divine Author, therefore, gives us facts for our information and our faith, equally with rules for our guidance and heavenly truths for our souls' good. The unlearned and the inexperienced can understand and appreciate these things, when they would be perplexed and wearied by cold, hard, abstract propositions and definitions. The living and life-giving Word is the sword of the Spirit, to slay the man of sin and unbelief. It is our monitor, to warn us of danger, and our guide, to lead us to Christ and heaven. It is the visible agent by which God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost speak to us pardon, peace, holiness, and eternal life. It is a practical book, and not a set of themes for discussion. In all respects it differs from every other book, and it would be

folly either to judge it as we judge other books, or to stop at the letter and forget the spirit. Well, then, does Mr. Napier recommend a humble and submissive spirit in studying those Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation.

Of course, in these days, men will bring their learning, and their logic, and their philosophy to the Bible. Let them do so, and it will be found that there is no opposition between true logic, learning, and philosophy, and the true sense of Holy Writ. But unhappily, some men come to measure the Scriptures as they would a log of timber. They do worse; for while they never decide beforehand that a log of timber must be of such or such a magnitude, they do decide that the Bible must be so and so, or rejected as untrustworthy. They invent a standard of doctrinal truth, of historical truth, of Divine inspiration, and the like, and complain because the Scriptures do not wholly agree therewith. God never meant to be so measured by men; he never meant to have his Word so measured. It was given for just the opposite purpose—to measure us, to show us how far we are right or wrong, to correct our errors, to teach us what we ought to know, and do, and be. The Scripture comes to us with authority and as law, and asks of us faith and obedience. It promises aid and blessing to those who receive and follow it, and threatens severest chastisements to the unbelieving and the disobedient; and all in the name of its Divine Author.

Yet the Bible must be studied. Its evidences may be investigated. Its claims may be tested. "Search the Scriptures," said our Lord to the Jews. "Prove all things," said an apostle. But there are right and wrong methods of studying the Bible, and it is pretty evident that the writers of "Essays and Reviews" have adopted the wrong method. Had their aim been to divest the Bible of its supernatural elements altogether, they could only have done as they have done. Their language would have been sometimes different, but their leading arguments must have been the same. As it is, they tread in the steps of the Tindals, and Humes, and Paines of other days, and of the Rationalists of Germany in our own time.

Mr. Griffin has done well to show the hollowness of the arguments in a book which owes half its fame to its connection with Oxford. Mr. Temple might have dreamed about his "colossal man," and tried to represent all arts, sciences, civilisation, philosophy, and religion as a natural development of his personified humanity. Dr. Williams might have reproduced Baron Bunsen's vagaries and praised them as well. Baden Powell might have ridiculed the idea of inspiration and of all miracles, and gone to his grave unmolested. Mr. Wilson might have gone to Geneva and assailed his own Church from behind a masked battery. Mr. Goodwin might have indulged in his anti-Mosaic heresies; and because he neither understood Genesis nor Geology, sought to hide his own ignorance by pronouncing them contradictory. Mr. Pattison could have indulged in his literary researches into the rubbish published between 1688 and 1750. Mr. Jowett might have enjoyed his opinions about the proper mode of interpreting the Scripture. But all these men were Oxford men, and a volume, which otherwise would have found its way speedily to oblivion, was viewed as representing the state of thought and opinion in the Church. There was some cause for alarm; but the danger was soon perceived, and from the appearance of the volume until now, the press has teemed with refutations of error and defences of the truth. The alarm is subsiding, but vigilance continues.

We have not space to pass under notice the successive portions of Mr. Griffin's book; but we can speak well of it. It is written with judgment and intelligence, and, although originally prepared in haste, it betrays neither weakness nor hesitation. The Christian spirit of the author, his well-disciplined mind, and good stores of information, enabled him, by God's blessing, to produce a book of permanent worth. We would not assent to every opinion, but we recommend the volume as a whole, and its introduction in particular, to the attention of our readers.

The Week of Prayer. By the Rev. ROBERT OXLAD.
London: Nisbet and Co.

If the pages of *THE QUIVER* contained no special article relative to the "week of prayer" which all Evangelical Christendom observed at this year's commencement, it was not from want of interest in the subject. We trust the prayers and thanksgivings which were then offered up to the Throne of Grace will be followed by rich and plentiful benedictions. Mr. Oxlad has endeavoured to improve the occasion by the little volume before us, which may serve as a memento of the past and a manual for future weeks of prayer. It commences with an introductory essay of seventy-eight pages, in which a number of observations are made upon questions of present moment. The chief topics are, 1. The Progress of Science; 2. The Extent of Intellectual Excitement; and, 3. The Study of Biblical Criticism. Many useful and proper remarks occur in this portion of the work, and we are glad to find the conservative element so strong in our author. We refer particularly to the question of critical interpretation; although we believe that a sanctified criticism is the great need of our time, in opposition to the rational criticism, which is seeking not only to interpret the Scripture like any other book, but to bring it to the level of any other book.

The latter part of Mr. Oxlad's book is in a poetical form, and comprises pieces for each day of the week of prayer, upon important topics. Although we hardly think the poems remarkable as such, the versification is good, and the tone and spirit admirable. In all respects they are far better than much that is published as poetry, and they will be read not merely without weariness, but with pleasure, because they are generally spirited and well sustained. On the whole, the book is of more than average merit, and will be a welcome acquisition to all who take an interest in the great themes with which it is conversant.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—The week of prayer was observed in this city by special services. The proceedings opened on Sunday, Jan. 5, by a meeting in the Church of the Oratoire. Pastors G. Monod, F. Monod, de Pressensé, d'Hombres, Pulsford, and Matter, delivered addresses and offered prayers. The congregation was deeply serious, and it appeared as if every one felt the urgent need of an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, at a time when the closing year leaves for discussion in the French Churches some of the gravest questions. Every evening during the week there was a similar meeting in the various Protestant places of worship in the city. Of these meetings due notice was given by printed circulars, and it is hoped that the many fervent and special supplications which were called forth, there and elsewhere, will bring down the richest blessings upon the Church and upon the world.

TARSAC (*Charente Inferieure*).—The pastor of Tarsac writes, that since his return to his extensive sphere of labour, he has witnessed a slow but sensible religious movement among the people. Many of these had become Protestants in form and name only, but a work of grace is now manifest among them. Sometimes the chapel cannot contain all who come to it. Four meetings are held weekly at Tarsac by the minister, and others elsewhere. The chapel at Neullac, a village not far distant, is unhappily closed by the authorities. From several other places in France, the news is encouraging. Some new churches and chapels have been opened, and elsewhere ministers have been ordained.

SPAIN.

SENTENCE has at length been pronounced upon the Protestants who have so long been imprisoned for their adhesion to the Gospel. Matamoros and Alhama have been sentenced to seven years of the galleys, and Trigo to four years of the same. There will be an appeal from the sen-

tence, but it is feared it will be in vain. They had been previously tried and acquitted for political offences, so that the present sentences are solely for reading the Word of God either by themselves or to others. The prisoners have hitherto borne their sufferings with unshaken constancy. A letter from Matamoros has been printed, in which it is stated that at this time many heads of families are suffering in dungeons for the sole crime of being Protestants, or of being supposed to be such. Even women have not escaped; one of them being only seventeen years of age. Eight are said to be in prison at Malaga, seven at Seville, and three at Granada. More than fifty heads of families have been compelled to emigrate to escape persecution, and many others are in peril for their faith in Christ. The extent to which the persecution has gone is an evidence of the power which the Gospel has, even in bigoted and benighted Spain.

AUSTRIA.

THE law of 1843 which ordained that in all cases of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants, the children should be brought up as Catholics, has been abolished. It is calculated that at Vienna alone, since 1842, no fewer than 18,000 children have been educated in the Romish faith in opposition to the wish of their fathers.

AFRICA.

SIERRA LEONE.—One of the agents of the Church Missionary Society, a native clergyman (the Rev. George Nicol), thus writes—"Our work is assuming a very different aspect. The missionary institution is being merged into a settled ecclesiastical establishment. We rejoice to see this day. In addition to Kisey, Wellington, and Hastings, Gloucester, Regent, Bathurst, Kent, York, and Bananas have been transferred to the Native Pastorate. . . . If well-filled churches, combined with a spirit of devotion among many of our people, be a test of the Lord's presence, then we must believe that the Lord is with us of a truth. For our congregations are generally large; out of a population of 1,300, including children, we have on an average 760 or 800 attendants at church on Sundays. Our morning prayer-meeting, which was dwindling to nothing, has been well attended. The Catechist has generally 100 or 130 early worshippers daily at five o'clock."

INDIA.

BENARES.—The Rev. J. Parsons continues to make good progress with his Hindi New Testament. Copies of the Epistles to the Galatians and Ephesians are being prepared for the examination of other missionary brethren. He has also printed 4,000 copies of a tract entitled "The Gospel Messenger," written by the late Mr. Chamberlain. In this he has been assisted by a donation from Monghyr, and the kind aid of Dr. Lazarus. The funds of the local Tract Society were too low to accomplish this desirable work.

CEYLON.—Mr. Allen reports that the printing of the Singhalese New Testament is proceeding. He hopes that it will be completed by April, 1862. A good missionary meeting has been held in Colombo. He earnestly asks when help from England is to come.

CHINA.

A CHURCH MISSIONARY in China sends a very interesting letter respecting his labours, from which we extract the following sentence:—"There is always a peculiar interest about 'first times.' Memory loves to dwell upon them, and as years pass by, their influence upon us continues fresh and powerful. I wish now to tell you of one of these 'first times,' in which I am sure you will be interested, and for which you will, with me, thank God. On Sunday, 22nd of September, in a small, uncomfortable-looking upper room in Shaohing, three persons belonging to one family—father, mother, and son—were admitted into the Church of Christ, the 'first time' that the rite of baptism was performed by a Protestant missionary in that great city."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 2.

ACTS.—The Purification is a day set apart by the Church to commemorate the attendance of the mother of our Blessed Lord in the temple, on the fortieth day after his birth, as commanded by the Mosaic ritual. The day was also called Candlemas Day, from the practice—still continued in Catholic countries, but relinquished here since 158—of lighting the churches with candles of wax, as emblematical of that splendour and purity it was supposed to indicate. It is very questionable whether, like some other things evidently traceable to a pagan origin, the practice was not a perpetuation, under professedly Christian forms, of the *Luceria*, or *Proserpina* rites which were celebrated with great solemnity by the ancient Romans on the very same day in the Salarian groves. It is called a "grand" day at the Inns of Court, a "gaudy" day at the two universities, and a "collar" day at court, being one of the three great holidays during the terms on which all legal and official business is suspended.

EVENTS.—On this same day, in 1421, Henry V. entered London from the complete conquest of France. And two centuries afterwards, on that day, in 1626, Charles Stuart was crowned in a white robe at Westminster, and then commenced a renewed struggle of another character, in which the king was defeated.—The same date in 1808 marks the subversion of the Papal government at Rome. In January, 1808, a decree of the French Senate had been issued, by which important fortresses on the Rhine were annexed to the empire. Napoleon next published a decree, by which the duchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Camerata, were united to the kingdom of Italy, to which kingdom all cardinal prelates were ordered to return. This drew from the Pope a forcible protest, which, however, did not delay the occupation of the ecclesiastical states by the troops of France. The Papal protest was soon enforced by a sentence of excommunication against the authors and instruments of the act of spoliation. This was productive of new violence, the result of which was, that the Pope was brought a captive to Avignon, a provisional government was established in the ecclesiastical states, the inquisition was abolished in Italy, many temporal and spiritual abuses being abrogated—history being, in all ages, only a series of facts which repeat themselves.

A TRAVELLING EVANGELIST.—On this day, in 1834, died Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric American travelling preacher. At an early age he believed himself called to preach the Gospel, and, in obeying the impulse, he commenced and continued a career which has probably never been equalled. Before he had completed his twenty-fifth year, he once rode 1,500 miles, and held 184 meetings in ten weeks and two days, and about a year afterwards, he travelled 4,000 miles in the southern states in seven months, constantly preaching, and finished his tour without stockings, shoes, or outer garment, performing nearly the whole journey on foot. For several years afterwards he travelled from seven to ten thousand miles, and held six or seven hundred meetings annually. It is thought that during the thirty-eight years of his public life, he must have travelled 200,000 miles, including three voyages to England and Ireland. During these journeys, he constantly declined all contributions and donations, except for immediate necessities. He was well known in the United States, there being scarcely a place he had left unvisited.

FEBRUARY 3.

CONVOCACTION.—On this day, in 1377, John Wycliffe was called before convocation at St. Paul's. The circumstances, strongly illustrative of the ecclesiastical character of the age of the dawning Reformation, may be thus told:—Wycliffe had been engaged in a memorable contest with the mendicant orders, or begging friars. Introduced into England in 1221, by the rigid morality and discipline they professed, they at first gained rapidly the confidence of the people, and were supplanting the more ancient ecclesiastical establish-

ments. But success caused a relaxation of their zeal; they became as obnoxious to the charge of luxury and sensuality as any of their predecessors; so that, by the middle of the fourteenth century, the contest was conducted with greater success on the part of the original orders of clergy. Some of the leading prelates of the day took part in it against the mendicants. Oxford became the field for the closest struggle, and the rising talents of Wycliffe were warmly engaged in it so early as the year 1360, and to the end of life he pursued these begging friars with the bitterest invectives. In a similar spirit he opposed the claim of Urban V. to the sovereignty of England, founded on the submission rendered by John to Innocent III. A zealous advocate of the Papacy challenged him to refute a book which he had put forth in support of the claim of Urban. Wycliffe complied, and his work, though rude in style, proves that, at that early day, he had imbibed strong opposition to the errors of Popery. It was seven years after these occurrences that Wycliffe was raised to the theological chair at Oxford. At that time, the custom of filling the English benefices with foreigners who did not reside in England had increased to a shameful extent, and, though vigorously opposed both by kings and people, the practice was supported by the whole influence of the Church. In 1374 an embassy, of which Wycliffe was a member, was sent to Avignon to remonstrate on the subject with Gregory XI. The embassy, so far as its direct object was concerned, ended in nothing; but it enabled the great reformer to obtain a close insight into the springs which moved the world's ecclesiastical machinery. He returned to England a more determined opponent of the Papal system, and he was rewarded by the gift of the prebend of Aust, and, soon afterwards, the rectory of Lutterworth. His speedy efforts for reformation drew down first the suspicions and next the avowed hostility of the hierarchy. The result was, a convocation was called to be held at St. Paul's (as before stated), where Wycliffe was summoned to clear himself from a charge of heresy. A vast concourse was assembled to hear the examination. He was attended by his friends the Duke of Lancaster and the lord-marshal Percy. The court was held in the chapel, before the archbishop, and also the Bishop of London, several others, noblemen and prelates, attending. Wycliffe waited to hear the charges, standing before the commissioners. The earl-marshal bade him sit down, as he "would have many things to answer during so tedious an attendance." The Bishop of London objected to this, which was answered by Wycliffe's friend, the Duke of Lancaster, in warm terms, threatening him that "he would bring down the pride of all the prelatey in the kingdom." The bishop retorted as warmly; the words were overheard by the bystanders, and the assembly was in commotion. The Londoners declared they would oppose any insults upon their bishop. The noblemen treated the citizens with scorn and disdain, carried off Wycliffe in safety, and the court broke up without entering at all into the charge of heresy for which it was professedly assembled. Presently, the Duke of Lancaster was made president of the council, and the bishops were afraid to offend Wycliffe's protector. However, the two prelates again ventured to summon him before them at Lambeth. He appeared, when the Londoners forced themselves into the chapel to encourage the reformer, and to intimidate the delegates. To all appearance they would not have been satisfied with the explanations given them, had not the mother of the king sent them a message forbidding them to proceed to any definitive sentence. They enjoined him silence; but to that injunction, as in the similar case of the imprisoned apostles, he paid no regard. The duke had flattered himself with the hope of being sole regent during the minority of the king, his nephew; and that, to all human appearance, would have been favourable for the Lollards, or friends of Wycliffe, who were becoming numerous. But the coronation took place July 13th, 1377, and parliament joined some bishops and noblemen with the duke in the regency, whose influence was adverse to the efforts of Wycliffe. Still, the intrepid reformer proceeded on his fearless mission. The Bible was his basis and sole

authority to which he made constant appeal. He denounced auricular confession; he declared pardons and indulgences to be devices for augmenting, at the expense of public morality, the power and wealth of the clergy. He paid no regard to excommunications and interdicts; he reprobated monastic vows, and the celibacy of the clergy; and lastly, he maintained that the property claimed by the clerical order was merely enjoyed by them in trust for the benefit of the people, and was disposable at the discretion of the secular government. Wycliffe's doctrines (especially his subsequently published views respecting the Eucharist) were so far in advance of the age, that we cannot but wonder that he was allowed to die in peace. His grave, thirty years after his death, in 1384, was violated by order of the Council of Constance; the sacred relics were torn from their resting-place, and the ashes of the great reformer were strewn in a little brook which runs into the Avon. But Wycliffe's Bible remains: happily for us, they could not, in wreaking their miserable and puny vengeance upon his body, destroy the dawning truth of God—that revelation which soon, by the newly-found aid of the PRINTING PRESS, was destined to scatter permanently its million-voiced utterances among the multitudes who for ages had sat in the "darkness" of the "shadow of death."

FEBRUARY 4.

ROGERS, THE ENGLISH PROTO-MARTYR.—In 1555 Rogers, the prebendary of St. Paul's, was burned at Smithfield. He received a liberal education at Cambridge, and there entered into holy orders. For several years he officiated at Antwerp, as chaplain to a company of merchant adventurers. This, under providence, proved the means of his conversion from Popery; for, meeting with Tindal and Coverdale, who had fled from England for the sake of religious freedom, he was induced by their conversation to examine more closely the grounds of his own adhesion to the prevailing creed. The result was that, so far as he was enabled to understand the truth, Rogers then became a reformer. He joined with these colleagues in making a translation of the Bible into English, which appeared at Hamburg in 1532, under the fictitious name of Thomas Matthew. Rogers corrected the press and translated part of the Apocrypha, also contributing some marginal notes. At Antwerp he married, and went to Wittenberg, becoming pastor to a congregation there. He held that office until the accession of our Edward VI. Bishop Ridley invited him home, and Protestantism being apparently in the ascendancy, it is not strange he was willing to return. As prebendary and divinity reader, he frequently preached at St. Paul's during the young king's brief reign. When Queen Mary made her triumphal entry into London, in August, 1553, Rogers had the Christian manliness, while preaching at St. Paul's Cross, to avow his principles. No false shame deterred him from remembering the words of our Lord, so well and ably serving as the text a few evenings ago, at the modern St. Paul's, before an audience of many thousand persons, assembled under its magnificent dome, "Whoso is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and the holy angels," Luke ix. 26. For this he was immediately called before the privy council, among whom were several of the restored Popish bishops. Though he had a wife and ten children, and had been dismissed from the council unhurt, and might have escaped to Germany, taking his wife and children among her relations, to a place of safety, he nobly preferred remaining in England, that he might give his testimony to the truth of what he believed and had preached, whatever might be the risk or sacrifice. He was soon ordered into confinement in his own house. After six months he was removed to Newgate. There, his imprisonment was aggravated by every species of severity. In January, 1555, he was examined before Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. This, as written by himself, is detailed by Fox, and is deserving of perusal. The issue was, that he was sentenced to be burnt at the stake. He requested to see his wife and children; this was denied him, but, on his way to Smithfield, his wife

and ten children, with one at the breast, contrived to approach him. Though not permitted to say much, he exhorted the people to remain steady in the faith and doctrine he had taught them, and for which he then willingly resigned his life. As he was the first who suffered in this reign, and one well known for piety and usefulness, his martyrdom made no slight impression on the multitude who silently and in fear witnessed it, many becoming emboldened either to suffer in the same cause, or to maintain the spirit of the Reformation until the accession of Elizabeth terminated such atrocious attempts to maintain the supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion.

FEBRUARY 5.

DR. J. P. SMITH.—In 1851 died, in his 77th year, the Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith, late principal of the Independent College at Homerton, and member of many learned and scientific societies. He was the author of several works on the "Divinity of Christ," on the "Harmony of Geological Science with Revealed Religion," and a large number of pamphlets and minor publications having reference to the leading and vital truths of our common Christianity. His controversial works are written in a spirit of candour, his style is lucid and elegant, while his reasoning is often very conclusive. A year before his decease he retired from the presidency of this, the oldest among dissenting educational institutions, partly on account of the arrangements consequent on the establishment of a new college, but mainly because of age and failing health. He then received a gratifying proof of regard, three thousand pounds being subscribed to provide for him an income during the remainder of his life. The interest now endows divinity scholarships bearing his name in New College, St. John's Wood.

FEBRUARY 6.

EVENTS.—In 1649 the House of Lords' and the office of king were abolished in the Rump Parliament by two very brief resolutions. On the same day, in 1685, died Charles II. the twenty-sixth king of England, after a reign of twenty-five years. Lardner says of him, that he was "a confirmed voluptuary and sensualist," and doubtless his reign was the era of the greatest amount of profligacy and dissoluteness of manners that ever appeared in England. The "Great Plague" and the "Great Fire" mark that period.

FEBRUARY 7.

DEATH OF BEDELL.—An obituary of great interest is that of William Bedell, in 1642, one of the most exemplary prelates of the 17th century. He was so greatly respected, even by the Roman Catholics, that when the rebellion broke out in Ireland in 1641, his was for some time the only English residence in the county that stood unviolated; but, refusing to submit to the orders of the council of state, which interfered with his religious duties, he was thrown into prison, and his death was occasioned by the rigorous confinement to which he was subjected. He translated the whole of the Old Testament into Irish.

OTHER EVENTS.—The 7th of the month Adar was kept as a fast by the Jews, in memory of the death of their great prophet and legislator, Moses (B.C. 1451). It was about this period, at the heliacal setting of the Pleiades, the time of the latter reigns in Judea (B.C. 134), that Antiochus Sidetes was besieging the city of Jerusalem, defended by John Hyrcanus, who had then assumed the pontificate upon the murder of his father Simon. That year is also memorable from its having been sabbatical, during which the Jews are forbidden to till the soil.

FEBRUARY 8.

DEATH OF MARY STUART.—Among the incidents not remotely related to the history of Protestantism we may mention that, on this day in 1587, the Queen of Scots was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle. She was the daughter of James V. of Scotland. After an imprisonment of nineteen years in England, she was brought to the scaffold upon a conviction of conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth. It is very certain that the parties implicated with her were strongly opposed to the Protestant religion and succession.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LOKD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

III.—THE CREDIBILITY OF REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS IN THE FUTURE LIFE.

IN the last reading our attention was mainly directed to the analogies to be found in the course of Nature, which show us that the teaching of religion as to a future life has presumptions in its favour—that, as a matter of fact, a future life is credible and probable. According to Butler, a thing may be said to be probable when analogy is such as to beget a presumption, opinion, or full conviction of the truth of the matter, according to the effect produced on the mind of the person by whom it has been considered. This effect, be it remembered, may range between the lowest presumption and the highest moral certainty. The nature and proper use of the argument from analogy was illustrated by various arguments in our last paper, and the objection to the credibility of the resurrection of the body is repelled by the analogy of the grain of corn dying and quickening. From what we find recorded in John's Gospel, xii. 24, we may conclude that this analogy had been used by our Lord himself. Analogy having been thus employed to show that it was at least not incredible as a fact, the doctrine of the resurrection is established by the positive teaching of Scripture, and by the historical reality of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. That a future life is credible has been shown by what has been observed in the order and course of Nature, and traced to general laws. There is the law of change; this is manifested in the successive stages of existence, from that of the fetus in the womb, to the maturity and the close of the present life of man; and in the transmutations of other creatures, throughout each of which the living principle continues; also in the changes which our bodies undergo gradually, as well as by the mutilations which frequently take place, without interrupting the progress or impairing the mental or moral energy of the rational being. There is next the law of continuance, the presumption in favour of the course of things going on as heretofore, unless we can see cause sufficient to show that there shall be an interruption or alteration. This shifts the burden of proof on those who affirm that the soul expires with the body at the time of its dissolution. Such persons make use of assertions which are not consistent with experience, or assumptions which are merely speculative and inadmissible, and therefore valueless. There is, further, the law of adaptation, which led us to consider the presumption in favour of a future life which arises on looking at the discrepancy between man's present condition and present capacities, and viewing this in the light of the arrangements in the course of Nature by which every being and every part of being seems to have been wisely and beneficially fitted to its place and condition. By these and other analogies in the course of Nature, the credibility of a future life has been shown, its probability has been legitimately deduced; but the blessed hope of

immortality and the promise of eternal life are certified to us under the seal of the Spirit, and by the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour. I may here observe, that in the concluding chapter of the first part of the treatise, there is a good summary of the general argument which has been expanded in the first chapter. This is followed up by moral considerations, by which the argument is made the more complete. The probability of the antecedent supposition that there is a future life having thus been shown, he proceeds in the second chapter to consider the question as to the future life, as a state of happiness or misery, and the happiness or misery as by God's appointment connected with and dependent on our actions in this present life. We are to live hereafter. We are so constituted as to be capable of happiness or of misery. What can we collect from the course of Providence, from the facts and realities of the system under which we now find ourselves? What can we make out as to the general laws by which our happiness and our misery are, by God's appointment, connected with our voluntary actions and our course of conduct? This is a question of solemn interest. This inquiry, be it observed, is simply and plainly one of fact, of matters open to common observation, and to be tested by daily experience. We find ourselves capable of happiness and of misery, of pleasure and of pain; that happiness or misery, pleasure or pain, are connected with certain actions, with certain courses of conduct; and that we have capacities of foreseeing the happiness or the misery, the pleasure or the pain, as the natural—that is to say, the settled or appointed—consequences of such actions or conduct. The preservation of our lives is made to depend on the use of the appointed means, which we must, therefore, provide; the enjoyment of external things, which are the objects of our passions, depends more or less upon our own exertions; our pleasures depend altogether, our miseries almost, upon ourselves; for, generally speaking, a tolerable ease and quiet result from prudence and care, whilst, on the other hand, we may do what we must know will sooner or later make us unhappy, bring poverty, sickness, disgrace, and even untimely death. This we find to be generally true, and enough appears to warrant the conclusion that the general method of the Divine administration in this present life is by forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee with more or less clearness that, if we act so and so, we shall have such enjoyments; if so and so, such sufferings; and giving us those enjoyments, and making us feel those sufferings as the natural (i.e., the appointed) consequences of our actions. This is the reality of our present condition as a matter of fact, attested by our observation and experience. Why it should be so is a speculative question; and, in the third paragraph of this chapter, Butler suggests, in the modest spirit of a Christian philosopher, more than enough to show why this question ought not to be further pressed. It may be said (as he observes) that all these results are to be ascribed "to the general course of Nature." This he admits—indeed, insists upon—as the strength of his own argument from analogy. For, what is properly meant by the course of Nature? It

is a course of operations which the Author of Nature has appointed and settled, which, from its uniformity or constancy, is called natural. It necessarily implies an operating agent, whether he acts constantly or has endured his acts with permanent effects. It is not allowable, after having admitted an intelligent Author of Nature, or natural Governor of the world, then to deny all this, because his government is found to be uniform—carried on by stated and settled laws of his appointment. If, then, the general course of Nature is of God's appointment, and if our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are his gifts, these consequences of our actions are his appointment, and our foresight of them his gift; and this foresight is a warning from him as to how we ought to act. It is not that we are to do everything to which we may be induced by the foresight of pleasant consequences; for (as Butler observes) our eyes were intended for sight, but not to look at everything without discrimination. Besides (as he afterwards shows), there may be sometimes present pleasure and immediate advantage, consequent upon actions which may be ultimately attended with disgrace and misery. Thus, then, we find ourselves at present actually under God's natural government, in the strict and proper sense of the word; for the appointment of happiness and misery, of pleasure and of pain, as the settled and declared consequences of voluntary conduct, and warning us of this by the gift of foresight, is the proper formal notion of government; and it is the most perfect form of law, to make it self-executing, carrying its own sanction with it. The final causes of this appointment of pleasure and pain are obvious, and show that, in all their degrees, these pleasures and pains are instances of Divine government by rewards and punishments. We are under this government "in as strict and proper sense of these words—and even in the same sense—as children, servants, and subjects are rewarded and punished by those who govern them." This analogy shows that there is nothing incredible arising out of the nature of rewarding and punishing—that God will reward and punish hereafter. The whole course of Nature is a present instance of his exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing. It is a matter of fact, a present reality, which cannot be denied. Butler here calls attention to this, that the side of the argument which specially relates to Divine punishment has been chiefly objected to, and this he proceeds to deal with specially and separately. In addition to what has been observed as to the miseries which follow actions of imprudence and wilfulness, as well as actions more distinctly considered as vicious, which consequences, when they may be foreseen, are natural punishments annexed to such actions, there are circumstances connected with these punishments which are particularly deserving our attention, and which furnish analogies by which the credibility of Divine punishments hereafter is well established. These are not occasional, but of daily occurrence, proceeding from the general laws of God's natural government, and they are so analogous to what religion teaches us concerning future punishment, that both would naturally be expressed in the very same words and manner of description. When the future state of rewards and punishment has been accredited by its own proper proofs, nothing can so sensibly realise it as the consideration of these natural punishments. Though men are not uniformly punished in this life according to misbehaviour, there is enough to show that the laws of the universe may suffice to answer objections drawn from imagination that the frailty of our nature and internal temptations remove guilt, or from the supposition that God must be incapable of offence, or that his will cannot be contradicted.

You will begin to feel the peculiar force of the observations of Butler, that religion is a practical thing, and what is our proper business in this our present life is a question of momentous importance. The chapter of the analogy which we now have before us brings religion into the realities of the present, into the common concerns of our daily life. In God we live and move, and have our being, and by an unalterable appointment of his sovereign wisdom and almighty power we are placed here under his natural government, carried on by a method of rewards and punishments. The following chapters of Butler will open out to us in a striking view the moral government of God, our state of probation, trial, and discipline, as moral and immortal beings—the opening of a vista in the future, which we can see but in part, as through a glass darkly, but of which we have an earnest in the present. There is a profound harmony between the lessons of the Book of Nature and the gracious truths which are taught in the Book of Revelation. It is God's appointment that pleasure attends on certain actions, happiness on a certain course of conduct. This we have found to be a part of the course of nature. We open the Book of Revelation, we find that the same God has there declared his will to be that in keeping his commandments there is great reward. In neither case is there any ground for man to claim as a right what in both has been graciously ordained as a fixed element of the Divine government of the world. Disobedience of God's commandments, disregard of his laws, as well in the course of nature as in the volume of Revelation, is followed by consequences which conscience recognises as the righteous judgment of the moral Governor of the world. You will have observed that Butler specially directs his argument in the conclusion of the chapter to the question of Divine punishment hereafter, as that which was mainly objected to as inconsistent with the speculative opinions of those whom he encountered in this treatise. Men would yield a ready assent to the doctrine of reward, who would refuse to receive the doctrine of punishment. The cases, I admit, are not parallel, but the contrast seems to me to place the credibility of punishment in a much stronger light than that of reward. Reward supposes that something has been done beyond the bounden duty of the doer; punishment, that a known obligation has been consciously violated. It has been well observed by the Archbishop of Dublin, that "in no case does justice dictate reward to be placed on the one side or an alternative, and punishment on the other." The royal Psalmist says, "To thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou rewardest every man according to his work." Whatever, then, may be the claim or expectation of reward as between man and man, for services rendered over and above the strict right of the party benefited, and for the withholding or refusal of which no human punishment could be lawfully inflicted—as between man and God, the creature and the Creator, under the moral law of his righteous government, reward must be a gracious provision of his mercy and his love: it cannot be a claim of right. Thus it is, that whilst unaided reason could only look on a future with shadows, clouds, and darkness resting upon it, with an occasional vague expectation—not a reasonable assurance—of a happy immortality, the light of the glorious Gospel scatters the clouds and dispels the darkness. The lessons of the order of nature, written in a Divine cypher, are now made plain to man, not by putting God's righteous punishment of vice and his gracious reward of virtue upon the same footing of natural equity, but by showing that the same God who has settled the course and order of Nature, under a government of reward and punishment, has made provision,

in the higher economy of redeeming love, for magnifying and making honourable, and establishing the moral law—for giving eternal life and endless happiness to all who are reconciled in Christ and sanctified by the Holy Spirit. I adverted to the moral argument for a future life growing out of the consciousness of moral and intellectual progress, the grasping of eternal truths, and the aspirations of the soul of man. In these there is an approximation, though at an immeasurable distance, towards the image of God, in whom all perfection dwells. "Is it not reasonable to suppose," says Dr. Whewell, "that man needs a Divine influence to enable him to reach this kind of moral completeness? And is it not also reasonable to suppose that, as he needs such aid in order that the idea of his moral progress may be realised, so he will receive such aid from the Divine power which realises the idea of Divine love in the world, and to do so must realise it in those human souls which are most fitted for such a purpose?" The moral difficulty—that under the moral law we cannot sustain a claim to eternal happiness as a reward for occasional and temporary obedience—is solved by the revelation of the Son, the giver of eternal life; the spiritual difficulty—that we cannot of ourselves make good our progress towards the perfection of the Divine nature—is solved by the revelations of the Spirit our sanctifier. What a beautiful and pregnant proof does this afford of the truth of the revelation which is treasured in the Holy Scriptures. Its exquisite adaptation to the wants of man—the removal of the perplexing difficulties which made human destiny so dark an enigma—the deep and hidden harmonies of nature and of grace which are reconciled and made manifest—the unity of design—the symmetry and order of the whole—can we doubt the identity of the authorship or the character of the Author? The history of God's dealings with man shows that knowledge abused is followed by ignorance, tending to gross corruption, and by unbelief, ending in judicial hardness. By the operation of a law of man's nature, as God created it, he that will not turn at last cannot: the rebellious sinner at last is obdurate. He is, besides, an immortal being; the awful consequences cannot be overlooked. It is right, as Butler observes, that things should be stated as they really are—as we find them in our experience of life, and in the lessons of Revelation. In what we have been considering, and in what we have yet to consider in the succeeding chapters, bear in mind that, whilst the doctrine of reward is discoverable in nature, and disclosed in Revelation, it emanates, like faith itself, from the sovereign bounty of God. He has placed us under a system in which he has connected the character with the conduct of man—his moral progress with his moral obedience, his future happiness with his present holiness. He has provided agencies sufficient for all the purposes of his mercy and his love, so wonderfully arranged, that none who refuse the offers of his mercy can gainsay his justice. Throughout the whole of this economy the indispensable need of morality and the invalidity of the claim of human merit are written as with a sunbeam. They are fully and completely reconciled in the Gospel of Christ. I shall have occasion to consider this especially in connection with the fifth chapter of this first part of the analogy, which, in my humble judgment, when read in the light of the Gospel, discloses a harmony of the highest and holiest origin, and the most momentous interest to us all. Thus, as we go forward we shall go upward, the clouds will clear away, and truth in its Divine oneness be unfolded to our view. I remember, many years ago, ascending Snowden in the twilight and amongst the clouds of the early dawn. It was toilsome and discouraging until the morning advanced

and the sun put forth his strength: the breeze freshened, the clouds rolled off, the vapours vanished, the veil which covered the loveliness of nature was lifted off, the mountain towered in its grandeur, and the valleys shone with light and beauty. Be patient, be persevering. Difficulty is the genuine discipline of life, mentally and morally. As you advance you will ascend; the opening horizon will gradually expand, as it melts on every side into the calm quiet of the heavens.

BURIED ALIVE!

"CHECK up, hinny; 'the Lord is good to all.'" These words of consolation, we read, were addressed by a pitman to one of the widows at New Hartley, when the last hope of saving the buried men was taken away. Who can measure the grief of the stricken hearts in that desolate village? Who can tell how sorely the faith of some bereaved ones was tried?

Yes; God is good to all. He makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. His tender mercies are over all his works. But it is also written that God distributes sorrows in his anger, and that the very pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof. The miner's words were kindly spoken, but the Scriptures afford higher consolation, in regard to those who are the children of God.

Let us take one passage:—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

"My sheep hear my voice," says the Lord Jesus. And what does that voice say in times of danger and calamity? "It is I; be not afraid. The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"And they follow me." They follow willingly wherever their Shepherd leads them, even through the valley of the shadow of death. They fear no evil, because they hear his voice, and his rod and his staff comfort them.

"They shall never perish." The unbeliever and the scoffer may point to the graves at Earsdon, and ask how is the promise fulfilled?—forgetting the solemn admonition of Scripture, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Among the Hartley miners there were many who loved the Saviour. They have passed away, and their place knows them no more. But Christ says of them, "They shall never perish." Then they have not yet perished? No. Absent from the body, they are present with the Lord. "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." They have passed out of this world, but not out of the hand of Christ.

The goodness of God towards them that fear him is infinite. It never varies. All things work together for their good. It is not for us to discern the objects and designs of the Almighty Disposer of events. It is for us to trust him, and to receive from our Father's hand whatever he pleases to send. But although we cannot search into the counsels of Omnipotence, there are considerations in regard to such an event as the accident at Hartley Colliery, in which we may profitably engage.

See how the goodness of God appears, even in that terrible calamity. In the first place, we read that the New Hartley miners were remarkable for their simple piety and orderly conduct. There is not a public-house within a mile and a quarter of the village, and several of the men acted as the spiritual guides and leaders of the community. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find anywhere

two hundred fellow workmen better prepared to meet their God. How much more terrible would have been the blow, had the men been notoriously dissolute and irreligious! But that was not their general character. The Almighty, in his goodness, passed by the wicked, and struck down those who were accustomed to call upon his name. But the blow, though sudden, was not instantaneous. With the exception of those killed in the shaft, the buried men lived for nearly twenty-four hours before any of them became seriously ill; and some among them appear to have survived for two days longer. Who can tell how the Holy Spirit may have moved upon their hearts, to convince, to guide, and to bless? There was time for the strong men to exhort and comfort the weak, and for weak and strong together to approach the throne of grace. Among the few memorials of the dead were these words, written in a time-book:—

"Friday Afternoon, Half-past Two o'Clock."

"Edward Armstrong, Thomas Gledston, John Hardy, Thomas Bell, and others, took seriously ill. We all had a prayer-meeting at a quarter to two o'clock, when Tibbs, Henry Sharp, H. Gibson, and W. Palmer [here is a blank] exhorted to us again, and Sharp also."

There is much contained in these few lines. "We all had a prayer-meeting." None were absent. How solemn was that last gathering of those who in a literal sense sat in darkness and in the shadow of death! Out of the depths they cried for help to God, and surely their cry was heard. "But it was not answered," some reader may exclaim. "Not answered! Oh, doubting heart! Has not God declared that 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him?'" Hath he not said that wherever two or three of his true worshippers are gathered together, he is there in the midst of them? What does the scene in the mine tell us when at last the bodies were discovered? The families were found together, fathers with sons, brothers with brothers. They had lain down together quietly as if to sleep, and their faces bore the impress of peace. Does not that mournful sight speak to us of resignation to the Divine will—of trust in God? Surely faith and peace were the answers to their prayers.

It did not please the Most High that their lives should be spared, for his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Yet when the accident first happened there was comparatively little alarm in the public mind. All the resources of mechanical science, it was said, would be brought to bear, and the sufferers would soon be recovered. But there are times when the pride of men is humbled; and we remember the rebuke, "Be still, and know that I am God." Perhaps such a catastrophe as has just happened was necessary to arouse the attention of the public and the legislature to the whole question of the working of coal mines, and may lead to regulations which shall better protect the lives of the workmen. And who can tell what may be the effect of this solemn warning, in leading sinners to consider their ways and be wise?

But we need not occupy ourselves with these considerations. Enough for us to know that this calamity was permitted by God for all-wise purposes. We cannot fathom the misery of the widows and orphans, nor, on the other hand, can we measure their consolations. We do know that He who is the Father of the fatherless is providing for their natural wants. While we write, the subscription list in London is increasing at the rate of £1,000 per day, and a considerable sum has been raised in the northern counties.

Yes, "the Lord is good to all;" how much more to those that put their trust in him. But he tries the faith of his children by adversity, for while prosperity lasts there is

little opportunity for the exercise of faith. He tries our faith until it worketh patience and experience, and finally hope that maketh not ashamed—a sure and certain hope. And these calamities, great as they may be, are never more than we can bear, because they cannot and do not separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword can do that. "As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

THE OTHER SIDE.

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
Whilst visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The Other Side! no sin is there
To stain the robes the blest ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief—no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The Other Side! its shore, so bright,
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair;
And many dear ones, gone before,
Already tread the happy shore;
I seem to see them there.

The Other Side! oh, cheering sight—
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits.
Over the stream he calls to me—
"Fear not, I am thy guide to be,
Up to the pearly gates."

The Other Side, the Other Side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blest ones there!

AN EASTERN TALE.

ABOUT two thousand eight hundred years ago, a youth, one of God's favoured race, and whose employment was tending his father's flock, found himself raised to the rank, wealth, and power of an Eastern monarch. Although piety had marked him for her own, afflictions tried him; but these, though many and sad, were yet mingled with mercies, by the hand of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Deliverances granted and offences pardoned called forth gratitude; and this pious prince having had much forgiven, loved much, and he desired to show forth the faith that might be seen to testify to the sincerity of the faith that was heard. He sought out for a mode by which he could give utterance to his gratitude—he sought how he might honour God. He dwelt himself within walls of cedar, and reposed within lordly chambers; but the fabric that contained the Ark of the Covenant was only a movable tent. The Spirit of Wisdom said unto him, "Let a Temple be prepared for the worship of the God of Jacob. Let it be for splendour unequalled upon the earth. Let it be the wonder of the world, and the glory of the Jewish people." The desire to honour Jehovah found favour in his sight; but as this Temple was to be a type of the Prince of Peace, it was not deemed fit that it should be erected by one whose sword had been dipped in blood. The monarch was, therefore, enjoined to consign the holy work to his son,

and to himself was reserved the privilege of preparing for the sacred building, receiving for his pious design the commendation, "Thou didst well, because it was in thine heart." This pious monarch, ardent in gratitude and large of heart, not content with a public grant, and with the bountiful contributions of the people, would not offer to God that which cost him nothing; he, therefore, presented from his own resources an amount exceeding eighteen millions of money. To men prudent only for this world this immense gift would be a subject of censure, as calculated to impoverish the king's family, and to tarnish the needful splendour of his successor. Influenced by nobler motives, this right-minded monarch inquired not what he ought to devote, but what he could devote, of his own substance to promote the hallowed worship of the Lord God of Israel. Worldly prudence, and thoughts of self, were alike dismissed; and when this costly donation was made, the language of this pious monarch was, "Is it not of thine own we give unto thee?" He could say, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." It is written in the Book of Life, "Them that honour me I will honour." Let history tell the injury this large expenditure inflicted upon the monarch himself, or upon the king, his son, who reigned after him; or, rather, let history proclaim to all mankind the renown of the father, and the wealth and the magnificence of the son; for in these Eastern princes we have no other than David, the man after God's own heart, and Solomon, the illustrious and the wealthiest of men.

The prosperity that followed this liberality on the part of David tends to assure us that nothing is lost that is expended in God's service; and it confirms the wise counsel of the Hebrew sage, when he says, "My son, give of thy means, and do good unto thyself."

David and his son were in the Divine mind to be enriched, and God selected a misfortune, a national affliction, as the mode through which the blessing should flow; and while it accomplished its design, it was unto the king "a veiled mercy." A rebellion arose in a neighbouring state, and the inhabitants renounced their allegiance to King David. To preserve his kingdom from injury, this brave prince waged a spirited war against the rebels, and victory crowned his arms, and the submission of the disaffected proved his success. The rebel province was tenanted by the Edomites, and to guard against future revolts, David placed garrisons in their town; and as a security for their good behaviour, and as a chastisement for their uncalled-for rebellion, he took from them two little towns, known as Elath and Ezion-geber; but these towns, so insignificant in themselves, were highly to be prized from their locality, standing as they did upon the shores of the Red Sea. The thought presented itself to the mind of some of David's servants, that it might be possible for vessels to proceed from these little sea-ports; and by descending the stream for its fourteen hundred miles, their countrymen might carry on traffic with the inhabitants of Africa, of Arabia, of Persia, and of India? The thought was parent to the deed. Ships were built, and vast wealth flowed to the Jewish people. Thus did God, by this simple act, enrich his servant; for an income of several millions was yearly added to King David's revenue, by the ships that traded from these ports. The wealth thus flowing in to the king did not cease with David, but enriched the son, whom David was supposed to have impoverished; and so vast were the riches that poured into the royal treasury, that silver was not esteemed in the days of Solomon, for it was as common as the stones of the street, and the yearly revenue of his son was equal to the annual income of one hundred and twenty of the mightiest monarchs of Europe. Thus was liberality for

God recompensed. Now let us turn the medal, and gaze on the opposite side. This prosperity continued until the days of Jehoram, who sunk into idolatry, and was chastised by the revolt of the Edomites, and the loss of the two sea-port towns. This deprivation continued until the days of Uzziah, who feared the Lord, and restored the true worship in the Temple. His piety was rewarded by recovering these two towns, and wealth again flowed to the Jewish nation until the days of Ahaz, who proclaimed himself an idolater, and paid the dread penalty of disobedience by the loss of Elath and Ezion-geber, and these little sea-ports were never again recovered; but the trade to the East, which had by means of these towns flowed to Jerusalem, and enriched the inhabitants thereof, now fell into the hands of the men of Tyre, and caused their merchants to be classed with the princes of the earth, and to be esteemed as the honourable among nations, for these merchant princes supplied the traffickers of the world with the diversified produce of four Eastern nations. But the glory of this world passeth away. Tyre was humbled, and the men of Egypt became the masters of the trade, and the recipients of Oriental wealth; and Alexandria flourished as a queen among cities, until we draw near to modern times, for when the fifteenth century had passed away it was found no longer needful to approach India by the mouth of the Nile and the waters of the Red Sea, for Portugal, sending forth her adventurers, discovered a passage which promised such benefits as to entitle the land of the Cape to the appellation of the Cape of Good Hope. After this discovery the Portuguese carried on the trade with India and the East. After them the Dutch became the fortunate possessors, and enriched themselves by Asiatic commerce. This, their source of wealth, passed away, and the men of our own sea-girt isle became the lords of India; and in these latter times the monarch of our own land is also the sovereign of vast Indian dominions. Thus the possession of the little sea-ports of Elath and Ezion-geber, in the days of David and of Solomon, was the origin of the East India trade, and of the vast stores of wealth that have flowed to England by her Eastern commerce, and which now has expanded to an Eastern empire, under the government of a British Queen, and which confers upon the possessor a commanding influence over the affairs of the whole world.

Short Arrows.

THE SOLITUDE OF DEATH.—We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there; but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me!"

HIDDEN TREASURES.—In the "green room" in Dresden, where, for centuries, the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures, until they had become worth millions of pounds, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent diamond ring. So is it with every truth and promise of God's word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs!

"NOT A WAVE ROLLS BACK AGAIN."—In a beautiful German lyric repentance is represented as having been

awakened by gazing from a bridge upon a river as it rolled along in its steady course. The reflection of the beholder was, "Not a wave rolls back again," suggesting the thought that the running water is an image of human life, which is daily running away, and not a day returns, or can possibly be recovered. How suggestive the fact! and how serious the thoughts, which, when heeded, it is adapted to suggest! At all times we do wisely to reflect upon the connection between the future and the past; and as, musing on the past, we are reminded that the tide is even now ebbing every moment, of which not a ripple will ever return to us, may we be deeply moved to the repentance of every sin, both of omission and of commission, and resolve to run the rest of our course in the fear of God, "keeping his holy will and commandments all the days of our life."

"PULL, ADAM, PULL!"—There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen-draper's; and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought that it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood. The master again said "Pull, Adam, pull!" The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen-draper; but the boy became Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principles of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—In the cabinet of the United States mint is a varied collection of coins and medals which commemorate nationalities and dynasties long since swept from the earth, as well as principalities and powers that still have a living fame and active existence. Among these there is one object, which, above all others, interests the visitor. At a small case near the entrance, which contains, among other curiosities, the ancient Jewish coins, the stranger has his curiosity awakened by observing the earnest and eager, but suppressed inquiries of some, and the contemplative sadness of others, whilst directing their attention to the very ancient looking and diminutive object labelled "The Widow's Mite." It is the smallest of copper coins, its metallic value being scarcely one-tenth of our halfpenny, yet, from the associations and reflections to which its name gives rise, as well as from its rareness, it is valued beyond price; or, to use the words of the official in attendance, "No money would buy it." The printed slip attached, which gives its name, states that it was found in the ruins of Jerusalem, but does not inform us whether there were any other specimens of the coin extant, or whether this is the only remaining evidence of the existence of a description of money, two pieces of which once constituted the whole wealth of a pious but destitute daughter of Israel.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.—It is more blessed to give than to receive. Take an example:—Your child aims to surprise you with a Christmas gift; she has had it long in mind, has pondered the subject in all its relations; has discussed it confidentially with others; has wondered what in the wide world could be found to please you who seem to have everything, while she has nothing but what is yours; and now she has made her final arrangements, and smiles as she thinks how soon her joy will be full, and the gift will be transferred from her keeping to yours. And what shall you do, loving her with all a father's tenderness, and loth to have her practise self-denial for your sake? Shall you decline the gift on the ground of not drawing from her scanty resources? Try it, at your peril! Suggest it, and her countenance will fall, and her eyes be filled with tears! Giving, not withholding, fills up her cup of joy; and when, with misjudged consideration, you decline the gift, you rob her of blessedness which comes only from self-sacrifice; nay, more than this, you turn her feet away from the true path of right action, and check the first signs of benevolent impulse that should be fostered and developed till her character is mature, and the habit of giving becomes a law of life.

THE MILNERS.—The two Milners are a remarkable illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Their father was a very poor but industrious weaver, in the town of Leeds. Poor as he was, he strove to secure a good education for at least one of his sons. Joseph was sent to the grammar-school, and afterwards to Cambridge. There he acquitted himself so ably, that he was soon appointed master of the grammar-school in Hull. He knew his brother Isaac's love of learning, and grieved that the studious lad should consume his days in weaving broad-cloth. He asked his friend, the Rev. Miles Atkinson, to visit him and test his classical attainments. Mr. Atkinson found the young man working at his loom, with Tacitus and some Greek author lying beside him. Notwithstanding his long absence from school, the young apprentice acquitted himself so well in the examination, that Mr. Atkinson applied to his master and purchased for the youth a release from his indentures. "Isaac, lad, thou art off," was the worthy manufacturer's announcement of the fact to the joyful Isaac, who immediately repaired to Hull and commenced as usher in his brother's crowded school. At the age of twenty, through his brother's generosity, he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge. There he studied to such purpose that, on taking his degree, the poor weaver boy—now the highly learned man—came out senior wrangler, with the epithet, "Incomparabilis," besides being first Smith's prizeman. He was soon after elected fellow and tutor of his college, and became afterwards president of Queen's College and Dean of Carlisle.

Eminent Christians.

JOHN ELIOT.

JOHN ELIOT was born in England in 1604, and studied at the University of Cambridge, after which he taught in a school at Chelmsford, in Essex. While at Chelmsford he became the subject of deep religious convictions, and resolved to devote himself to the work of God. His principles and practices allied him to the Puritans, who were then exposed to much trouble and annoyance; many of them in consequence fled from the country, and took refuge in New England. Among those who thus sought in a foreign land the liberty they were denied at home, was Mr. Eliot, who, in 1631, passed over to New England. He spent his first year abroad at Boston, where he was connected with Mr. Wilson's church, and sometimes preached. The following year he went to Roxbury, where he was chosen pastor, and filled that office fifty-eight years. He was a man of great piety and prayer, and exercised a happy influence, in these respects, upon all with whom he had to do. The Bible was his constant companion; and, by diligent study, he became profoundly versed in its contents. In his disposition he was cheerful, and in his habits active; was an early riser, and a very temperate liver. His home was a Bethel—the abode of religion and peace, and a pattern to his flock. He was very liberal, and gave to benevolent objects more than he received from his office.

In his study of the Scriptures, Mr. Eliot made frequent use of the Hebrew, as he was an excellent scholar. In his public ministrations he was plain but powerful, and his advice to young divines was, "Let there be much of Christ in your ministry." Careless preaching he greatly disliked; but he regarded the work of the Holy Spirit as essential to preachers as well as hearers. He would exclaim: "It is a sad thing when a sermon wants that one thing—the Spirit of God."

While, however, he was careful of himself and of his people, his charities extended beyond, to the poor Indians. It is worthy of notice, that in the original charter of New England, granted by James I., at the

close of his reign, his Majesty declared that "to win and incite the natives of that country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, was, in his royal intention and the adventurers' free possession, the principal end of the plantation." To their credit it must be spoken, that the first settlers were not unmindful of the savage tribes around them. The difficulty was how to proceed; and it does not appear that any important step was taken till John Eliot hired an English-speaking Indian to teach him the language. By constant application, he was able to converse in the language after a few months, and at length reduced it to form, and published a grammar. In course of time he translated catechisms, "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," the "Practice of Piety," and the whole of the Bible.

On October 28, 1646, he commenced his public work, and, along with three friends, went to the Indians in the neighbourhood, whom he had previously informed of his intention. There was a large assembly, and, after offering a short prayer, Mr. Eliot repeated the ten commandments, and gave them a brief outline of the Christian faith. He then listened to and answered the questions which were put to him, and another meeting was fixed for the 11th of November. A still larger number were present. Mr. Eliot began with the children, whom he taught that God made them, and all the world; that Christ came to save them from sin and hell, and that there were ten commandments which God had given them to keep. He then preached, and answered questions as before. The meeting lasted several hours, and the Indians said they did much thank God for his coming, and for what they had heard. A fortnight later he met them again, but in fewer numbers, because their priests had taken the alarm, and threatened them. However, at this meeting the chief and three others asked to be received into some of their families, and desired instruction for their children. This led to the resolution to open a school. To carry out the plan more effectually some land was given to the Indians, where a town might be built, and where they might be civilised as well as evangelised. Such was the success of these efforts, that great progress was made, and other Indians sought for like privileges. In this work, Mr. Eliot was aided by his friends. By 1648 he could reckon twenty decided converts, and in 1661 the first native church was formed.

His labours were truly apostolic: he traversed all Massachusetts and the surrounding region to preach the gospel. Dangers and hardships accompanied him, and he says, in one letter, that he had not been dry, day nor night, from Tuesday to Saturday. "At night," he says, "I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps. I have considered these words: 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'" His life was in his hand, for both princes and priests envied and hated him, and took steps to hinder or destroy him. Sometimes he was refused admittance; and one potentate, taking hold of one of his buttons, said, "he cared no more for his Gospel than for that button." The converts were some of them persecuted, and even put to death. Among the settlements founded for these converts, or "praying Indians," as they were called, that of Natick was one of the most interesting.

Besides these labours, Mr. Eliot took into his house an Indian, whom he taught to read and write, and sent to Natick as a schoolmaster. The Bible, of which we have spoken, was printed in 1664. Some of the Indians were trained as ministers at Cambridge College, and afterwards preached faithfully among their own people.

Other zealous persons imitated Mr. Eliot's example, and in England Oliver Cromwell patronised the work, and actively promoted the raising of contributions for it. Mr. Eliot's publications tended to awaken an interest in his labours. Even before he actually commenced, some one, probably himself, in 1643, published "New England's First-fruits, in respect of conversion of the Indians," &c. In 1652 he published his "Christian Commonwealth; or, the Rising Kingdom of Jesus Christ—Glorious Manifestation of the Gospel's Progress amongst the Indians of New England." In 1653 he published his "Further Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel," in connection with Mr. Mayhew.

Mr. Eliot continued his efforts as long as he lived. A letter, written by Increase Mather, says, "that though in his eighty-fourth year, he still preached once in two months to the Indians." To his zeal was due the establishment, by act of parliament, in 1649, of the oldest English Missionary Society—the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," out of which the present "Society for Propagating the Gospel" may be said to have sprung. Mr. Eliot died at Roxbury, in 1689, full of days and honour, and is remembered as the "Apostle of the Indians," although he was not the first American Protestant missionary. This honour seems to belong to some French Calvinists, whom the Jesuit missionaries found in Brazil before 1660, and, with the aid of the Portuguese, cruelly expelled. Dr. Chalmers points to Eliot as one of the finest uninspired examples of diligence and devotion, and quotes with approbation a memorable sentence, written at the end of the Indian grammar, and with which we conclude—that "prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do anything."

Woman's Sphere.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In the earliest years is implanted that strong bias which gives shape to the entire life; but the first years belong to the mother. Paganism took them from her, but Jesus Christ restored them to her. Grudge her not these beginnings. If they are too important for strangers, they are also too delicate and too exacting for a father. Aptness, freedom of mind, time, patience, are wanting to us; but all this God has given to the mother. No one else so clearly discerns the nature of her son, the strength and weakness of his character, the allowance to be made for his temperament, the degree of severity and indulgence suited to his disposition, and the precautions needed to make him plastic without spoiling him. No other one possesses so truly the art of awakening his curiosity, of stimulating his ardour, of gaining his attention, of keeping his eyes open, and of initiating him by degrees in the practical knowledge of things, which, more living than that of books, has also a larger part in the development of the life. No other has a hand gentle, and, at the same time, strong enough, to give to the rising plant its early bias—a hand at once too strong to be resisted, and too tender to awaken a wish to resist it—and which controls all his future growth. The greatest moral power in the world is that exercised by a mother over her child. Demand not from her a systematic account of it. She acts from inspiration more than from calculation, and, perhaps, never says to herself what I say to you. God is with her in her work, and here is the secret. She appears to you, perhaps, to guess at it; but let her alone. She understands it better than you, and will accomplish more by guessing than you by your reasonings and calculations. Rely upon God and the maternal instinct. "As a general rule, to which at least I have hardly seen exceptions," says a contemporaneous writer, "superior men are all the children of their mother."

AN EXAMPLE.

Picture to your mind a young mother, with her little boy scarce seven years old. She lifts him from his couch in the morning, and with mild words bids him kneel and say his infant prayers. Obediently he drops upon his knees. With upraised hands, closed eyes, and gentle voice, he sends up his oft-repeated petition. Presently he is silent. Then, with her hands softly resting upon his head, a voice of touching melody, and a heart overflowing with true maternal love, she breathes a holy prayer for her child. Sweet is the air of that chamber; delightful the emotions of that little bosom, and pure is the love with which he embraces his devoted mother, when their matin prayers are ended. At the vesper hour this scene is repeated; and thus, day by day, this pious woman strives to bring down holy influences upon her child's heart. Before her boy has well passed his seventh year, however, she is called by the angel of death to the spirit land, little dreaming of the immense power and duration of her influence, hereafter to be exercised over the world through that boy. Yet, in after years, her pure image haunted his memory, rebuking his vices, and beckoning him to the ways of virtue and religion, until he kneeled at the cross of Christ. He became an eloquent and successful minister, an author, and a sacred poet. Through his labours, Claudius Buchanan—one of the apostles of missionary effort in India, and the instrument of awakening the attention of that great Burmese missionary, Judson, to the wants of India—was converted. Through him, also, Scott, the commentator, was led to Christ, and to the consequent production of his valuable commentary. Another of his converts was Wilberforce, the champion of African freedom, and the author of that "Practical View of Christianity," which, among other great results, brought Legh Richmond into the ranks of Christian discipleship, and inspired him with that heavenly spirit which fitted him to write that most useful of tracts, "The Dairyman's Daughter." That boy was the Rev. John Newton, and that woman was his mother. How immeasurable was the influence she exerted in that solitary chamber, so silently, and through the heart of a child! Yet it was long before it began to yield its fruit. For nearly twenty years it was apparently dead in his heart; but it sprang forth at last, and was, as we have shown, superabundantly fruitful.

MORE EXAMPLES.

Who hears the name of Augustine, that living light, twice almost extinguished, but delivered, to glorify God before the most distant posterity, without recognising with him in this double deliverance, next to God, the hand of the loving, humble, patient Monica? But learn that Chrysostom, Basil the Great, Gregory of Nazianzen, and many others who have followed in their steps, each had their Monica, of whom we forget to inform ourselves, ungrateful as we are, even while tasting with delight the fruit of that which she sowed. But we need not extend our glance so far: look around you; study the ways of God, and you will find that the greater part of the servants of Jesus Christ, in whom our generation glories, are indebted to a mother for the first gleams of their piety. Not long since, in a pastoral conference, where were assembled one hundred and twenty pastors, united in a common faith, each one was invited to relate the human cause to which he attributed, under the Divine blessing, the change of his heart. Out of one hundred and twenty, more than one hundred gave the honour to their mother.

THE OLD SAILOR.

At another time, a mother, equally faithful, seems not to have succeeded so well; her son has wandered far from the path which she traced out for him. A mother, after all, is not God. But the greater the wandering of this prodigal son, the more we admire the maternal power to which he closes his ear, without being able to free his conscience, and which may triumph long after the voice and prayers of his mother have become silent in death. Disregard the piety of a mother—that is possible, but *forget it*—never, no, never! A good man was hastening towards a church where religious

service for sailors was being held. Opposite the church, at the door of an inn, he saw seated an aged sailor, with a rude and decided air, who, with folded arms, and a cigar in his mouth, looked with indifference, or else with disdain, upon those of his comrades who repaired to public worship. "My friend," said the stranger, approaching him, "come with us into the church." "No," answered the sailor, roughly. His manner would have given this response to the stranger, who added, with mildness, "You appear to have seen hard times. Have you still a mother?" The sailor, raising his head, fixed his eyes upon the stranger, and remained silent. "Ah! well, my friend! if your good mother was here, what counsel, think you, would she give?" Wiping away, with the back of his hand, a tear which he vainly attempted to hide, the old man arose, and, with a choking voice, said, "I will go."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Mothers, mothers, understand your power! Feel your responsibility! Happy the child who has a good mother! Happy *your* son, if he has a good mother! But, understand me; I waste not this name upon every one who simply loves her child. A loving mother is one thing, and there are such even among the heathen; a good mother, according to God, is quite another thing.

IN THE SHAFT AT HARTLEY COLLIERY.

Old England has her heroes,
Of every rank and grade,
From those that wield a sceptre,
To those that work a spade.
Her choicest gems are noble hearts,
Her wealth the sons of toil,
Who, bee-like, gather in her sweets,
Nor ask to share the spoil.

Old England renders honour
To those to whom 'tis due;
To those who prove, by loving deeds,
They love the Good and True.
But most she loves self-sacrifice
Such as *they* showed who gave
Free labour, weary days and nights,
In hope to help and save.

God bless ye, noble colliers!
Ye wrought not thus in vain,
Although the hearts ye bear to earth
Shall beat not here again.
Unselfish love is still its own
Exceeding great reward;
And England, in her heart of hearts,
Your well-earned fame will guard.

The fatherless will lip your names;
And widows, by their prayers,
Invoke protection, night and day,
From Danger's hidden snares.
And may the Lord, who died to save—
Not vainly—with His love
Enrich you here, and make you meet
To share His joys above!

Youths' Department.

THE PRIZE.

A STRONG wind and a heavy rain told our friends at the Manor House that outdoor rambles were not indulgences to be expected that day. The prudent old servant, seeing that the external aspect was cold and cheerless, had secured comforts within by a bright and cheerful fire, which, shining vigorously in the breakfast-room, rendered the fireplace the centre of attraction to both friends and visitors. The uncle, ever anxious, like his excellent brother, to promote cheerful and sensible amusement, availed himself of this in-door gathering to produce a package from Mrs. Benson, which was to be opened when deemed most suitable. All gathered round a package thus mysteriously introduced,

and it was opened amidst eager eyes and inquiring tongues. It proved to be an exceedingly curious and beautiful volume, which might be termed a modern antique: it was a close copy of an early work highly illuminated by the monks in the middle ages, and for which one of the kings of France is said to have paid a thousand guineas. These books, though exquisitely finished and very beautiful, are far from costly in the present day, while they afford a proof of the imitative powers of printers in the nineteenth century. The exterior of the volume, like the interior, was rare and curious, resembling the richly carved board binding of the times of the Plantagenets, and also in the days of the Tudors. After an amount of praise had been uttered that would have charmed the artist's ears, the uncle pointed to a couplet written in old English on the inside of the cover—

"Let the winner of the Palm
Bear away the Palm."

"Well!" exclaimed Willie, "I protest, by all the smiles on Minnie's face, if that isn't a prize."

"Which, young gentleman," said the father, who was now of the party, "which is the prize—the book, or Minnie's smiles?"

"Both, papa, and both worth winning," replied the young gentleman.

"Do you hear, my dear little sunny-face, the compliment that gallant brother of yours is pleased to pay you?"

"Yes, papa; and as he has pretty safe possession of one of the prizes, I hope he will be successful and win the other."

"That," said the father, "is one of Time's secrets, and he will tell us by and by; and I leave you to settle how the contest shall be carried on."

"I suppose it's to be," said Arthur, "a holy war, with blunted spears?"

"No, no," replied Willie; "that implies there is to be no point in what we say."

"In place of your version, Willie," replied Arthur, "take mine.—There is to be unanimity, for the sake of the cause; and in the contest, nothing done to injure one another."

After a short consultation it was agreed that it should be decided by WORD-PLAYING, and the uncle was to award the prize. The youngest was to begin, by giving a word either to the person on the right, or the one on the left, or to the opposite person; and the person addressed must make a quotation, in prose or verse, that would employ or illustrate the word given; if in prose, an anecdote to be preferred. The person questioned, if unconquered, was to give the next. The uncle agreed to affix to each answer of the candidates a number, according to his estimate of the value of the response; and at the end of this word-battle the numbers were to be announced.

In high glee the parties arranged themselves, and Minnie, buried in thought for a moment, cried out, "Arthur, the word is **SABBATH**."

In an instant Arthur replied—

"To gain the toy that men with toil do seek,
They add night to day, and the Sabbath to the week."

Then he added, as an approach to the test-word—

"The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from far off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion."

Arthur, looking round and reflecting, said to Walter, "COVETOUSNESS."

"Am I to quote the word, or give an example?"

"An example."

"At a dinner table I heard a case that will furnish an example:—

A gentleman, one summer's evening, strolling into a celebrated fruit market, made choice of some fine oranges, and sat down in the fruiterer's shop to eat one of them. After a time, the fruiterer remarked—

"I see you are a judge of fruit, sir."

The gentleman assented by a nod.

"Then are the blood-red oranges you are eating, sir,"

"So I perceive," said the fruit eater.

"Ah!" sighed the man, "I never sees them but I feels vexed."

"Indeed, why so?"

"I'll just tell you, sir, if you are not in a hurry."

"Pray go on."

"Some time ago, I had a quantity of these. They were fine, but somehow they didn't sell; and when the season was pretty well over for fruit, I found I had about a hundred and twenty left; and I said to my neighbour, 'I'll sell you these for a penny a-piece.' He says to me, 'Mr. Levi, I'll do no such thing, but I'll give you five shillings for the lot.' Sir, I was angry, and I said, 'You shan't have 'em at any price.' I packed 'em in a basket, and put 'em into my cellar; notwithstanding, I was vexed I didn't sell 'em, but I couldn't after what I had said. Two or three months after, when I had forgotten the oranges, a man came to my shop, all in red and gold; he looked like a gilt sunbeam. 'Oh, oh!' I thought to myself; 'who are you, I wonder!'

"Mr. Levi," he said, "I am informed that you have some blood-red oranges."

"Pray, sir," I replied, "may I ask who sent you to me?"

"I am one of the servants of the king," he said (George IV.), "and his majesty is unwell, and his physician has recommended the oranges I mentioned; and I am sent to get some of them, if I can find them; and I was advised to call here."

"Down I went into my cellar, frightened out of my wits, expecting the oranges were all spoilt, but luckily only the top ones had failed. Throwing these aside, I brought up the basket, and the man counted out eight dozen."

"What am I to pay for these, Mr. Levi?"

"Well, sir," I said, "I think you ought to give me half-a-crown a-piece; but I don't want to be hard with you, so I'll say a guinea a dozen." Well, sir, he took out a ten pound note to pay for them, and I have never forgiven myself since I thought what a booby I was. I had to give him one pound twelve back; and if I hadn't been such a ninny I might have had the whole ten pound note."

"That is an original story," said Walter, "and, I presume, a very fair illustration of covetousness."

"Maude," said her brother, "the word I give is one I hope you will never know—**MISERY**."

"If," replied Maude, "I am so fortunate as to escape it myself, I hope I may be so benevolent as to seek it in others. This is my reply; and the reply will answer your test, and utter my own sentiments:—

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age."

Then the lady added, "Willie, **SLEEP**."

"What! Do you mean, Maude, that I'm to go to sleep?"

The uncle decided that he must give a double answer, as the question was not needful.

"A long and tedious writer may be described as one who denies himself sleep to promote sleep in others. That's one answer," cried Willie. "Now for a better; and I hope you will think it good, for it is Lord Coke's:—

Six hours to sleep; to law's grave study, six;
Four spent in prayer; the rest to Nature fix."

'The rest to Nature fix,' that is, observe, for eight hours do as you please. There is another that I prefer, by Sir William Jones, but it does not embrace the word given, and, therefore, will not suit my purpose."

"Quote it," said Maude, "and let us judge."

"Seven hours to law; to soothing slumber, seven;
Ten to the world allot; and all to Heaven."

You ought to like that better than the other, Maude, because there is more *piety* in it—that is one good thing; and there's more *sleep* in it, and that's another good thing. Minnie, dear, I have escaped. Try your fortune. Now for a hard word to evince my love."

"Willie, you must be fair with me. I do not pretend to know, like Arthur and Walter."

"My dear Red-cheeks, they know without pretending. Now I give you a word that you must neither know nor pretend to know—**LAZY**."

"Oh!" they all exclaimed, "that is very hard."

But Minnie, smiling, said:—

A traveller, on a tour through Ireland, found the vehicle one morning surrounded by beggars, and having heard of their wit and readiness, resolved to try if he could call it forth. At that moment an aged female hobbled up to him.

"Plase, y're honour, have pity on the lame, the blind, and the lazy!"

"How so, my good woman?"

"Ye see, y're honour, I'm lame, Kitty here is blind, and everybody knows that my daughter Meggie is lazy."

"Well, as you have fairly told me what you are, here is a fippenny piece. I give it you on condition that you divide it equally."

"All right, sir," said the woman, laughing. "Will y're honour trust me—it is honour bright?"

The gentleman, confiding the coin to her, said, "Remember, you must divide it equally;" thinking to himself that he had never yet learned to divide five pence equally among three people. The woman soon returned with change for the silver, and began thus:—"There's a halfpenny for you, and a halfpenny for you, and a halfpenny for me;" but, after the third round, one halfpenny was left.

"Mind—mind," said the gentleman, "I do not give the money unless you divide it fairly."

Once more the woman disappeared, and became again visible with a small string of tobacco in her hand, and a pair of scissors; then, stripping off a morsel—"There's a bit for you, my darling; there's a bit for you, my darling; and now there's a bit for me, ye darlings. Now, y're honour, haven't I done that nately?" So saying, the lame, the blind, and the lazy departed on their way, and the traveller felt he had been taught how to divide five into three equal parts.

All thought that little Minnie had acquitted herself with skill. "It is my turn, now," she said, "Mr. Mischief," addressing her brother Willie; "and I am going to put you to flight by an insect. Willie, you are to respond to the word INSECT."

Many true words were spoken in jest, and Willie was defeated; for after pondering some time, he said, "I was put to flight by an insect out of the house, and now I am routed by an insect within. This is my second defeat; I give in. Call upon some one else."

"Maude," said the little lady, laughing at her victory, "the test remains with you."

Again and again her sister pondered, apparently unwilling to participate in her brother's defeat, and then she answered—

Blissful insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's sweetest wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy fragrant cup does fill.
All the fields that thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with ripening juice;
Man for thee does sow and plough—
Farmer he, and landlord thou.

"I suppose," said Maude, "I may take any word in general use?"

"Yes," said the uncle; "and the more difficult the question, of course the greater value I attach to the answer."

Maude, making a very ineffectual attempt to look exceedingly grave, said, "I turn to you, Mr. Arthur, and beg to give the avocation of the good woman that just now passed the lawn."

"I declare," said Willie, "if that was not the laundress."

"Yes," said Maude, "and LAUNDRESS is the word; and what says my right trusty cousin?"

It was admitted by both uncle and father that it was no easy matter to meet the question; but Arthur was a young gentleman too well read, and too ready, to be easily discomfited. All were profoundly silent, wondering how he could escape; and all were courteous enough to take it for granted that he would, somehow or other, come off the victor. Just as Maude was about to say, "Do you resign?" Arthur began:—

Many years ago, a French soldier, tired with war's alarms, obtained his furlough, and sought to recruit his strength in a quiet village. While enjoying the companionship of his old friends, the soldier began to think of the time when he ought to exchange the spear for the pruning-hook; and consequently, he considered that a wife would be a very prudent preparation for those halcyon days. But unfortunately, the poor fellow's list of acquaintances was very limited. Whom could he ask? Light burst upon his mind, the difficulty was solved; he would propose to his laundress. Without delay, Madame was asked, through a friend, that very serious question. She said to her friend, "A laundress certainly is not very high in society, but I think I may look for somebody better off than a common soldier;" and therefore the worthy laundress very decidedly said, "No." The soldier, thus rebuffed, thought he would give up the idea altogether, and go back to his regiment, and fight everybody and everything that he was told belonged to the foe. Years rolled on; the private passed through battle after battle, exhibiting amazing bravery, and the result was that the private became a lieutenant, a captain, a general, and at length found in his knapsack the materials out of which were made a field marshal's baton, and the owner thereof found himself a duke, a prince, and ultimately a king. In the intervening years, while Fortune had done so much for the soldier, she had done nothing for the poor laundress, except recommend that the colour of her hair should be grey, and not black. She was, alas! a laundress still; and when she had heard the news, and recovered the shock, finding by her refusal she had forfeited a crown, she wrote a letter of contrition to the King, and ended it by asking his Majesty to allow her to have his washing!

All the hearers burst into a peal of laughter, and the cry was—"Name the king."

"Bernadotte, the crown prince, who became King of Sweden under the title of Charles XIV., and his son, Prince Oscar, succeeded him."

"Bravo! Well done, Arthur!" was the good-natured and kind-hearted exclamation.

"If I think fit, sir," said Arthur to his father, "to limit the source from which the illustration is to be drawn, may I do so?"

"Yes, if the rest consent."

The consent was given.

"LIGHT is the test word, and the illustration is to be first from Scripture, and then add any other examples you please. I look to you, Willie."

"The Psalmist, speaking of the Deity, says—

Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment.

And, to remind us that God is only known by the light that flows from himself, it is written—

In thy light we see light."

Here the father added, "And to show that the Creator's power is only the exercise of the Divine volition, the Creator said—

Let there be light, and there was light.

Now proceed, Willie."

"A heathen writer, papa, gives us a grand idea:—

The light of day is but the shadow of God.

And I heard a preacher once say—

"The light of the sun touches the pestiferous lake, and remains unpolluted, thus imitating Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, who touched the leper and yet contracted no defilement."

"I think," said the uncle, "we shall not be able to award our prize this morning."

"So I think," said the father. "And here let me mention, as we have had so much conversation this morning before breakfast, it will not be advisable to renew it at breakfast; I wish you, therefore, as soon as that 'fast-breaking meal' is over, to assemble in the library. Your uncle is kind enough to say that he will show you various curious matters which he has collected in his travels. You are entitled to call, Willie; name some subject, and then close."

"I call upon you, Walter, and give as my closing testimony, THE EARTH."

"I respond in a moment," said Walter; "and I ask, What can be a finer illustration than the sentence wisely and

piously chosen by England's revered prince as the motto to be affixed to the edifice in which the merchants of England's capital are accustomed to assemble—

'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF.'

"It was," said the father, "a recognition of God and his government, worthy of the Prince and of the Nation; and we, the People, with loving hearts and in Christian faith, would fain take this inscription, and over the earthly resting-place of one who was a prince among princes, would there use this portion of sacred writ as used by the Greek church, when consigning the departed to the earth's safe keeping—

'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.'

And to the honour of this great and good man, this wise and prudent prince, it shall be said by the sons and daughters of his adopted country—

**'HE CENSURED OTHERS BY THE DIGNITY OF EXCELLING,
AND
PASSED NO MERIT UNNOTICED,
SAVE HIS OWN.'**

"The memory of the just is blessed." Come." Thus saying, in silence they followed the father into the library, and in his quiet and devotional mode of solemnising the thoughts and imparting instruction, he opened the Bible, and while they stood around him, he read, with feeling and solemnity, the thirty-ninth Psalm, closed the book, and, without any comment save that which each was led to make secretly, they all returned to the breakfast-room. As they entered the room, the uncle, seeing his son much impressed, said, in a gentle whisper, "Surely God is loved and honoured in this house; and happy are they who profit by wise instruction."

Sunday Talks with the Little Ones.

EATING AND DRINKING.

"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

"MOTHER, do you think our heavenly Father cares what we eat and drink?"

"I will answer your question by-and-by. Did you see Peter Collins when we were walking to Aunt Sarah's last week?"

"Yes, mother, I saw him, and I was afraid of him, for he went from one side to the other, and seemed as if he would fall down. He was talking to himself all the way, and I don't think he knew what he said, nor where he was going. What was the matter with him?"

"He was intoxicated. He had been drinking brandy or rum, and it made him crazy."

"Is it wicked to drink brandy?"

"If you had gone home with Peter that night, you would probably have heard him swear at his wife, and seen him beat the poor little baby because it cried, and make everybody around him wretched; and yet he would not know what he said or did. Do you not think it wicked to drink anything which will make us crazy or unkind?"

"Oh, how dreadful! I can hardly believe Peter would do so, for I have seen him hold that little baby many a time in his arms, and talk to it, and kiss it, and I believe he loves it dearly; and he always seems kind to his wife, too."

"Yes, Peter is very kind when he has not been drinking brandy, or some other kind of liquor; and he would always be so if he would not taste it. Do you think God is pleased with him when he makes himself so wicked?"

"No, mother. I am sure he must be very much displeased."

"Then God does care for what we eat and drink. He wishes us to eat only those things that will nourish us,

and drink only those things that refresh without harming us."

"But, mother, there are not many things that make so much trouble as brandy."

"No, not many; but there is a right and a wrong about a great many things that we eat and drink. Some people eat too much. They grow stupid, and are not active and useful, and happy and kind-hearted. They perhaps do not know what is the cause; but if they would consider, they would find that they ought to eat less. They destroy their usefulness; and we can only glorify God when we are useful.

"Some people do not eat enough. They do not feel hungry, and they see no need of eating. But people that do not eat cannot work. They soon begin to pine, and grow languid, and sick, and useless. It would more glorify God if they would eat to please him, so that they might gain strength for his service.

"Sometimes people eat irregularly. They do not wait until the proper hours of meals. This injures them. And often they eat food that is not healthful; and when they do, that injures them. We do not know how many bad feelings and ugly tempers are caused by what we eat; and these tempers are displeasing to God."

"How can we know, mother, what we may eat and drink?"

"When we are children we can obey our fathers and mothers, or other kind friends. When little children fret for sweetmeats, and for things which their parents know are not good for them, they displease God. They should be willing to do just as they are told, and very glad that they are not allowed to eat what will hurt them and make them unhappy."

"But when we grow up, we can eat and drink just what we please—can't we, mother?"

"When you are grown, you will not ask your parents what you may eat, but you will have to think for yourself what is right, and do it, even if you would prefer to do something else."

"Mother, when I am a lady, and see a piece of pie that I want very much, must I not eat it?"

"Suppose you had found that every time you ate a piece of pie you had a headache, and could not read, or write, or work with any comfort, and that the headache made you fretful and unhappy, and troubled all who saw you; do you think it would be right to eat it? God made us all to be useful and happy, and to make others happy; and it is wrong to do anything which will prevent us from doing his will."

"But, mother, can we always know what will hurt us, and what will not?"

"We can know a great deal if we think about such things, and really try always to do right, and not to please ourselves. We know that cold water is a refreshing drink, and will not harm us, and we know that brandy may injure us. It is safe and right to drink the water. We know that simple food is healthful, and it is safe and right to take it. As we grow up, we can generally learn what is best for ourselves; and if we wish to glorify God, we shall always do what we know to be right."

"Do persons always grow sick when they eat what is not good for them?"

"No, not always; sometimes they only grow ill-tempered and impatient, or unhappy and restless. Sometimes they are made indolent, and sometimes their reason is disturbed. They do not glorify God nor please him then. If they had eaten proper food, they would have been happy, and kind, and useful."

"Mrs. M. does not think as you do, mother. She lets Annie eat everything she pleases, and as often as she wishes."

"I know a great many persons do not think it of much consequence, and many more think very little on such subjects at all. But they forget that the Bible bids us glorify God even in our eating and drinking. You are too young to understand now all I could tell you; but when you are older, you will read of the laws which govern our natural life, and then you will see that those must always suffer who do not obey the rules which our heavenly Father has laid down for us. I hope you will remember what I have told you. We must take care of our health because it is his gift, and we cannot be so useful without it. We must take care of all he has given us. 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DARK CLOUDS.

CONSTANCE CHANNING sat, her forehead buried in her hands. *How God was trying them!* The sentence, wrung from her in the bitterness of her heart, but expressed the echo of surrounding things. Her own future blighted; Arthur's character gone; Tom lost the seniorship; Charley not heard of, dead or alive! There were moments, and this was one, when Constance felt almost beyond the pale of hope. The college school, meanwhile, existed in a state of constant suspense, the sword of terror ever hanging over its head. Punishment for the present was reserved; and what the precise punishment would be when it came, none could tell. Talkative Bywater was fond of saying that it did not matter whether Miss Charley turned up or not, so far as their backs were concerned: *they* would be made to tingle, either way.

Arthur, after communicating to Constance the strange fact of the return of the money to Mr. Galloway, shut himself in the study to pursue his copying. It was the tea hour, and Sarah brought in the things. But neither Hamish nor Tom had come in, and Constance sat alone, deep in her unpleasant thoughts.

That it was Hamish who had now returned the money to Mr. Galloway, Constance could not entertain the slightest doubt. It had a very depressing effect upon her. It could not render worse what had previously happened: indeed, it rather mended it, inasmuch as that it served to evince some repentance, some good feeling; but it made the suspicion against Hamish a certainty; and there had been times when Constance had been beguiled into thinking it only a suspicion. And now came this new fear of Mr. Butterby again.

Hamish's own footstep in the hall. Constance roused herself. He came in, books under his arm, as usual, and his ever gay face smiling. There were times when Constance nearly despised him for his perpetual sunshine. The seriousness which had overspread Hamish at the time of Charley's disappearance had nearly worn away. In his sanguine temperament, he argued that the not finding the corpse was a proof that Charley was alive yet, and would come forth in some mysterious manner one of these days.

"Have I kept you waiting tea, Constance?" began he. "I came home by way of Close Street, and was called into Galloway's by Roland Yorke, and then got detained further by Mr. Galloway. Where's Arthur?"

"He has undertaken some copying for Mr. Galloway, and is busy with it," replied Constance in a low tone. "Hamish!" raising her eyes to his face, as she took a resolution to speak of the affair, "have you heard what has happened?"

"That some benignant fairy has forwarded a bank-note to Galloway on the wings of the telegraph? Roland Yorke would not allow me to remain in ignorance of that. Mr. Galloway did me the honour to ask whether I had sent it."

"You!" uttered Constance, regarding the avowal only

from her own point of view. "He asked whether *you* had sent it?"

"He did."

She gazed at Hamish as if she would read his very soul.

"And what did—what did you answer?"

"Told him I wished a few others would suspect me of the same, and count imaginary payments for real ones."

"Hamish!" she exclaimed, the complaint wrung from her, "how can you be so light, so cruel, when our hearts are breaking?"

Hamish in turn was surprised at this. "I, cruel! In what manner, Constance? My dear, I repeat to you that we shall have Charley back. I feel sure of it; and it has done away with my fear. Some inward conviction, or instinct—you may call it which you like—tells me that we shall; and I implicitly trust to it. We need not mourn for him."

"It is not for Charley: I do not speak of Charley now," she sadly reiterated. "You are straying from the point. Hamish, have you no love left for Arthur?"

"I have plenty of love for everybody," said Mr. Hamish.

"Then *how* can you behave like this? Arthur is not guilty; you know he is not. And look what he has to bear! I believe you would laugh at the greatest calamity! The sending back this money to Mr. Galloway has—has—sadly distressed me."

Hamish turned his smiling eyes upon her, but his tone was grave. "Wait until some great calamity occurs, Constance, and then see whether I laugh. Did I laugh that dreadful night and day that succeeded to the loss of Charley? The sending back the money to Mr. Galloway is not a cause for sadness. It most certainly exonerates Arthur."

"And you are gay over it!" She would have given anything to speak more plainly.

"I am particularly gay this afternoon," acknowledged Hamish, who could not be put out of temper by any amount of reproach whatever. "I have had great news by the post, Constance."

"From Germany?" she quickly cried.

"Yes, from Germany," he answered, taking a letter from his pocket, and spreading it open before Constance.

It contained the bravest news; great news, as Hamish expressed it. It was from Mr. Channing himself, and it told them he was so far restored that there was no doubt now of his being able to resume his own place at his office. They intended to be home the first week in November. The weather at Borcetto continued warm and charming, and they would prolong their stay there to the full time contemplated, and enjoy the benefit of it. It had been a fine autumn everywhere. There was a postscript added to the letter, as if an afterthought had occurred to Mr. Channing. "When you see Mr. Huntley, tell him how well I am progressing. I remember, by the way, that he hinted at being able to introduce you to something, should I no longer require you at Guild Street."

In the glad delight that the news brought, Constance lost sight partially of her sadness. "It is not all gloom," she whispered to herself. "If we could but dwell on God's mercies as we do on his chastisements; if we could but feel more trust, we should see the bright side of the cloud oftener than we do."

But it *was* dark; dark in many ways, and Constance was soon to be reminded again of it forcibly. She had taken her seat at the tea-table, when Tom came in. He looked flushed—stern; and he threw his *Gradus* and one or two other books in a lump on the side table, with more force than was necessary; and flung himself into a chair, ditto.

"Constance, I shall leave the school!"

Constance dropped the sugar-tongs amidst the sugar in her dismay. "What, Tom?"

"I shall leave the school," he repeated, his tone as fiery as his face. "I'd not stop in it another month if I were bribed with gold. Things are getting too bad there."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! Is this your endurance?"

"Endurance!" he exclaimed. "That's a nice word in theory, Constance; but just you try it in practice! Who

has endured, if I have not? I thought I'd go on and endure it, as you say; at any rate, until papa came home. But I can't—I can't!"

"What has happened more than usual?" inquired Hamish.

"It gets worse and worse," said Tom, turning his blazing face upon his brother. "I'd not wish a dog to live the life that I live in the college school. They call me a felon, and treat me as one; they send me to Coventry; they won't acknowledge me as one of the seniors. My position is unbearable."

"Live it down, Tom," said Hamish, quietly.

"Haven't I been trying to live it down?" returned the boy, suppressing his emotion. "It has lasted now these two months, and I have borne it daily. At the time of Charley's loss, I was treated better for a day or two, but that has worn away. It is of no use your looking at me reproachfully, Constance; I *must* complain. What other boy in the world has ever been put down as I? I was the head of the school, next to Gaunt; looking forward to be the head; and what am I now? The seniorship taken from me in shame; Huntley exalted to my place; my chance of the exhibition gone—"

"Huntley does not take the exhibition," interrupted Constance.

"But Yorke will. I shan't be allowed to get it. Now I know it, Constance, and the school knows it. Let a fellow once go down, and he's kept down: every dog has a fling at him. The seniorship's gone, the exhibition is going. I might bear that tamely, you might say; and of course I might, for they are negative evils: but what I can't and won't bear are the insults of every-day life. Only this afternoon, they—"

Tom stopped, for his feelings were choking him; and the complaint he was about to relate was never spoken. Before he had gathered breath and calmness, Arthur entered and took his seat at the tea-table. Poor Tom, allowing one of his unfortunate explosions of temper to get the better of him, sprung from his chair and burst forth with a passionate reproach to Arthur, whom he regarded as the author of all the ill.

"Why did you do it? Why did you bring this disgrace upon us? But for you, I should not have lost caste in the school."

"Tom!" interposed Hamish, in a severe tone.

Mr. Tom, brave college boy that he was—manly, as he coveted to be deemed—actually burst into tears. Tears called forth, not by contrition, I fear; but by remembered humiliation, by vexation, by the moment's passion. Never had Tom cast a reproach openly to Arthur; whatever he may have felt, he buried it within himself: but that his opinion vacillated upon the point of Arthur's guilt was certain. Constance went up to him, and laid her hand gently and soothingly upon his shoulder.

"Tom, dear boy, your troubles are making you forget yourself. Do not be unjust to Arthur. He is innocent as you."

"Then if he is innocent, why does he not speak out like a man, and proclaim his innocence?" retorted Tom, sensibly enough, but with rather too much heat. "That's what the school cast in my teeth more than anything again. 'Don't preach up your brother's innocence to us!' they cry; 'if he did not take it, wouldn't he say so?' Look at Arthur now"—and Tom pointed his finger at him—"he does not, even here, to me, assert that he is innocent!"

Arthur's face burnt under the reproach. He turned it upon Hamish, with a gesture almost as fiery, quite as hasty, as any that had been vouchsafed them by Tom. Plainly as look could speak, it said, "Will you suffer this injustice to be heaped upon me?" Constance saw the look, and she quitted Tom with a faint cry, and bent over Arthur, afraid of what truth he might give utterance to.

"Patience yet, Arthur!" she whispered. "Do not let a moment's anger undo the work of weeks. Remember how bravely you have borne."

"Ay! Heaven forgive my pride! Tom," Arthur added,

turning to him calmly, "I would clear you—or rather clear myself—in the eyes of the school if I could: but it is impossible. However, you have less to blame me for than you may deem."

Hamish advanced. He caught the arm of Tom and drew him to a distant window. "Now, lad," he said, "let me hear all about this bugbear. I'll see if it can be in any way lightened for you."

Hamish's tone was kindly, his manner frank and persuasive, and Tom was won over to speak of his troubles. Hamish listened with an attentive ear. "Will you abide by my advice?" he asked him, when the catalogue of grievances had come to an end.

"Perhaps I will," replied Tom, who was growing cool after his heat.

"Then, as I said to you before, so I say now, *Live it down*. It is the best advice I can give you."

"Hamish, you don't know what it is!"

"Yes, I do. I can enter into your trials and annoyances as keenly as if I had to encounter them. I do not affect to disparage them to you: I know that they are real trials, real insults; but if you will only make up your mind to bear them, they will lose half their sharpness. Your interest lies in remaining in the college school: more than that, your duty lies in it. Tom, don't let it be said that a Channing shrunk from his duty because it brought him difficulties."

"I don't think I can stop in it, Hamish. I'd rather stand in a pillory and have rotten eggs cast at me."

"Yes, you can. In fact, my boy, for the present you *must*. Disobedience has never been a fault among us, and I am sure you will not be the one to inaugurate it. Your father left me in charge, in his place, with full control; and I cannot sanction any such measure as that of your quitting the school. In less than a month's time he will be home, and you can then submit the case to him, and abide by his advice."

With all Tom's faults, he was not rebellious, neither was he unreasonable; and he made up his mind, not without some grumbling, to do as Hamish desired him. He drew his chair with a jerk to the tea-table, which of course there was no necessity for. I told you that the young Channings, admirably as they had been brought up, had their faults; like you have yours, and I have mine.

It was a silent meal. Annabel, who was wont to keep them alive, whatever might be their troubles, had remained to tea at Lady Augusta Yorke's, with Caroline and Fanny. Had Constance known that she was in the habit of thoughtlessly chattering upon any subject that came uppermost, including poor Charles's propensity to be afraid of ghosts, she had allowed her to remain with them more charily. Hamish took a book and read, eating his bread-and-butter absently. Arthur only made a show of taking anything, and soon left them, to resume his employment; Tom did not even make a show of it, but unequivocally rejected all good things. "How could he be hungry?" he asked, when Constance pressed him. An unsocial meal it was—as unpleasant nearly as were their inward thoughts. They felt for Tom, in the midst of their graver griefs; but they were all at cross purposes together, and they knew it; therefore they could only retain an uncomfortable reticence one with another. Tom laid the blame to the share of Arthur; Arthur and Constance to the share of Hamish. To whom Hamish laid it, was only known to himself.

He, Hamish, rose as the tea-things were carried away. He was preparing for a visit to Mr. Huntley's. His visits there, as already remarked, had not been frequent of late. He had discovered that he was not welcome to Mr. Huntley. And Hamish Channing was not one to thrust his company upon any one: even the attraction of Ellen could not induce that. But it is very probable that he was glad of the excuse Mr. Channing's letter afforded him to go thither now.

He found Miss Huntley alone; a tall, stiff lady, who always looked as if she were cased in whalebone. She generally regarded Hamish with some favour, which was saying a great deal for Miss Huntley.

"You are quite a stranger here," she remarked to him as he entered.

"I think I am," replied Hamish. "Mr. Huntley is still in the dining-room, I hear?"

"Mr. Huntley is," said the lady, speaking as if the fact did not give her pleasure, though Hamish could not conceive for why. "My niece has chosen to remain with him," she added, in a tone which denoted displeasure. "I am quite tired of talking to her! I tell her this is proper, and the other is improper, and she goes and mixes up my advice together in the most extraordinary way; leaving alone what she ought to do, and doing what I tell her she ought not! Only this very morning I read her a sermon upon 'Propriety, and the fitness of things.' It took me just an hour—an hour by my watch, I assure you, Mr. Hamish Channing!—and what is the result? I retired from the dinner-table precisely ten minutes after the removal of the cloth, according to my invariable custom; and Ellen, in defiance of my warning her that it is not lady-like, stays there behind me! 'I have not eaten my grapes yet, aunt,' she says to me. And there she stays, just to talk with her father. And he encourages her! What will become of Ellen, I cannot imagine; she will never be a lady!"

"It's very sad!" replied Hamish, coughing down a laugh, and putting on the gravest face he could call up.

"Sad!" repeated Miss Huntley, who sat perfectly upright, her hands, cased in mittens, crossed upon her lap. "It is *grievous*, Mr. Hamish Channing! She—what do you think she did only yesterday? One of our maids was going to be married, and a dispute, or some unpleasantness, occurred between her and the intended husband. Would you believe that Ellen actually wrote a letter for the girl (a poor ignorant thing, who never learnt to read, let alone to write, but an excellent servant) to this man, that things might be smoothed between them? My niece, Miss Ellen Huntley, lowering herself to write a—a—I can scarcely allow my tongue to utter the word, Mr. Hamish—a love-letter!"

Miss Huntley lifted her eyes, and her mittens. Hamish expressed himself inexpressibly shocked, inwardly wishing he could get Miss Ellen Huntley to write a few to him!

"And I get no sympathy from any one!" pursued Miss Huntley; "none! I spoke to my brother, and he could not see that she had done anything wrong in writing, or pretended that he could not. Oh, dear! how things are altered from what they were when I was a young girl! Then——"

"My master says, will you please to walk into the dining-room, sir?" interrupted a servant at this juncture. And Hamish rose and followed him.

Mr. Huntley was alone. Hamish threw his glance to the various parts of the room, but Ellen was not in it. The meeting was not very cordial on Mr. Huntley's side. "What can I do for you?" he inquired, as he shook hands. Which was sufficient to imply coldly, "You must have come to my house for some particular purpose. What is it?"

But Hamish could not lose his sunny temperament, his winning manner. "I bring you great news, Mr. Huntley. We have heard from Boreette, and the improvement in my father's health is so great, that all doubts as to the result are over."

"I said it would be so," replied Mr. Huntley.

Some little time they continued talking, and then Hamish mentioned the matter alluded to in the postscript of the letter. "Is it correct that you will be able to help me to something," he inquired, "when my father shall resume his own place in Guild Street?"

"It is correct that I told your father so," answered Mr. Huntley. "I thought then that I could."

"And is the situation gone? I assume that it was a situation."

"It is not gone. The post will not be vacant until the beginning of the year. Have you heard that there is to be a change in the joint stock bank?"

"No," replied Hamish, looking up with much interest.

"Mr. Bartlett leaves. He is getting in years, his health

is failing him, and he wishes to retire. As one of the largest shareholders in the bank, I shall possess the largest voice in the appointment of a successor, and I had thought of you. Indeed, I have no objection to say that there is not the slightest doubt you would have been appointed; otherwise, I should not have spoken confidently to Mr. Channing."

It was an excellent post; there was no doubt of that. The bank was not an extensive one; it was not the principal bank of Helstonleigh; but it was a firmly established, thoroughly respectable concern, and Mr. Bartlett, who had been its manager for many years, enjoyed desirable privileges, and a handsome salary. A far larger salary than was Mr. Channing's. The dwelling-house, a good one, attached to the bank, was used as his residence, and would be, when he left, the residence of his successor.

"I should like it of all things!" cried Hamish.

"So would many a one, young sir, who is in a better position than you," drily answered Mr. Huntley. "I thought you might have filled it."

"Can I not, sir?"

"No."

Hamish did not expect the answer. He looked inquiringly at Mr. Huntley. "Why can I not?"

"Because I cannot now recommend you to it," was the reply.

"But why not?" exclaimed Hamish.

"When I spoke of you as becoming Mr. Bartlett's successor, I believed you would be found worthy to fulfil his duties."

"I can fulfil them," said Hamish.

"Possibly. But so much doubt has arisen upon that point in my own mind, that I can no longer recommend you for it. In fact, I could not sanction your appointment."

"What have I done?" inquired Hamish.

"Ask your conscience. If that does not tell you plainly enough, I shall not."

"My conscience accuses me of nothing that need render me unfit to fill the post, and to perform my duties in it, Mr. Huntley."

"I think otherwise. But to pursue the subject will be productive of no benefit, so we will let it drop. I would have secured you the appointment, could I have done so conscientiously, but I cannot; and the matter is at an end."

"At least you can tell me why you will not?" said Hamish, speaking with some sarcasm, in the midst of his respect.

"I have already declined. Ask your own conscience, Hamish."

"The worst criminal has a right to know his accusation, Mr. Huntley. Otherwise, he cannot defend himself."

"It will be time enough for you to defend yourself when you are publicly accused. I shall say no more upon the point. I am sorry your father mentioned the thing to you, necessitating this explanation, so far; I have also been sorry for having ever mentioned it to him. My worst explanation will be with your father, for I cannot enter into cause and effect, any more than I can to you."

"I have for some little time been conscious of a change in your mind towards me, Mr. Huntley."

"Ay—no doubt."

"Sir, you ought to tell me what has caused it. I might explain away any prejudice or wrong impression——"

"There, that will do," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "It is neither prejudice nor wrong impression that I have taken up. And now I have said the last word upon the matter that I shall say."

"But, sir——"

"No more, I say!" peremptorily interrupted Mr. Huntley. "The subject is over. Let us talk of other things. I need not ask whether you have news of poor Charley; you would have informed me of that at once. You see, I was right in advising silence to be kept towards them. All this time of suspense would have told badly on Mr. Channing."

Hamish rose to leave. He had done little good, it appeared, by his visit; certainly, he could not wish to prolong it. "There was an unsealed scrap of paper slipped inside my father's letter," he said. "It was from my mother to Charley. This is it."

It appeared to have been written hastily—perhaps from a sudden thought at the moment of Mr. Channing's closing his letter. Mr. Huntley took it in his hand.

"MY DEAR LITTLE CHARLEY,—How is it you do not write to mamma? Not a message from you now; not a letter! I am sure you are not forgetting me."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, handing it back to Hamish. "Poor mother!"

"I did not show it to Constance," observed Hamish. "It would only distress her. Good night, sir. By the way," added Hamish, turning as he reached the door, "Mr. Galloway has got that money back again."

"What money?" cried Mr. Huntley.

"That which was lost. A twenty-pound note came to him in a letter by this afternoon's post. The letter states that Arthur, and all others who may have been accused, are innocent."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Mr. Huntley, with cutting sarcasm, as the conviction flashed over him that Hamish, and no other, had been the sender. "The thief has come to his senses at last, has he? So far as to render lame justice to Arthur."

Hamish left the room. The hall had not yet been lighted, and Hamish could hardly see the outline of a form crossing it from the staircase to the drawing-room. He knew whose it was, and he caught hold of it.

"Ellen," he whispered, "what has turned your father against me?"

Of course she could not enlighten him; she could not say to Hamish Channing, "He suspects you of being a thief." Her whole spirit would have revolted from that, as much as it did from the accusation. The subject was a painful one; she was hurried at the sudden meeting—the stealthy meeting, it may be said; and—she burst into tears.

I am quite afraid to say what Mr. Hamish did, this being a sober story. When he left the hall, Ellen Huntley's cheeks were glowing, and certain sweet words were ringing changes on her ears.

"Ellen! they shall never take you from me!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MUFFINS FOR TEA!

A WEEK or two passed by, and November was rapidly approaching. Things remained precisely as they were at the close of the last chapter: nothing fresh had occurred; no change had taken place. Tom Channing's remark, though much cannot be said for its elegance, was indisputable in point of truth—that when a fellow was down, he was kept down, and every dog had a fling at him. It was being exemplified in the case of Arthur. The money, so mysteriously conveyed to Mr. Galloway, had proved of little service towards clearing him; in fact, it had the contrary effect; and people openly expressed their opinion that it had come from himself or his friends. He was down; and it would take more than that to lift him up again. Mr. Galloway kept his thoughts to himself, or had put them into his cash-box with the note, for he said nothing. Roland Yorke did not imitate his example; he was nearly as explosive over the present matter as he had been over the loss. It would have pleased him that Arthur should be announced innocent by public proclamation. Roland was in a most explosive frame of mind on another score, and that was the confinement to the office. In reality, he was not overworked; for Arthur managed to get through a good amount of it at his home, which he took in regularly, morning after morning, to Mr. Galloway. Roland, however, thought he was, and his dissatisfaction was becoming unbearable. I do not think that Roland could have done a hard day's work. To sit steadily to it for only a couple of hours appeared to be an absolute impossibility to his restless

temperament. He must look off; he must talk; he must yawn; he must tilt his stool; he must take a slight interlude at balancing the ruler on his nose, or at other similar recreative and intellectual amusements; but apply himself in earnest he could not. Therefore there was little fear of Mr. Roland's being overcome with the amount of work. But what told upon Roland was the confinement—I don't mean upon his health, you know, but his temper. It had happened many a day since Jenkins's absence, that Roland had never stirred from the office, except to get his dinner. He must be there in good time in the morning—at the frightfully early hour of nine—and he often did not get released till six. When he went to his dinner at one, Mr. Galloway would say, "You must be back in half an hour, Yorke; I may have to go out." Once or twice he had not gone to his dinner till two or three o'clock, and then he was half dead with hunger. All this chafed poor Roland nearly beyond endurance; had he been a bottle of soda-water, he would have gone off with a burst.

Another cause was rendering Roland's life not the most peaceful one. He was beginning to be seriously dunned for money. Careless in that, as he was in other things, improvident as was ever Lady Augusta, Roland rarely paid till he was compelled. A very good hand was he at contracting debts, but a bad one at liquidating them. Roland did not intend to be dishonest. Were all his creditors standing around him, and a roll of bank-notes before him, he would freely have paid the lot; very probably, in his open-heartedness, have made each creditor a present, over and above, for "their trouble." But, failing the roll of notes, he only staved off the difficulties in the best way he could, and grew cross and ill-tempered on being applied to. His chief failing was his impulsive thoughtlessness. Often, when he had teased or worried Lady Augusta out of money, to satisfy a debt for which he was being pressed, that very money would be expended in some passing folly, arising with the impulse of the moment, before it had had time to reach the creditor. There are too many like Roland Yorke.

Roland was late in the office one Monday evening, he and a lamp sharing it between them. He was in a terrible temper, and sat kicking his feet on the floor, as if the noise, for it might be heard in the street, would while away the time. He had nothing to do; the writing he had been about was positively finished; but he had to stop in, waiting for Mr. Galloway, who had gone out, but had not left the office for the evening. He would have given the whole world to take the pipe out of his pocket and begin to smoke; but that pastime was so firmly forbidden in the office, that even Roland dared not disobey.

"There goes six of 'em!" he uttered, as the near cathedral clock rang out the hour, and his boots threatened to stave in the floor. "If I stand this life much longer, I'll be shot! It's enough to take the spirit out of a fellow; to wear his flesh off his bones; to afflict him with nervous fever. What an idiot I was to let my lady mother put me here! Better have stuck to those musty old lessons at school, and gone for a soldier! Why can't Jenkins get well, and come back? He's shirking it, that's my belief. And why can't Galloway get Arthur back? He might, if he pressed it! Talk of solitary confinement driving prisoners mad at their precious model prisons, what else is this? I wish I could go mad for a week, if old Galloway might be punished for it! It's worse than any prison, this office! At four o'clock he went out, and now it's six, and I have not had a blessed soul put his nose inside the door to say, 'How are ye getting on?' I'm a regular prisoner, and nothing else! Why doesn't he put shackles on my legs? Why doesn't he—"

The complaint was cut short by the entrance of Mr. Galloway. Unconscious of the rebellious feelings of his clerk, he passed through the office to his own room, Roland's rat-tat-to having ceased at his appearance. To find Roland drumming on the floor with his feet, was nothing unusual—rather moderate for him; Mr. Galloway had found him doing it with his head. Two or three minutes elapsed, and Mr. Galloway came out again.

"You can shut up, Roland. And then, take these letters to the post. Put the desks straight first; what a mess you get them in! Is that will engrossed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Be here in time in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, sir," responded Roland. "Yes! it's all very fine," he went on, as he opened the desks, and shoved everything in with his two hands, indiscriminately, *en masse*, which was his way of putting things straight. "Be here in time!" Of course! No matter what time I am let off the previous evening. If I stand this long——"

Roland finished his sentence by an emphatic turn of the key of the office-door, which expressed quite as much as words could have done; for he was already out of the room, his hat on his head, and the letters in his hand. Calling out lustily for the housekeeper, he flung the key to her, and bounded off in the direction of the post-office.

His way lay past Mrs. Jenkins's shop, which the maid had, for the hour, been left to attend to. She was doing it from a leaf taken out of Roland's own book—standing outside the door, and gazing all ways. It suddenly struck Roland that he could not do better than pay Jenkins a visit, just to ascertain how long he meant to absent himself. In he darted, with his usual scant hesitation, and went on to the parlour. There was no hurry for the letters; the post did not close till nine.

The little parlour, dark by day, looked very comfortable now. A bright fire, a bright lamp, and a well-spread tea-table, at which Mrs. Jenkins sat. More comfortable than Jenkins himself did, who lay back in his easy chair, white and wan, meekly enjoying a lecture from his wife. He started from it at the appearance of Roland, bowing in his usual humble fashion, and smiling a glad smile of welcome.

"I say, Jenkins, I have come to know how long you mean to leave us to ourselves?" was Roland's greeting. "It's too bad, you know. How d'ye do, Mrs. Jenkins? Don't you look snug here? It's a nasty cutting night, and I have got to tramp all the way to the post-office."

Free and easy Roland drew a chair forward on the opposite side of the hearth to Jenkins, Mrs. Jenkins and her good things being in the middle, and warmed his hands over the blaze. "Ugh!" he shivered, "I can't bear these keen, easterly winds. It's fine to be you, Jenkins! basking by a blazing fire, and junketing upon plates of buttered muffins!"

"Would you please to condescend to take a cup of tea with us, sir?" was Jenkins's answer. "It is just ready."

"I don't care if I do," said Roland. "There's nothing I like better than buttered muffins. We get them sometimes at home; but there's so many to eat at our house, before a plate is well in, a dozen hands are snatching at it, and it's emptied. Lady Augusta knows no more of comfort than a cow, and will have the whole tribe of young ones in to meals."

"You'll find these muffins different from what you get at home," said Mrs. Jenkins, in her curt, snappish, but really not inhospitable way, as she handed the muffins to Roland. "I know what it is when things are left to servants, as they are at your place; they turn out uneatable—soddened things, with rancid butter put on 'em, nine times out of ten, instead of good, wholesome fresh. Servants' cooking won't do for Jenkins now, and it never did for me."

"These are good, though!" exclaimed Roland, eating away with intense satisfaction. "Have you got any more down-stairs? Mrs. Jenkins, don't I wish you could always toast muffins for me! Is that some ham?"

His eyes had caught a small dish of ham, in delicate slices, put there to tempt poor Jenkins. But he was growing beyond such tempting now, for his appetite wholly failed him. It was upon this point he had been undergoing Mrs. Jenkins's dispensure when Roland interrupted them. The question led to an excellent opportunity for the renewing of the grievance, and she was too persistent a diplomatist to let it slip. Catching hold of the dish, and

leaving her chair, she held it out underneath the eyes of Roland.

"Young Mr. Yorke, do you see anything the matter with that ham? Please to tell me."

"I see that it looks uncommon good," replied Roland.

"Do you hear?" sharply ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins, turning short round upon her husband.

"My dear, I never said a word but what it was good; I never had any other thought," returned he with deprecation. "I only said that I could not eat it. I can't—indeed, I can't! My appetite is gone."

Mrs. Jenkins put the dish down upon the table with a jerk. "That's how he goes on!" said she to Roland. "It's enough to wear a woman's patience out! I get him muffins, I get him ham, I get him fowls, I get him fish, I get him puddings, I get him every conceivable nicety that I can think of, and not a thing will he touch. All the satisfaction I can get from him is, that 'his stomach turns against food!'"

"I wish I could eat," interposed Jenkins, mildly. "I have tried to do it till I can try no longer. I wish I could."

"Will you take some of this ham, young Mr. Yorke?" she asked. "He won't. He wants to know what scarcity of food is!"

"I'll take it all if you like," said Roland, "if it's going begging."

Mrs. Jenkins accommodated him with a plate and knife and fork, and with some more muffins. Roland did ample justice to the whole, dispatching it down with about six cups of good tea, well sugared and creamed. Jenkins looked on with satisfaction, and Mrs. Jenkins appeared to regard it in the light of a personal compliment to herself, as acting chief of the commissariat department.

"And now," said Roland, turning back to the fire, "when are you coming out again, Jenkins?"

Jenkins coughed—more in hesitation for an answer, than of necessity. "I am beginning to think, sir, that I shall not get out again at all," he presently said.

"Halloa! I say, Jenkins, don't go and talk that rubbish!" was Roland's reply. "You know what I told you once, about the dropsy. I heard of a man that took it into his head to fancy himself dead. And he ordered a coffin, and lay down in it, and stopped in it for six days, only getting up at night to steal the bread and cheese! His folks couldn't think, at first, where the leaves went to. You'll be fancying the same, if you don't mind!"

"If I could only get a little stronger, sir, instead of weaker, I should soon be at my duty again. I am anxious enough, sir, as you may imagine, for there's my salary, sir, coming to me as usual, and I doing nothing for it."

"It's just this, Jenkins, that if you don't come back speedily, I shall take French leave, and be off some fine morning. I can't stand it much longer. I can't tell you how many blessed hours at a stretch am I in that office with nobody to speak to. I wish I was at Port Natal!"

"Sir," said Jenkins, thinking he would say a word of warning, in his kindly spirit, "I have heard that there's nothing more deceptive to the mind than those foreign parts that people flock to when the rage arises for them. Many a man only goes out to starve and die."

"Many a mull, you mean!" returned self-complaisant Roland. "I say, Jenkins, isn't it a shame about Arthur Channing? Galloway has got his money back from the very thief himself, as the letter said, and yet the old grumbler won't speak out like a man, and say, 'Shake hands, old fellow,' and 'I know you are innocent, and come back to the office again.' Arthur would return, if he said that. See if I don't start for Port Natal!"

"I wish Mr. Arthur was back again, sir. It would make me easier."

"He sits, and stews, and frets, and worries his brains about that office, and how it gets on without him!" tartly interposed Mrs. Jenkins. "A sick man can't expect to grow better, if he is to pine himself into fiddlestrings!"

"I wish," repeated poor Jenkins, in a dreamy sort of mood, his eyes fixed on the fire, and his thin hands clasped

upon his knees, "I do wish Mr. Arthur was back. In a little while he'd quite replace me, and I should not be missed."

"Hear him!" uttered Mrs. Jenkins. "That's how he goes on!"

"Well," concluded Roland, rising, and gathering up his letters, which he had deposited upon a side table, "if this is not a nice part of the world to live in, I don't know what is! Arthur Channing kept down under Galloway's shameful injustice; Jenkins making out that working as usual is all over with him; and I driven off my head doing everybody's work! Good night, Jenkins. Good night, Mrs. J. That was a stunning tea! I'll come in again some night, when you have got toasted muffins!"

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

A Popular Account of Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, M.D. London: John Murray.

DR. LIVINGSTONE's original work is a thick octavo volume, of near 700 pages. It therefore required more money to buy it, and more time to read it, than many could afford. We are glad to see that it has been so condensed as to occupy only a volume of moderate size, and one which to many will be even more interesting than the entire work. The contents of the two correspond, chapter for chapter, and to the smaller one a useful index has been added. The plates and map also have been retained. The personal style of narrative has been preserved throughout, so that the traveller still tells his wonderful story in his own words. Commencing with a sketch of his early life, which deserves the serious attention of all young men anxious to improve themselves, the author proceeds to tell us how, in 1840, he set out as a missionary to Africa. From that point the narrative proceeds to inform us of his efforts for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Africans, of his experiences among them, and of the observations and discoveries he made till his return to England at the close of 1856. Such a mass of new information respecting Africa was never accumulated before by a single individual, and nowhere can we find a traveller's record which is more deeply interesting. It was in 1849 that Dr. Livingstone set out in search of the great inland sea or lake of which the existence had long been reported by vague rumours, but which no European had been known to visit. The search was successful, and, after a toilsome march, the magnificent expanse of water appeared in all its glory to the eyes of the delighted traveller. This is the great lake Ngami. In 1850 Dr. Livingstone again went forth to pursue his explorations, as also in 1851, when he was rewarded by the discovery of the river Zambesi, far away in the centre of the continent. In 1852 he once more started, this time from Cape Town, and made his way to Loanda, on the Western Coast, whence he crossed the whole continent to Kilimane, in the east. By this vast journey great additions were made to our knowledge of South Africa. The discoveries made were of the most diversified character, since Dr. Livingstone is of a scientific turn, and allowed nothing to escape his observation. Some of his adventures were truly romantic, and the journey was not prosecuted without much labour and peril. He nevertheless held on his way, and arrived at Loanda on May 31, 1854, in a sadly dilapidated condition. They left Loanda September 20, 1854, on their return journey, if we may so call it, for it was completely across the continent to Kilimane, as already intimated. They reached this latter place May 20, 1856, nearly four years after leaving Cape Town. Dr. Livingstone had been three years without hearing from his family. On the 12th of December he arrived in England.

Every page of this admirable narrative exhibits something novel, interesting, or suggestive. Extraordinary customs or productions remind us, either by way of resemblance or

of contrast, of what we see, or have elsewhere read of. In Angola, for instance, the mourning for the dead is accompanied by excesses and dissipation like those of an Irish wake or funeral. In one place corn is ground very much as among the old Egyptians, whose mode of spinning and weaving is to this day perpetuated among some of the tribes. The lovers of the marvellous can find strange stories about the living wonders of Africa, both beasts and men; but they will hardly wish to get among them when they read of a lion shaking Dr. Livingstone as a mastiff would a cur. The plants and trees, the rivers and lakes, the geology and the climate, and a thousand other things are set before us, so that the volume is a rich mine of instruction.

There are dark features. The moral and religious, as well as the domestic condition of the inhabitants is depressing to contemplate. The Gospel is known to very few, and there are no means of conveying it to the multitudes who dwell in these dark places. It is something to know that a beginning has been made; something to know the need that exists; but more to know that Christ's kingdom shall come, even in Africa.

The Syrian Leper; a Chapter of Bible History Expounded. By the Rev. C. BULLOCK. London: Wertheim and Co.

OF all bodily afflictions, none is greater, perhaps, than the leprosy; and of all lepers, none has become so famous as Naaman the Syrian. The history of Naaman's miraculous cure is one of the most interesting and suggestive in the Old Testament; and Mr. Bullock has made it the basis of the ten instructive chapters of which his little volume consists. After introducing us to Naaman, and drawing profitable inferences from his distressed condition, the author dwells upon the brief story of the little captive Hebrew maiden. The visits of Naaman to the king of Israel and to Elisha are treated of in the third and fourth chapters. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth contain observations upon Naaman's refusal to follow the prophet's directions, his eventual consent, and his cure. The ninth treats of the second interview of Naaman with the prophet; and the tenth, of Gehazi's dishonourable conduct, and its punishment. In the course of these chapters, the author states and expounds the facts recorded, but his purpose is mainly practical, and he therefore devotes more of his space to the lessons which the narrative is fitted to teach. The book is written in an easy and agreeable style, and is wholly composed in a devout, Christian spirit. It is, therefore, well fitted for general reading, and furnishes a good example of the way in which the Old Testament histories may be turned to account.

Musical Notices.

Peace be Still. Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

This song, by Mrs. J. W. Bliss (Miss Lindsay), is one of those graceful compositions which are likely to find a ready welcome in the drawing-room, especially among those who remember the "Pilgrim's Rest," "The Lord will Provide," and others by the same composer.

Angels ever Bright and Fair.

Dead March in Saul. Cocks & Co.

These "gems of the great masters" are arranged for the pianoforte, by G. F. West. Handel is skilfully and agreeably rendered in these two famous pieces.

God bless our Widowed Queen.

In Memoriam. Cocks & Co.

Among the large number of compositions to which the death of the Prince Consort has given rise, these pieces merit favourable notice. They fully sustain the reputation of their authors, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. W. T. Wrighton.

Sacred Songs. Clark, 15, Holborn Bars.

We have received three pieces, the words and music by W. West, already favourably known to the musical world—"Give me this Day my daily Bread," "Let me teach thee how to pray," and "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." All of them are pleasant, plaintive melodies, very simple in style.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

MR. REGINALD RADCLIFFE has returned to Paris. He held his first meeting in the chapel of the Rue de Chabrol. The building could scarcely contain the numbers who thronged to gain admission. The meeting was chiefly devoted to prayer. Mr. Radcliffe, whose health is, we regret to learn, greatly enfeebled, can only hold his meetings on alternate days. It is his intention to proceed almost at once to Geneva and the south of France.

GERMANY.

MEMEL.—The foundation of a new English church was recently laid at Memel. The chief contributors to the funds were Her Majesty the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the King of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. The church is intended for the use of British residents, and the seamen who frequent that important port.

SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA.—The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in this city have led to some good results. We have already announced the formation of a society for promoting the observance of the Lord's Day. This society has been connected with that which already existed for the same object at Neuchâtel. Committees have also been formed in the cantons of Berne, Bâle, and Vaud, and a meeting of their delegates has been held. The members of the association engage to hallow the Sabbath in the spirit of Christian liberty, and by means of persuasion, love, and example, they will seek to make of this day a sanctified and blessed day for all. Another result is the proper organisation and the multiplication of the means already employed for the revival and increase of the Church, in addition to previously existing meetings for prayer, and a well attended service which is held every Monday. The Genevan Bible Society, in addition to its central dépôt of Bibles, has employed four colporteurs, two for Geneva, one for the country round, and the fairs in the Canton de Vaud, and a fourth for the Bernese Jura and the canton of Neuchâtel. 1,012 Bibles, of which 950 have been sold; 6,408 New Testaments, of which two-thirds have gone to the soldiers of the federal regiments in garrison at Geneva; and 15,000 tracts and "Almanacs of Good Counsels," sold, are certainly pleasing results in a Protestant district. Some time since a committee was formed of thirty-two ladies and gentlemen, each of whom, once a week, visits two or three families or persons, to read the Scriptures to them. Seventy-five to eighty families receive these readers, and happy results have followed. For the sake of the blind, M. Kirzele, manager of the Blind Asylum at Lausanne, has established a printing-press for printing in raised characters, and employs some of his pupils upon it, if we are not misinformed. They have already printed the Gospel according to St. John. This enterprise should be encouraged, because the French Gospel of St. Mark for the blind, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been some time out of print. The Genevan Missionary Society, with an income of \$4,000 francs, or £1,360, has no field of its own. Two-thirds of its receipts go to the Bible Society; less than one-third to the Paris Society; and the remainder to the schools in Palestine, the Society of the Friends of Israel, the Moravian missions, and Labrador.

SARDINIA.

ONE of the methods adopted by the priests to weaken the confidence of the people in evangelical teachers and professors, is to spread reports of their willingness to apostatise for some worldly advantage. A person, who had been thus misrepresented, lately wrote the following reply:—"For some days a groundless report has been circulated to the effect that I had offered my recantation to the caputular vicar of the diocese of Alba, in return for which I have been permitted to betroth a certain young Catholic lady, I know

not whom. Let me say, in reply to the gossip who invented this ridiculous story, 1. That I shall never imitate Judas, who surrendered Christ for mammon; 2. That so long as the Romish clergy and their head make war upon the Holy Gospel, I shall never suffer myself to be involved in their insidious wiles; 3. That I shall ever count it my only glory to profess myself an evangelical Christian by the grace of God."

ANOTHER device of the clergy is to denounce and malign Protestants, and all that they cherish, in their public preachings. For instance, one of them recently said that to be on friendly terms with Protestants exposed the Catholics to excommunication; that, in 1804, a wealthy society was formed at Lyons to print Bibles in all sorts of languages, but so false that they are rather the gospel of Satan; that Henry VIII. was the ruin of England; that Protestants are ignorant; and that no discussion with them should be allowed. The society here alluded to is the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was formed in London (not Lyons) in 1804. That its editions are falsified, is a malicious invention; that Henry VIII. ruined England, is ridiculous. All the points have been well replied to by our indefatigable friends.

CHINA.

DR. LOCKHART is at present at Peking, and is the first Protestant missionary who has obtained an entrance in the capital. Mr. Edkins had begun to labour with good prospects at Tien-tsin. Mr. John has made a voyage up the Yang-tsi-kiang to Han-kow, a city of a million souls, where he hopes to establish a mission. At Shanghai, the Rev. J. Macgowan reports very encouragingly. In and around Shanghai, the churches of the London Mission agents now contain 191 members, 49 of whom were received in the six months preceding the date of the letter. At Pok-Lo, the conversion of a Chinaman in 1856 led to blessed results; up to May last, no fewer than 125 converts had been admitted to communion, and the Spirit seemed to be at work in a remarkable manner. But we regret to hear that persecution has arisen and scattered the flock, while the first convert who had been at its head has suffered martyrdom—the first Protestant martyr in China.

GREENLAND.

IN this icy region there existed, 800 years ago, a flourishing church formed by Norwegian emigrants, but it disappeared with them in the fourteenth century. A mission was commenced among the natives in 1721, by the devoted Hans Egede, which was carried on by the Moravians, who began their labours in 1733. For the first time since 1770 the Conference of United Brethren, or Moravians, sent thither a deputation, which published an interesting report, showing remarkable progress. There are now few or no heathen at all in the island. The mission comprises twenty-two agents, who have about two thousand communicants and four stations. These stations are Neuhernhut, where the first convert was gained in 1740, and the first church built; Lichtenfels, a station formed in 1758, and carried on under terrible privations; Lichtenau, originated in 1774, and soon prosperous; Friedrichsthal the most recent, only dating from 1826. The Scriptures were translated in portions. In 1799 the whole of the New Testament was printed, and the entire Bible in 1821. The Moravian missionaries have Divine service at a number of branch stations, but the four named are the chief. Besides the Moravian settlements, there are about twenty Danish colonies, which are also provided with missionaries, churches, and schools. All the neighbouring Esquimaux profess Christianity, and have usually the ability to read and write. At the colony of Godhaat (Good Hope), a printing and lithographic establishment, wholly conducted by the natives, has been lately started. Its first enterprise has been the publication of an illustrated journal, containing popular legends and poems, with a Danish translation. At the present moment, the Danish Missionary Society is endeavouring to qualify native schoolmasters and ministers.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 9.

THE PROTESTANT BOY KING.—Henry VIII. died January 28th, 1547, and was succeeded by Edward VI., his only son, by his third wife Jane Seymour. He died after a brief reign of six years, at the premature age of fifteen. One of his last acts was his consent to name the Protestant Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and niece to Henry VIII., as his successor. But this attempt failed, the sceptre passing into the hands of Mary, daughter of the repudiated Queen Katharine—an intolerant Roman Catholic, and a cruel persecutor of the Protestants: a good deal provoked thereto, no doubt, by the injurious treatment her mother had received, and instigated as she was to acts of political revenge by all the adherents of the ancient religion. The reign of this young friend of the Protestant Reformation, though extending only over so brief a period, is of great interest to the student of ecclesiastical history. The rapid progress of what were termed the "new doctrines" had been attempted to be checked by the diet of Spire, in 1529, where a decree was promulgated forbidding any innovation until the assembling of a general council. Luther's friends and followers had protested against this decree, and hence the professors of the reformed religion received the common name of Protestants. Soon afterwards they presented to the emperor, at Augsburg, their celebrated confession, but unfortunately this document showed that there were irreconcilable differences between the Calvinists and Lutherans. The struggle once begun, it was maintained with great obstinacy, and led to serious political convulsions. Half of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Prussia adopted Lutheran opinions as taught in the Augsburg confession, while England, Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland, embraced the tenets of Zuinglius and Calvin. The means taken to end the controversy only aggravated the evil. It was proposed to refer the dispute to a general council. After much delay, the council of Trent commenced its sittings in 1545. Such was the predicament of the Christian world when Edward VI. ascended the throne in 1547. The council sat, with interruptions, until 1563, and its decrees were rejected not only by Protestants, but by many Catholic princes, especially the King of France, as subversive of the independence of national churches, and destructive of the lawful authority of sovereigns.

MEMORABLE EVENTS.—On this day, in 1555, ROWLAND TAYLOR and JOHN HOOVER won the crown of martyrdom. Taylor was burnt at Hadleigh, upon the charge of resisting the establishment of Papal worship in the Church. Great efforts were made to induce him to recant, but these he firmly resisted, proceeding on his way to the stake with great courage and apparent unconcern. Of Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, originally a White or Cistercian monk, who left Oxford in 1538, when the statute of the "Six Articles" was put in execution, and who subsequently left England until the accession of Edward VI., the Protestant establishment of England and the universal Church of Christ may well be proud. Settling in London, he preached the reformed doctrines. By the interest of the Earl of Warwick he was nominated and elected Bishop of Gloucester, but upon his appointment or investiture by Cranmer and Ridley, he refused to wear a canonical habit, and it was not until by the king's authority that these ceremonies were dispensed with, that, in 1550, he was consecrated bishop. The bishopric of Worcester was also given to him, *in commendam*. He now preached often, visited his dioceses, and kept great hospitality for the poor. But during the Marian persecution, being then near sixty years of age, and refusing to recant his opinions, he was burnt at the stake in the city of Gloucester, suffering death in the spirit becoming a Christian martyr.—On the same day, in 1773, died Dr. JOHN GREGORY, of Edinburgh, one of those ornaments of the medical profession who, like

MASON GOOD, and many other talented physicians, have given attestation to the value of the evidence in support of Christianity. Dr. Gregory is now best known by his small but valuable tract, "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," a work which evinces great knowledge of human nature, combined with much solicitude for the welfare of those to whom it is tenderly and affectionately addressed. He was a universal and elegant scholar, an experienced, learned, sagacious, and humane physician, open, frank, social, and undisguised in his life and manners, sincere in his friendships, a tender husband and father, an unaffectedly cheerful, candid, and benevolent man. The talented family, of which the subject of this notice is not the last, had in him contributed no fewer than fifteen professors to British universities. His whole works were collected and published, in 1783, in four volumes octavo, with a prefixed memoir.

FEBRUARY 10.

DEATH OF DARNLEY.—In 1567 Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the youthful husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was murdered in the sixth year of that unhappy marriage. He was the great grandson of Henry VII., his wife being the granddaughter of Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII. The house in which Darnley lay sick was blown up with gunpowder, it is alleged, with the privy of the queen, and with the complicity of the Earl of Bothwell, whom she subsequently married. Darnley was certainly present at the murder of Rizzio, the queen's musician, of whom, justly or unjustly, he was jealous. Mary ultimately perished on the scaffold, and Bothwell, after being taken by the Norwegians, died insane, after ten years' imprisonment. By Earl Darnley the queen had one son, subsequently James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England. The intelligent student, of not only ecclesiastical history, but also of God's righteous retributive moral government and providence, as affecting not only his Church and people, but also in its reference to individuals, will not fail to notice in the history of those calamitous times how the conflicting views and interests of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, and of the people, as disaffected to rulers of known Popish tendencies, had so broken the peace of the kingdom, that all things appeared in the greatest possible disorder and confusion. It is certain that the prominent features of Mary's character and history cannot be defended, and that, like her ancestor, Henry VIII., she was unconsciously an instrument in the over-ruling hand of the great Head of the Church for the ultimate security of the Protestant establishment.

NEW YORK BIBLE AND MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—On this day, two centuries ago, DE VRIES, writing from a new settlement above what was then New Amsterdam, but now New York, complains that the directors of the West India Company had failed to send him, according to their agreement, the requisite number of people for another projected colony on Staten Island. Strange revolution! during the lapse of that period have arisen in the metropolis of the Western world the American Bible, Missionary, and Temperance Societies, together with many others, which, as from a new and distant centre, have spread, through the agency of the press, the light of truth through heathen lands in both hemispheres.

THE LADY OF LORETTO.—In 1797, the French pillaged Loretto, a fortified town in Italy. The soldiers entered the cathedral, which contains the Casa Santa, or "holy house," in which it is pretended the Virgin Mary lived at Nazareth, and which was alleged to have been miraculously transported to Italy. According to the legend, it was carried by angels into Dalmatia, from Galilee, and next brought to Loretto. "The lady of Loretto" stands upon an altar, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. She is surrounded by golden lamps, and magnificently attired in cloth of gold and jewels. The holy image was carried to France, but it was brought back with pious pomp, and welcomed with the discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells, and borne in procession to the "holy house," on a rich frame resting on the shoulders of eight bishops. This took place so lately as Jan. 5, 1803.

SLAVERY.—On this day, in 1807, a bill for the abolition

of the British slave trade passed the House of Lords. The trade was abolished by Austria in 1782, by the Republican French Convention in 1794. The allies declared against it in 1815. Napoleon, during the hundred days, abrogated it; but the horrid traffic continues to be encouraged in several states. In 1807, the last year of the English slave trade, documents produced by government showed that, from 1792, upwards of three millions and a half of Africans had been torn from their country, and had either miserably perished on their passage, or had been sold in the West Indies. Mr. Cooper, in his "Letters on the Slave Trade," makes this startling statement:—"European avarice has been glutted with the murder of no fewer than a hundred and ninety millions of our fellow creatures, recollecting that, for every one slave procured, ten are slaughtered in their own land in war, and that a fifth die on the passage, and a third in the seasoning." The commerce in man has brutalised a tract fifteen degrees on each side the equator, extending over four millions of square miles; and human beings, both men and women, have been bred for sale to professedly Christian nations during the last two centuries, war being carried on and promoted for the sole purpose of making prisoners for the Christian market. In 1786 England employed one hundred and thirty ships in this slave trade, and carried from Africa during that year forty-two thousand slaves. By the operation of the act passed in the reign of William IV., Aug. 28, 1833, slavery terminated for ever in the British dominions on August 1, 1834, and no fewer than seven hundred and seventy thousand, two hundred and eighty slaves were set free.

FEBRUARY 11.

HENRY III.—This monarch, the eldest son of John, succeeded his father upon the throne of England in 1216. The general history of this reign is not very interesting. Henry owed his crown, after the retreat of Louis of France, and the English their emancipation from a foreign sovereign, to the wisdom of the Earl of Pembroke, who had been appointed regent of the kingdom during the king's minority. The great charters of liberty obtained in the preceding reign were again confirmed, and the discussions between the crown and the parliament ceased for some years. These "national charters" granted by Henry are printed in the statutes of the realm, from the archives of Durham Cathedral, and the Bodleian Library. But we find that "violent and arrogant pretensions on the part of the Pope, such as even offended his own order, excited the criticism, affected the faith, and alienated the attachment of the nation from its spiritual head, were not unfrequent." And that "the exactions which the Roman See during this reign imposed on the clergy were enormous and incessant." Matthew Paris relates, when speaking of what he terms the "detestable Papal exaction," that "the income taken from England by the foreign clergy whom Innocent IV. appointed was above 70,000 marks a year"—a large sum in the money of those days—while "the king's did not amount to a third of that sum." Among the rolls in the Tower, is one (Cal. Rot. 23.) relating to this very matter, headed "*Contra abusus Papales*." But the great reproach both of England and France, in both this and the preceding reign, and more especially of the religious head of Europe, who counselled, planned, and commanded the execrable measure, was the expedition against the Albigenses, and the unsparing cruelty with which it was pursued. All obstinate heretics were placed at the disposal of Simon de Montfort, the cruel and sanguinary commander of the crusade, and the whole race were ordered to be pursued and exterminated with fire and sword. Such was the era of the installation of the inquisition. But the triumph of the Papal tyranny was signally instrumental to its own overthrow. The attack on the Albigenses was the birthday of the Reformation. In this way, God will cause the "wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he will restrain." Paul was sent a prisoner to Rome. But God's intent was, that there he should preach the everlasting Gospel.

FEBRUARY 12.

LADY JANE GREY.—In 1554 this unfortunate and amiable lady was beheaded, at the age of seventeen. She

was the daughter of Mary, youngest sister of Henry VIII., and a person of uncommon talents and learning for one so young, to which she added great amiability of disposition and mental fortitude. Her disastrous end created an extraordinary interest in her favour, which has continued unabated to the present day.

FEBRUARY 13.

THE REVOLUTION.—In 1689 William, Prince of Orange, and the Princess Mary, a Protestant daughter of the abdicating monarch, were proclaimed by the Lords and Commons as joint sovereigns of England.

SCHWARTZ, THE MISSIONARY.—In 1798 died Christian Frederic Schwartz, an honoured name in the early history of Christian missions to India. His labours extended over nearly half a century, and had a great influence over not only the moral and religious, but also over the civil and secular relations of the country.

FEBRUARY 14.

CALVIN'S INSTITUTES.—In 1543 the parliament of Paris caused the "*Institutiones Religionis Christiane*" of John Calvin to be publicly burnt. In 1527 he was presented to a rectory. His father would have him study law, to which Calvin, who, by reading the Scriptures, had conceived a dislike to Popery, readily consented. He had never been in priest's orders, and belonged to the Roman Catholic Church only by receiving the tonsure. In his study of law he made rapid progress, and soon made himself known at Paris to such as had privately embraced the Reformation. In 1534 the Reformed party met with severe treatment, which determined him to leave France. He retired to Basil, and it was then and there that he first published his celebrated and best-known production, the "*Institutions of the Christian Religion*," familiarly known to us as "*Calvin's Institutes*." The work is dedicated to the French king, Francis I., and its history is, that the prince, being solicitous to gain the friendship of the Protestants in Germany, and knowing they were highly incensed by the cruel persecutions their brethren in France had undergone, he represented to them that he had only punished certain enthusiasts, who had substituted their own imaginations in place of God's word, and who had despised the civil government. Calvin, stung with indignation at this wicked misrepresentation, wrote his "*Institutes*," partly as an apology for the Protestants who had been burnt for their religion in France. It was first published in 1535; but the last and best edition (spite of the parliament of Paris) was published in 1558, six years before his death, which occurred at the age of fifty-five. His writings comprise commentaries on nearly the whole of the Bible, in all of which, with varying success, the mind of the sacred writers is simply and forcibly expounded. Calvin was not, in the matter of religious liberty, before his age; he was no exception to the general rule. He was unwillingly drawn into the measure which consigned Servetus to death, and in the same spirit of the same dark period Cranmer sent Joan of Kent to the stake, and was himself consigned to the same fate a few years afterwards. The best edition of Calvin's works is undoubtedly that of Amsterdam, 1671, in nine volumes folio. The "*Institutes*" have been translated, and often reprinted;—a work which, after speedily securing for its author an European renown, contributed in no ordinary degree to strengthen, fortify, and extend the PROTESTANT REFORMATION, and which will ever remain as that production by which one of the early lights of religious liberty will be most familiarly known to posterity.

FEBRUARY 15.

ATTERBURY.—In 1732 died the celebrated Francis Atterbury. He was the son of a parish rector, educated for the ministry, and made himself conspicuous by his eloquence in the pulpit. His ambition was gratified by preferments, honours, and emoluments, until, in the reign of Anne, 1718, he reached the seat of the Bishop of Rochester, the acme of his greatness. On the accession of George I. he was suspected of some treasonable designs, and condemned to exile. He settled in Paris, and died there.

READINGS IN BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. NAPIER,

EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

IV.—THE NATURAL GOVERNOR OF THE WORLD IS ALSO THE MORAL GOVERNOR.

WHEN we reason on God's dealings with man, we may properly call in aid those analogies and presumptions which may be gathered by observing the outward government of the world. What we experience to be the course of Nature, with respect to intelligent creatures, we can (as Butler has told us) resolve into general laws, or rules of administration, in the same way as many of the laws of matter may be collected from experiments. These general laws, the knowledge of which is of great consequence to man, are often left unexpressed, though discoverable. It is our wisdom to search for these laws, and it is our interest, as it is our duty, to conform to their requirements, as generally tending to promote our present happiness. They are in effect promulgated by the Author of Nature, who is also the Supreme Governor of the world; and we find by experience, what we are also taught in His Word, that in keeping his commandments there is a great reward—in the consequences which follow; and we further find that, if we disregard these laws, there is a natural punishment generally imposed as a consequence of their violation. Thus, what are called sanitary laws indicate how health and life may be preserved, or sacrificed—how misery may be created and accumulated by indolence or intemperance; and the laws of economic science point out how social and industrial prosperity may be advanced or retarded by the influence of circumstances or conduct which we have power to control and regulate. This course of Nature thus declares that we are under the natural government of God, who proceeds by a method of rewards and punishments in his dealing with us in this present life. From this it follows that no valid objection can be made to the principle of this method of government with reference to a future life, as we find it to be a plain present reality—a matter of present experience in the life that now is. The final causes, the obvious purpose and design of the pleasure and the pain, the happiness and the misery, which are the generally appointed consequences of our actions, as clearly prove that there is an intelligent Governor of the world, as other final causes show that there is an intelligent Author of Nature. The fact of God being the natural Governor of the world does not appear at first sight to determine anything certainly concerning the moral character of God—that he is the righteous Governor of the world, and that virtue is his law. Moral government does not consist in the mere rewarding or punishing as a consequence of conduct, but in rewarding the righteous and punishing the wicked; in rendering to men according to their actions, considered as good or evil. This is the moral distinction. The perfection of moral government consists in adjusting the recompense—the reward or the punishment—in an exact proportion to personal merit or demerit, "every man according to his works." It is not contended that

in this present life such a proportion is maintained; but it is shown by a careful analysis of the course and order of Nature, that the principles of a moral government over the world may be discerned. The completion of this hereafter in a final and perfect adjustment may thus reasonably be expected, and especially from a consideration of the essential tendencies of virtue and of vice, and the accidental hindrances which now counteract these tendencies. The tendencies must remain—the hindrances may be removed; and if God be thus shown to have commenced a moral government in this life, we may properly count upon its continuance hereafter, that he will not renounce the character of a moral and righteous governor in a future state. The speculative view of some is (as Butler suggests) that the only character of God is that of simple, absolute benevolence. Men make very free in their speculations with Divine goodness, which may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness, but to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. He then turns away from all such speculation to the facts of experience, and so, in the chapter now before us, he turns aside from mere supposition and suggestion of what God may be in himself, or under what aspect he may have manifested himself to other beings in the universe, and he directs our attention to this, that God manifests himself to us under the character of a righteous governor. At the outset he premises, as a matter particularly to be observed, that the Divine government which we find ourselves under in the present state, taken alone, is allowed not to be the perfection of moral government. But there is a moral government in a measure, and to such a degree as to give us the apprehension and warrant the expectation that it shall be completed or carried on to that degree of perfection which religion teaches us it shall. The proofs of this are collected from clear and distinct intimations given to us in the constitution and conduct of the world. These intimations that God is a righteous governor are (as he says) clear to such as give to the matter a thoughtful attention, though they may not be clear to every careless person who just glances at the subject. I may here observe what a fruitful source of error it is—how much of the dreamy sentimentality, the meagre theology which sometimes wears the mask of Christianity, may be traced to the neglect of those real and decisive intimations which teach us that the government of God is moral. Such speculative tendencies lead to the disregard, if not the denial, of the righteousness and the justice of God, and go on to make of none effect the Cross of Christ. The realities of experience, which disclose God's righteousness—his character, as the moral Governor of the world—harmonise with the greater realities revealed to faith: mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. It is a significant fact that they who will not learn these lessons in the Book of Nature are generally found to depreciate or deny the very essence of the Gospel of Christ. In this weighty chapter we find two classes of proofs derived from fact and observation: first, in the instances which we find of present moral government; and next, in the tendencies

which we may discern towards a yet more perfect moral government. He does not insist on the greater comparative happiness of virtue over vice in this life, although he does not allow it to be doubtful that, on the whole, this is generally true, that the balance of happiness in the life that now is will be found on the side of virtue. But, as it may be difficult to estimate this with exactness—to make it the basis of a practical argument—it is not here used for this purpose, though it is not discredited as an opinion. It is certain matter of experience that God does manifest himself to us under the character of a Governor, who governs by a method of rewards and punishments. What, then, is the presumption as to the rule by which this will finally be completed? Is it not that the rewards and punishments hereafter will be consequent upon virtuous and vicious conduct respectively—a moral adjustment according to the rule of distributive justice? Our moral nature intimates to us that any other rule which we could suppose would be more difficult to account for—that this rule is adapted to our moral constitution; and thus we find an expectation that a method of government already begun shall be carried on by a particular rule which unavoidably appears to us, at first sight, more natural than any other—the rule which we call distributive justice. This is a natural and distinct intimation of a moral government. Certain advantages and disadvantages follow upon prudence and imprudence in the management of our affairs, and, so far as prudence and imprudence are of the nature of virtue and vice, these consequences are instances of a right constitution of Nature—a moral government, which is further shown in the correction of children by way of moral discipline.

So far, we find that some sort of moral government is implied in the natural government of God. The punishments inflicted by society are a part of the natural course of things; for civil society is an appointment of God, and the punishment of whatever is destructive of society is necessary, and, therefore, natural as a part of the Divine government, though carried on by the instrumentality of men. The vices of falsehood, injustice, and cruelty are punished as mischievous to society. The guilty are often punished by the penalties inflicted, and always by the fear of detection which haunts the guilty offender, and the natural fear and apprehension of exposure and punishment is a declaration of Nature against vicious actions. This is an instance of a kind of moral government naturally established and actually taking place. Men find themselves placed in such circumstances that they are unavoidably accountable for their behaviour, and are often punished, and sometimes rewarded, in the view of being mischievous or eminently beneficial to society. It is objected, and, as a matter of fact, not denied, that good actions are sometimes followed by punishment, and evil actions by reward; and reference is made to the punishment of persecution, by which men, of whom the world was not worthy, have been subjected to ignominy, imprisonment, and cruel deaths. But, as he observes, this was not natural, in the sense which he has explained. Good actions are never punished, considered as beneficial to society, nor ill actions rewarded, under the view of being hurtful. Thus an inversion of the rule is not necessary to the existence of society, and, therefore, not natural. The moral government which is manifested in civil society is both natural and divine, for the Author of Nature has made it necessary for civil society to preserve itself by punishing these vices, when they take the form of crimes, just as human life must be preserved by taking food. So far as civil society punishes vice, as being mischievous to society, it proceeds naturally—that is to say, according to the appointment of God; so far it is part of a Divine moral government carried on by the

agency of man. This is natural and distinct. We find in the natural course of things virtue, as such, is rewarded, and vice, as such, punished. This is so far an instance of moral government, perfect in kind, though not in degree.

To understand this clearly, it is proper to call attention to an important distinction between actions themselves and the quality ascribed to them, which we call virtuous or vicious. Some effects are produced by the action itself, abstracted from its quality; other effects are produced by the quality abstracted from the action. When, therefore, it is said that virtue, as such, is rewarded, and vice, as such, punished, it is meant that it is by reason of the quality of virtuousness, or of viciousness, that the effects produced are followed by reward or punishment. Thus, the immediate effects of virtue and vice upon the mind and temper are instances. In lesser matters, vice is attended with what is familiarly spoken of as "being vexed with one's self"—in greater matters, with remorse; virtue is attended by inward peace and a disposition for happiness; there is also the complacency, satisfaction, and joy of heart which accompany the real exercise of gratitude, friendship, and benevolence. That these result from the quality of the actions in each case, as distinguished from the actions themselves, will appear by observing first, in the case of vice, from the common language in which a person laments some event which has inflicted an injury, and either speaks of the satisfaction that he feels in not having to blame himself for it, or of the uneasiness and self-reproach which he feels because he is sensible it was his own doing, that he had brought it all upon himself. So in cases where there is no reason to apprehend either resentment or exposure, there is the disturbance and fear which often follow upon a man's having done an injury. This can only in such a case arise from a sense of his being blameworthy. We have also the hopes and fears which are felt more or less at present, with respect to a better life or future punishment. The instances so far are internal, but in all these are natural and distinct intimations. Then there is another class, which must be next noticed. In private life, all good men are disposed to befriend good men; and even those who have little regard to the morality of their own actions, and might be supposed to have less to that of others, when they themselves are not concerned, are yet disposed in some degree to favour and do good offices to a virtuous man, from regard to his character. In public life, honours and advantages are the natural and sometimes the actual consequences of eminent justice, fidelity, patriotism, considered in the view of being virtuous. On the other hand, death, infamy, and external inconvenience are the public consequences of vice, as vice.

The reason why virtue is often rewarded as such, and vice often punished as such—and this rule is never inverted—arises partly from our moral nature, and partly from our having so great a power over the happiness and misery of each other. The effect of this nature upon our internal condition is such as to connect peace and delight with virtuous practice, and lead to the moral results by which vice is to such a degree accounted infamous, and men are disposed to punish it as detestable, and to regard the punishment as deserved. The intimation is here natural, and there is nothing on the side of vice to answer this. For (as Butler says) "vice in human creatures consists chiefly in the absence or want of the virtuous principle," and "there is nothing in the human mind (as the logicians speak) contradictory to virtue." There is, therefore, no like regard to falsehood, injustice, and cruelty, as to veracity, justice, and charity. If any instance be pointed out, it is plainly exceptional

—a monstrous perversion, which proves the rule. If not imaginary, it is unnatural. Thus, from the frame of our nature, which inclines us and our condition, which enables us to favour virtue and punish vice, it would follow that vice cannot at all be, and virtue cannot but be, favoured as such by others upon some occasions, and happy in itself in some degree. The degree is not insisted on, but the thing itself—that virtue and vice are thus distinguished. It is in a manner necessary; it is a matter of fact, of common experience, even in the greatest confusion of human affairs. Thus, then, we have, as practical proofs of a moral government commenced in this life, the following:—Our natural preference for the moral rule of distributive justice, the undoubted consequences of prudence and imprudence, the punishments of vice as mischievous to society, the discipline of household life, the natural pleasures of virtue, and the painful stings of vice, apart from the consequences of good or injury to others; the regard shown to good men, both in private and public life, and the detestation of bad men: the one class esteemed and honoured, the other despised and denounced. The pleasure of a vicious action, which is the result of the indulgence of a passion, is owing to the passion, not to what is vicious in it, for whilst the passion by its gratification must so far yield pleasure, the vice may, notwithstanding, merely as vice, be followed by the pain of self-condemnation within—detection, exposure, or punishment from without. Virtuous actions may be punished though they are virtuous, but never because they are virtuous; and so, in like manner, vicious actions may be rewarded, though not because they are vicious. The distribution of happiness and misery seems to be governed here by other rules than only the personal merit or demerit of characters. This may be by way of mere discipline; and, indeed, the general laws of the world may render this promiscuous distribution not only proper, but unavoidable. Virtue is naturally favoured, vice naturally discountenanced; and thus the intent of Nature—that is to say, the end and design of the Author of Nature—is manifested in a way which our moral constitution compels us to acknowledge. If we find virtuous actions sometimes punished and vicious actions rewarded, it cannot be said that such was the design of Nature; irregularity and disorder may be introduced, but cannot have been designed. In the classic ruins of past ages we trace the skill, the genius, and the design of some great architect, and we linger over the pensive and decaying beauty of the mouldering column, the symmetry of the shaft, and the graceful sculpture: all this we readily separate from the mournful marks of decay, the ravages of ruthless time. These may have been anticipated, but never were designed. Thus we can read in the facts of experience, in the order of Nature, that a virtuous man is on God's side—a fellow-worker with him. So far, therefore, as a man is true to virtue, to veracity and justice, to equity and charity, and the right of the case, in whatever he is concerned, be it great or small, he works with God; he has a secret satisfaction, a sense of security, and an implicit hope of somewhat further. But in all this it is not to be forgotten that man is a fallen being—his moral nature a mournful, though majestic, ruin. The law is weak through the flesh; but God has sent his own Son to do what the law could not accomplish by the agency of fallen man. He has sent the Holy Spirit the Comforter to help our infirmities. He thus justifies the ungodly, and rewards the righteous—a seeming contradiction, but a revealed reality. In the Scripture you have heard of "the righteous judgment of God, who will reward every man according to his works," and in the same epistle the same great apostle has himself spoken of God justifying the ungodly—not of works, lest any man should boast.

Thus is our moral discipline intended to lead us to walk in the Spirit and live in the Spirit; our works thus to be the measure of our recompense, but not the title to salvation.

MOUNT ARARAT AND ITS CLIMBERS.

Among the mountains of Armenia there are none so lofty as Mount Ararat. It rises more than 16,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and is 1,500 feet higher than Mont Blanc. The summit consists of two peaks, one of which is more elevated than the other. Sir R. K. Porter says of it, "It appeared as if the highest mountains of the world had been piled together to form this one sublime immensity of earth, rocks, and snow. The icy peaks of its double head rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. My eye, not able to rest for any time upon the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their lines in the mists of the horizon, when an irrepressible impulse, carrying my eye upwards again, re-fixed my gaze upon the awful Ararat." Another traveller says, "Nothing can be more beautiful than its shape, or more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared to it. It is perfect in all its parts—no hard, rugged feature, no unnatural prominences; everything is in harmony, and all combine to render it one of the sublimest objects in Nature."

We do not wonder at the feelings inspired by this magnificent object; for a mountain more than three miles in perpendicular height would exhibit an outline of several times that extent, while the rugged grandeur of the huge mass, with its rocks, and cliffs, and flashing icy head far away above the level of the clouds, would thrill the soul with awe. The Scripture says that Noah's ark rested, after the flood, upon the mountains of Ararat. That these are the mountains of Armenia is not questioned, and in the Latin Vulgate Armenia is read. By others, the mountains are called the mountains of Cardu, but, whatever the name, the mountains of Armenia are intended. Tradition has naturally fixed upon the loftiest of them all as the resting-place of the ark, and for many centuries it was believed that the remains of the ark still existed upon the summit. Fragments of wood said to come from Noah's ark were to be found among the relics in almost every city of Europe. Strange stories are told of this ark. Benjamin of Tudela, a Jewish traveller, in 1163, says that Omar Ben Khatteb, one of the early khalifs, used its wood, five hundred years before, to make a mosque of. One hundred and sixty years after Benjamin, Sir John Maundeville speaks of the mountain called Ararat, "where Noah's ship rested, and still is upon that mountain, and men may see it afar in clear weather. That mountain is full seven miles high, and some men say that they have seen and touched the ship. But they that speak so speak without knowledge, for no one can go up the mountain for the great abundance of snow which is always on that mountain, both summer and winter, so that no man ever went up since the time of Noah, except a monk, who, by God's grace, brought one of the planks down, which is yet in the monastery at the foot of the mountain." It seems not to have occurred to these legend-lovers to ask how Noah and all that were with him came down, if no one was able to get up? The idea that portions of Noah's ark still remain upon the summit has come down almost, if not quite, to our own times, and the inhabitants of the country used to say that the wood had become as hard as a rock. So, at least,

Tournefort tells us. The traveller just named made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of the mountain.

The first in modern times to reach the top was the German Professor Parrot, a few years since. He failed in his first and second attempts, but the third time he accomplished the task, after extraordinary peril and fatigue. On his second attempt, he and his companions passed the night in the clefts of the rocks, at the height of 11,675 Paris feet. The next morning, at day-break, they started again, and although one of the number broke down, the others went on until they were 14,500 feet above the level of the sea, and then they gave up the work and returned. The third time, they spent the night 13,036 feet above the sea; at half-past six the next morning they pursued their way, and in an hour after entered the boundary of eternal snow. Their dangers and difficulties were immense, and some of the party were exhausted by the cold and fatigue. Height after height was passed, and desperate exertions brought them, by a quarter-past three, to the loftiest summit of Mount Ararat. This principal summit was an almost circular platform, slightly rounded, and about two hundred feet in diameter. It was composed of solid ice, unbroken by a rock or a stone. Another summit, also covered with ice, was about 1,200 feet distant, and somewhat lower. On account of the immense distances, nothing could be seen distinctly. The valley of the Araxes was covered with a grey mist, through which Erivan and Sardarabad appeared as small dark spots. The height of the mountain was found to be 16,254 Paris feet, or more than three miles above the level of the sea.

At this terrible elevation, and at the edge of the platform, a cross was planted as a memorial of the exploit. After remaining three-quarters of an hour upon the summit, the party commenced their descent. They rested for the night where they had taken up their quarters the night before, and the next day at noon they arrived at the convent of St. James. The day following, being Sunday, they offered public thanksgivings for the success of their enterprise.

The reality of the ascent was afterwards questioned, and the professor, in his defence, published the testimonies of those who had accompanied him. Since then, a Mr. Antonomoff has also reached the summit of Ararat. He found one of the crosses which had been set up by Professor Parrot's party, below the top, but the one upon the top was gone. In conclusion, we may observe that, if Noah's ark rested upon this particular mountain, it was, probably, not upon the summit, but in the space between the two heads into which it is divided. In any case, Mount Ararat would be the first of the mountains in that part of the world to emerge from the waters of the flood, as it would be the last to be covered by them.

PAUL GERHARDT'S HYMN.

PAUL GERHARDT, a German poet and divine, was born in Saxony, in 1806. He entered the ministry, and for ten years performed the duties of his sacred office in the Nicolai Church at Berlin. "But his religious sentiments," writes his biographer, "did not wholly coincide with those of the king, and Gerhardt, too conscientious and too decided to affect opinions which he did not entertain, was deprived of his appointment, and ordered to quit the country. Utterly destitute, not knowing where to lay his head, or provide for his helpless family, he left the home where he had spent so many happy years. But no affliction, however terrible, could shake his confidence in Divine wisdom and mercy. After some consideration, he determined on directing his steps to his native land,

Saxony, where he yet hoped to find friends. The journey, performed on foot, was long and weary. Gerhardt bore up manfully; his heart failed him only when he gazed on his wife and his little ones. When night arrived, the travellers sought repose in a little village inn by the roadside, where Gerhardt's wife, unable to restrain her anguish, gave way to a burst of natural emotion. Her husband, concealing his anxious cares, reminded her of that beautiful verse of Scripture, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.'

"The words uttered to comfort his afflicted partner impressed his own mind so deeply that, seating himself in a little arbour in the garden, he composed a hymn," of which Madame de Pontes gives us the following translation:—

"Commend thy ways, O mortal!
And humbly raise thy sighs
To Him who, in his wisdom,
Rules earth, and sea, and skies:
He who for all has found a spot,
Wind, wave, and ocean dread,
Will find a place—oh! doubt it not—
Thy foot can likewise tread!

"In Him alone confide thou must,
Ere He will bless thy deed;
In His word must thou put thy trust,
If thy work shall succeed.
Murmur, and vain repining,
And effort—all will fail;
God will not listen unto these—
Prayer can alone prevail.

"All means and ways possessing,
Whate'er He does is right;
His every deed a blessing,
His steps one path of light!
To thee it is not given
The tempest's rage to quell;
God reigns supreme in heaven,
And all He does is well.

"True, it may seem a moment
As though thou wert forgot,
As though He were unmindful
Of thine unhappy lot;
As though thy grief and anguish
Reached not the Eternal Throne,
And thou wert left to languish
In sorrow and alone.

"But if, though much should grieve thee,
Thy faith should ne'er have ceased,
Be sure He will relieve thee,
When thou expect'st it least.
Then hail to thee victorious!
Thou hast, and thou alone,
The honour bright and glorious,
The conquest and the throne."

Not many hours after Gerhardt had thus expressed his unshaken faith in the Most High, he found by experience that God indeed had not forgotten him. "Evening had now deepened, and the pastor and his wife were about to retire to rest, when two gentlemen entered the little parlour in which they were seated. They began to converse with the poet, and told him that they were on their way to Berlin to seek the deposed clergyman, Paul Gerhardt, by order of their lord, Duke Christian of Merseburg. At these words Madame Gerhardt turned pale, dreading some further calamity; but her husband, calm in his trust in an overruling Providence, at once declared that he was the individual they were in search of, and inquired their errand. Great was the astonishment and delight of both wife and husband when one of the strangers presented Gerhardt with an autograph letter from the duke himself, informing him that he had settled a pension upon him, to atone for the injustice of which he had been the

victim. Then the preacher turned towards his wife, and gave her the hymn which he had composed during his brief absence, with the words, 'See how God provides! Did I not bid you confide in him, and all would be well?'

DO RIGHT, AND FEAR NOT.

"WHEN I was young," said a good man, "I was a clerk in a country town. Two of my companions were also clerks, about my own age. The first Sunday morning, during the three or four hours that elapsed from getting up to the time for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible, which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it. But I was afraid to do so before my companions, who were reading some miscellaneous books. At length, my conscience reproaching me, I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look pharisaical; so I shut my trunk, and returned to the window. I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk, and had my hand upon the little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again dropped the top of the trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my friends said, 'Why are you so restless?'

"I replied by frankly telling them.

"To my surprise, they both averred that they had Bibles in their trunks, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were afraid to take them out, lest I should laugh at them.

"Then," said I, 'let us agree to read them every Sunday, and we shall have the laugh all on one side.'

"To this there was a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were produced; and I assure you we felt happier all that day for reading in them that morning.

"The following Sunday morning, when we were reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they exclaimed:—

"What is all this?"

"In reply I related to them exactly how the matter stood: my struggle to get my Bible from my trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sunday.

"Not a bad idea," answered one of them. 'You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible too, but have not looked into it since I have been from home! But I'll read it after this, since you have made a beginning.'

"That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night, by one or the other of us, at nine o'clock; and we religiously adhered to our purpose. A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking when the nine o'clock bell rang. One of my companions, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

"We'll all stay and listen," they said, almost unanimously.

"The result was that, without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading in the Bible; and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character. I relate this incident," said the speaker, "to show what influence one person, even a youth, may exert for evil or good. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act aright, that only wait a leader." All these youths are now useful and Christian men.

THE DIVERSIFIED BENEFITS PRODUCED BY OUR LORD'S MIRACLES.

1. They exhibit to us the benevolence of Christ's character.
2. They display the greatness of His power.
3. They show the superiority of Christ to Moses and the prophets.
4. They tend to confirm our faith in His divinity.
5. They show His authority over earth and sea—over things visible and invisible—over things present and absent—over men, angels, and demons.
6. They tend to the fulfilment of prophecy.
7. They give weight to His doctrines.
8. They were blessings to the persons afflicted.
9. They are also emblems of spiritual mercies.
10. They were once lessons of piety and benevolence, addressed to the eye. They are now lessons addressed to the ear, to cheer our hearts and animate us to works of mercy to our fellow-men.

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS.

If there be one principle of more importance than another for any young man to recognise, it is that which teaches him to fill faithfully, honourably, and efficiently the place which has been assigned him by Providence.

Discontent is very common. It is easy to complain. To look up at wealth and position, and sigh that they are not ours, is very common, because it is very easy. We can all be dissatisfied; but it is not a sign of strength, of manhood, of masculine energy of mind or body. Why should you carry the hod, or lay the bricks, while somebody else designs the structure? Why should you blow the bellows, while somebody else plays the organ? Why should you grind the colours, while somebody else paints the picture? Why should you be nailed to the desk or counter, the bench or the loom, while the "principals" of the concern you work for reap the profits and take their pleasure? Why? Perhaps because you have not earned their position; perhaps because you continue unfit to discharge their duties: it may be God's will that you should now be what you now are. But it is not His will that you should resign yourself to your present lot; that you should give up all hope of advancement; that you should give over every effort to succeed; that you should sink into supine indifference, and mistake lethargy for contentment.

Look up! You have a mind to cultivate, energies to develop, passions to restrain, a character to form. You have to help in the great work of human progress; to work for God—to battle for the truth—to win souls. You are not to let God's gifts of intelligence and activity rest unused; you are to make your way in the world—rise higher—press forward—become what you wish to be. But you must go the right way to work.

The right way is to do well what you have to do now. When you carry the hod, carry it steadily; when you lay the bricks, lay them straight—build perpendicularly, or else, with all your efforts, you will make a rubbish-heap instead of a wall. Strict integrity, not of conduct only, but of purpose—integrity that is determined to do whatever it undertakes to do in the best possible way—that goes to work in earnest, bringing all the powers of mind and body to bear upon the work in hand—this sort of integrity leads to success. Never mind the nature of your present occupation; never mind what may be the object of your ambition; never mind how dissimilar the two may appear: do what you have to do now thoroughly, and that is one step, and a very sure step, in the right direction. Never believe that the man who idles over his work, who is slovenly in its execution, who is careful only to secure his wages, has in him the makings of a great man. He may prate of the inequality of fortune, discourse largely of his own lofty aspirations, express in no measured terms his desire to escape from present drudgery; but put no faith in him. The wise man works now; the good man adds contentment

to his godliness; the conscientious man recognises his present responsibility, and does his best to discharge it. There is a certain amount of work to be done in the world. We must take the part that comes to us, and do it as well as we can. Genuine manly pluck and good-nature will never skulk from work. But the good man has a broader basis for the settlement of the matter: he has faith in God; and though he sleeps on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow, he enjoys the vision of that ladder of light which leads to that other world which sets this right.

But the right way to succeed is not only by a rigid attention to what we have to do now, but by a watchful regard to our own method of doing it. No man advances his own true interest by a mean or dishonourable action. Deceit and dishonesty don't pay. It is right to be prudent and business-like, but the tricks of trade—the petty artifices which are too common—are as dangerous as they are disgraceful. The man who wants to succeed must shun these practices. Instead of forwarding his interests, they will hamper his progress, and do him much harm. You will never make a respectable figure in the world if you have no regard for conscience. No book is fuller of wise worldly counsel than the Bible. It is replete with business-like instruction. Take that book for your *vade mecum*. Study its principles, practice its precepts, and recognise in all things the eye and the hand of God.

Look up! Everything is towering, or climbing, or reaching, or looking upward. But to what are you looking? Is it for the realisation of some pet scheme of your boyhood—a great name, a great reputation, a great fortune? Well, honourably won, these things are worth having; but look higher—look to God, the Author, the Giver of every good gift, and trust in him. There are steps to be climbed in life, but we can only climb them worthily by becoming fit for the ascent. It is only after becoming prepared for important places, through the education involved in the intelligent and faithful discharge of the duties of the place in which we find ourselves, that it is best, or even proper, that we should be advanced. It is not those who pine, and whine, and quarrel with their lot, who are apt to change it for another which the world calls better. Aspiration, worthy ambition, desire for higher good for good ends—all these indicate a soul that recognises the beckoning hand of God, who would call us home to himself. Wealth, honour, distinction, are no doubt apparently unequal in their distribution; but happiness is one of the most evenly distributed of all human possessions; and while God gives us the privilege of being as happy as other men, and makes us responsible for nothing more than he gives us, let us be contented to labour and wait.

Scripture Illustrations.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.

(Gen. xli.)

WHILE Joseph lay in prison, Pharaoh dreamed that he stood by the river side, and saw seven fat kine first, and then seven lean kine come up out of the river. The same night he also dreamed that he saw seven ears of corn spring up on one stalk, and after them seven other ears by which they were devoured. The magicians and wise men were unable to explain these dreams; whereupon the chief butler told the king of Joseph, who was forthwith sent for, and interpreted the dreams. His wise explanation and prudent advice won the heart of Pharaoh, who raised him to honour, and intrusted him with an important office. Such is a general outline of this interesting chapter, which is thoroughly Egyptian in its character, and which would bear much fuller illustration than we can give it. Let us, however, attend to a few points.

Verse 1. Pharaoh dreamed that he stood by the river. The word used in the original is an Egyptian word, and

almost always applies to the Nile, which was the great source of the fertility of the country.

Verses 2—4. Seven fat kine and seven lean kine came out of the river. The cow was a sacred symbol peculiarly Egyptian. Plutarch calls it a symbol of Isis and the earth; and Clement of Alexandria tells us it was a symbol of the earth and its cultivation, and of food. Hence, the fat kine signified abundance, and the lean kine famine. The fat kine, according to our version, fed "in a meadow;" but it is known that the word *achu*—translated "meadow"—is the Egyptian name for the Nile grass. This proves, not only that the writer understood the Egyptian language, but was well aware of the value and uses of the plants which grew on the banks of the Nile. These plants were gathered as hay is among ourselves.

Verses 5—7. Pharaoh saw seven ears of corn upon one stalk; and it is well known that the Egyptian wheat bears several ears upon a single stem. Specimens of it, raised from seeds found along with ancient mummies, have been grown in our own country. The east wind blasted the seven thin ears; and travellers tell us that a most destructive wind from the south-east, called *asiab*, or *chamsin*, sometimes prevails in Egypt, so that the grass withers, or entirely perishes.

Verse 8. The magicians and wise men could not interpret the dreams. The existence of classes among the Egyptians who professed to understand mysteries is abundantly proved. The word *chartumim*, translated "magicians," is believed by eminent scholars to be Egyptian. Even as late as Justin II., in the sixth century after Christ, we read of persons in Egypt who had the reputation of knowing mysteries, and understanding future things, and were sent for to Constantinople to be consulted by the emperor. Then, however, as in the case before us, some confessed that they could not tell what was required.

Verse 14. When Joseph was brought out of prison to appear before Pharaoh, he shaved himself. Herodotus informs us that the Egyptians were commonly shaved. Rossellini says they shaved not only the beard, but the head; and Sir G. Wilkinson adds that even foreigners conformed to this custom when they became naturalised. The hair appearing upon men's heads on the monuments was a wig, and the beards were also artificial. To this rule women were an exception; and boys were allowed to retain a single lock, or even two. It may be remarked, that among the Hebrews when men were shaved it was a token of disgrace, or of mourning; whereas among the Egyptians it was a sign of mourning to let the hair grow.

Verses 33—36. The advice given by Joseph is entirely founded upon the Egyptian constitution. The payment of part of the produce, as a tribute to Pharaoh, finds its counterpart in Egyptian history; and although the proportion has varied, the custom has continued.

Verses 40—44. Joseph's appointment as a kind of viceroy was accompanied by some remarkable circumstances. Pharaoh gave his ring to Joseph; that is, a signet ring, or seal ring, inscribed with the name of the monarch. Everything impressed with this would be regarded as bearing the royal signature; its possession was, therefore, accompanied by great responsibility. The use of rings in investitures to office has continued to our own day in many countries. Specimens of signet rings from Egypt are preserved in our museums. In addition to the ring, Joseph received a robe of fine linen. Egypt was always famous for its splendid linen fabrics, some of which may yet be seen, equal in beauty and in fineness to anything we can produce. Both for their patterns and their texture, the woven fabrics of Egypt were extra-

ordinary. Spinning and weaving are represented upon the monuments.

A chain of gold was also given to Joseph. The chain, or necklace, was the ornament of the great, and often very valuable and elaborate. Kings and nobles are always represented with them; they were the regular ensign of rank, and beautiful specimens of them are now in the British Museum.

Joseph rode in a chariot; and chariots drawn by horses are constantly figured in the Egyptian tombs, and were necessarily confined to the noble and wealthy. Thus arrayed and conveyed, Joseph seems to have been preceded by persons crying, "Abrek," in our version rendered, "bow the knee." The word is Egyptian. There seems no reason to doubt that it was an order for the multitude to prostrate themselves when the king's vicergerent passed by; a custom not confined to Egypt.

Verse 45. Joseph's name was changed for an Egyptian one, the exact meaning of which is disputed; but in its Hebrew form, it means one who reveals secrets. He also received an Egyptian wife, Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. Joseph was now an Egyptian citizen, and was married by the king's command; but of his wife nothing is known, except from the Bible, although a very full fictitious history of Asenath exists. On was the city of Heliopolis, or the "city of the sun," the ruins of which are still to be seen a few miles from Cairo. This city is called Beth-shemesh (house of the sun) in Jer. xlii. 13, where its destruction is predicted, and its idolatry referred to. There is still there an obelisk, bearing the name of Osirtasen, who was certainly not later than Moses, but who is by many believed to have been the very Pharaoh referred to in this chapter.

Verses 54—57. There was famine in Egypt; and an ancient tradition exists which is supposed to refer to this event, as it speaks of a famine which lasted eight or nine years. All nations came to buy corn in Egypt; and to this day that country is visited by foreign ships, some of which bring corn to our own markets.

THE WORLD'S MESSENGER.

In this our day we discern in the march of intellect, the advance of science, and the progress of the times, the fulfillment of the ancient prophecy that "men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased upon the earth."

The Russian Government is occupied with a project for connecting Moscow with New York by means of a telegraphic cable. Colonel Romanoff, superintendent of the lines in Siberia, has been appointed by the Government of Russia to co-operate with Mr. Collins, the representative of American interests on the river Amoor, and who has been authorised by his Government for the purpose. It is proposed that the new line shall start from Omak, in Siberia, where a communication with Moscow already exists. From Omak it will proceed to the Amoor, and along its course to its mouth, in the sea of Okhotsk, north of Japan. From this point the two engineers are divided as to the route across the Pacific; but the American plan is less bold than that of the Russian. It is expected that the course adopted will be by Petropavlesk, in Kamtschatka, thence to Vancouver's Island, off the west coast of America, and along the coast to San Francisco. The object of taking this course is to avoid the less frequented regions of the Oregon territory, and to escape the danger of magnetic influences, which might impede the efficiency of the cable. In a commercial and geographical point of view, the proposed scheme is truly gigantic, because of the difficulties of a practical nature with which it must contend. Moreover, communications will have to be established between populations who are widely separated from

one another, or scattered by various influences of climate and civilisation. The value of the results would be great indeed, because communications of every kind could be forwarded to points at an enormous distance from one another. Should this vast enterprise be successfully carried out, the line from Moscow to New York will encircle about three-fourths of the earth's circumference—an idea which but a few years since would have been ridiculed by the most able scientific men. The remaining portion of the circumference of the world is also under consideration, and the King of Sweden has granted permission for a line passing from Copenhagen to Inverness, and thence by way of Iceland and Greenland, to the American coast. The world will then, probably, be soon surrounded by an electric girdle; so that, starting from London, crossing Belgium, Germany, Poland, Russia, Siberia, the Pacific Ocean, the far west of America, California, and the United States, and then turning by Canada, Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland, we come back to London again. The telegraphic cable required for this wonderful circle will be more than 30,000 miles in length, and of this almost one-fourth is already in operation. These facts may serve as an exercise in geography to our younger readers, and, at the same time, show the daring character of modern enterprise, and the amazing skill of man. If man be so great, what must He be who made man and the world?

SPIRITUAL DESERTION.

THE people of God frequently complain of God's withdrawing from them, and deserting them, and of the prevalency of heart-evils. Many instances of this are recorded in Scripture. But we must remember that the grace of God is free, and the Lord may give it or withhold it, as he sees meet. He may withhold it—1st, out of mere sovereignty; 2nd, to chastise his children for some misdemeanour; 3rd, to make them acquainted with the plagues of their hearts, which they could not know to such a degree were these constantly kept under by his grace; 4th, to root them in lowliness and humility, under the sense and feeling of their vileness; 5th, to train them to dependence on Divine mercy, and to endear Christ and his grace more and more to their souls; and 6th, to engage them to a more tender and circumspect walk.

Satan takes advantage of such seasons to work upon the natural darkness and unbelief of our souls, to lead us into distrust of God, and so fill our minds with disquietude and uneasiness. And we are ready to join with him, and so facilitate his designs—1st, by misjudging our state, and casting away our confidence; and 2nd, by taking wrong methods of relief.

We do wrong when we look only to what we feel in ourselves, without being led to look by faith to the rich and free mercy of God for what is suitable to our need.

We do unwisely when we judge of our state by such marks and signs as can be discovered only when grace is strong and vigorous—when we spend that time in searching for that which is not, or which is not observable, which, duly employed, might have raised us to the possession of it, in such a manner that it would have discovered itself.

We should study the language of God's dispensation. It may be the kindest the Lord could use with us in our present circumstances. Let us beware of misconstruing it.

Let us bless him for what we are sure we have received—that we are not totally careless as many—that our heart-plagues are in some measure our burden, and labour after self-abasement and needy dependence on sovereign grace. Let us reflect that comfort will come in time enough. Eternity will be long enough to enjoy comfort in, though we should never taste it in this world.

WISDOM LEARNED TOO LATE.

THERE was a cry of anguish from the abyss, an imploring entreaty for the smallest gift that poverty could ask, or wealth refuse. But the only boon heavenly pity could bestow was the memory of the past. "Son, remember!"

Remember! No hope? No future?—Must all the treasures of my immortality cluster around the few years I spent on earth?

Remember! What must I remember?

I remember *my early home*, with its happy hours, and its pleasant duties—my merry, thoughtless childhood.

I remember the *Sunday-school*, the faithful lessons of my patient teachers, the warnings I cast aside so lightly, the invitations that fell unheeded, those stirring hymns which I sang so earnestly, which I almost believed I should chant in heaven.

I shall never sing again! How terrible a contrast does the remembrance of that almost celestial music make with the horrid sounds that encircle me now!

I remember *the Bible, my Bible!* Ah! it was a gift—that beautiful Bible—from one who loved its sacred pages. How often did the dust gather upon its lids! How dull a book it seemed to me then! A letter from my Maker neglected! Rich promises despised! Threatenings I would not believe! Many a verse graven on my memory, but not one upon my heart! No Bible here—not one promise, not one line! No need of evidences, for there are here no unbelievers in its truth!

I remember *my mother*. What a crowd of associations cluster thick and fast, as memory recalls my sainted mother—her counsels, her loving words of entreaty, her affection, her prayers! How she talked to me of the heaven she wished me to share with her! She is there now, but she has forgotten me. I know she cannot think of me, for there are no tears there; and if she could remember me, her mother's heart would throb with sorrow, and would she not weep? How would one tear of sympathy, falling even from that dizzy height, cool my burning brow! I shall never see her again, never hear her gentle voice, never feel her warm kiss, or press her soft hand. There is a great gulf fixed. All I can ever know of my tender mother is the memory.

I remember *my mother's grave!* There all the fountains of my nature were broken up. The tears that fell seemed to purify. I was never so near the gate of heaven. There seemed but one more step. I resolved then, as I looked for the last time in her face, that I would take that step, become a Christian, and join her above. But I did not begin at once. I did not ask God to help me to commence from that hour to serve him, and so for me my mother died in vain.

I remember the *Sabbaths* that came so often, the church bells sounding so sweetly on the quiet air, the gathering worshippers, the earnest prayer, the message from God. I was seldom absent; neither did the sermon fall on inattentive ears, for I was a critic. Nothing but the highest order of eloquence satisfied my fastidious taste. There ministers of God pleaded with me, and proclaimed the great fact that the blood of Christ could cleanse from all sin, and that no man should seek his face in vain. Again and again the Holy Spirit moved over the people, and I was almost persuaded to be a Christian—but not just then. That Sabbath bell is hushed. The voice of the preacher is chanting high praises in the upper sanctuary. I shall never hear them again. I can only remember them in my anguish.

I think now of the *wealth* God gave me, which I spent in my own ease and selfish indulgence, and which I did not dispense as his steward—the business so engrossing that it left no time for prayer, the terrible warnings I

received, which only arrested me for a moment. How patient God was with me! How long-suffering the Saviour! Each day brought its blessings uncounted and unacknowledged; each night its solemn reminder of death—but all in vain. A thousand gentle persuasions of his Spirit, which in the world of pleasure fell unheeded, recur to me now. A thousand secret monitions come thronging on my memory; and every time I remember them, my infatuation and my folly seem more inexcusable.

These remembrances madden me, yet I may not forget. Ever, as the endless coil of eternity tightens around me, is graven deeper and deeper on my soul the memory of the blessings I enjoyed and wasted, of the privileges and opportunities gone beyond recall.

In the hush of terrestrial night the stars looked down upon me, and taught me God's wisdom and omnipotence. Not one star shines here. The sunlight was a glorious gift. But of all the myriad rays which flood the immensity of space, not one is ever commissioned to pierce this blackness of darkness.

I recall many a scene of loveliness—the spring time with its fairy blossoms, the green valley, the brook, the meadow and the blue mountain; the birds filling the air with their melody, and the busy street with its active, restless throng. Oh! earth, even earth, though scathed by sin, and blighted then, seems a very paradise to me now. It is circling with obedient course in its orbit, fairer and lovelier than ever, in its restored glories; but on all its varied beauty I shall never look again. I can only remember it as *my first home*, my only home. This is not home.

The bitterest drop in my cup of gall is the thought that there was a home of ineffable peace offered me which I shall never enter, a harp tuned for me whose chords I shall never sweep, and a crown of immortal life set before me which I shall never wear.

"And I heard another out of the altar say, Even so, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy judgments."

Youths' Department.

ABOUT A BOY WHO LIVED IN A MINE.

"I DON'T see," cried Harry Johnson, "why some folks are in such a hurry to get to heaven. 'This world is bright enough for me.'"

His older sister, Jane, laid down her sewing, and looked straight down into his happy black eyes. "Harry, would you really like to know the reason? Come, look at this picture."

She took up a little school geography, and showed him a picture of some men, in a foreign country, at work in a deep mine.

"Now, Harry, there are poor boys who spend all their lives in just such places as that. It's dig, dig, dig with them, with their pickaxes and shovels, from morning to night—only they never know when it is morning, and when night, for they have no sunlight down there."

"Ugh!" cried Harry, "that must be horrid!"

"Not quite so horrid to them, after all," said his sister; "for, you see, they get used to it; and some of them have never seen the sun in their lives. They are born, and they die there. There are their friends; and I have no doubt it seems to them quite a natural way to live. They have lamps to work by, and with the lamps they go round into the great dark holes of the mine to dig."

"But suppose now, Harry, that some-day one of these boys takes it into his head to come up from under the

ground, and see the world outside. He jumps into the great bucket they have to hoist the ore they dig out in the mines; round and round goes the wheel at the top that winds up the rope; and by-and-by the boy begins to get up into daylight. "Oh! isn't it splendid!" he cries out—good deal happier than you were, Harry, when you went to the museum. "What a glorious world they have got up here!" He sees the green grass, and the waving trees, and the blue sky; he sees the houses, and the people, and the laughing children; and he can't help clapping his hands in the delight at the beautiful things.

"After a while he gets into the bucket again, and slowly the rope lets him down in the dark. When he comes to the bottom of the mine, his friends want to know how he likes things up here.

"Oh," he says, "I don't want to live in the mine any longer." "Don't want to live in the mine?" they ask him. "Pray, why not? Isn't it as pleasant here as it was before you went up? Are not the lamps as bright, the food as good, the work as easy, the wages as large—your friends down here as kind as they ever were?"

"Yes," he says, "everything is just as it was. But I've seen the world up yonder! It isn't because I like the dark mine here less than I did that I want to go; but because I love the happy fields and the sunny skies up there so much more."

"Now, Harry, do you think it is anything strange that he would rather mount up again to the outside world?"

"No, Jane, I'm sure I don't. I should feel just so."

"Well, the Apostle Paul says, in one place, that he wants to leave the earth, and be with Christ; and if you would like to know the reason, read what he says in another place:—'I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (he means himself, Harry), caught up to the third heaven.' There! that was the reason! What glorious things he saw in God's pure heaven above, we do not know—whatsights of the golden city, and the angels all in shining robes, and the harps of gold, and the crowns, and the sea of glass, and the mighty multitude singing God's praises together. We know nothing about all that. But who can wonder that, when he came down into this lower world again, he wanted to get back up yonder?"

"But, Jane, have you, and papa, and mamma been in heaven, as Paul had?"

"No, Harry; but it sometimes seems to me as if I had. When I read, in Revelations, about the river of the water of life, and think of those blessed ones who behold the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of God, and dwell with the kindred spirits of the just made perfect, in the presence of their Creator—when I think of our once crucified but now triumphant Redeemer, it seems to me, sometimes, as if I were already there. This world—though I love all the beautiful things and the kind friends in it—is not quite bright enough for me, Harry, if it is for you."

Harry sat with his little elbows on his knees, and his chin on the palms of his hands. It is clear that he was thinking hard. God help him—and you, too, dear reader—to pray as well as think, and pray with a Christian heart!

CHARITY.

"MOTHER, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day," said little Mary, as she came running in from school one lovely summer afternoon, and threw her arms about her neck, imprinting a kiss upon her pale cheek. "Yes, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day:" and her little bosom heaved with delight, which caused her

bright eyes to sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon her cheeks.

Little Mary was a bright, active girl, with a loving countenance. She was the child of many prayers, and much faithful instruction; and the good seed thus sown unsparingly, and watered with a mother's tears, had fallen in good soil, and was now just beginning to spring up with the promise of an abundant harvest.

"Are you sure, Mary," she said, after a slight pause, "you have made one heart happy to-day?"

"Yes, mother; she said so, and thanked me—oh, so many times!"

"Who was it you made so happy? and what did you do for her?"

"It was the poor woman who lives in the little house by the brook. I went in there when I went to school; and she said she had been looking out of the window to see the beautiful flowers, but she was old and lame, and couldn't pick them as she used to do; and, as she had no little boy or girl to get them for her, she had to be content with looking at them from her window. So at noon I went out and got all the prettiest ones I could find, and carried them to her; and she was so glad, and said God would bless me, for I had made her poor heart happy; that the flowers were very sweet; but she was going soon to a land where there were far sweeter flowers that never fade. Did she mean heaven, that I have heard you say so much about, mother?"

"Yes, my dear."

"May I not get flowers for her every day, mother; and some of those nice ones from our little garden, that I may make her happy again?"

"Yes, child, as often and as many as you wish; and I trust the remembrance of this day may cause you ever to strive to make some heart happy daily."

"I will try, mother," she said; and her blue eyes filled with tears—tears of mingled sympathy and joy; sympathy for the disconsolate and suffering, and joy that even she could be of some service—little girl that she was—in making earth's weary and lonely hearts happy.

Now the reason we have told you this story, little readers, is to remind you that when the Bible speaks of charity it means *kindness*.

Sometimes the poor want money very much; then it is charity to give it. Sometimes they want other helps, such as cheering words, friendly advice, attendance on a sick bed, or religious instruction; and these are charity too. Whatever we say or do to others hoping to do them good, in obedience to the command of the Lord Jesus, is *charity*.

"DID I NOT DO IT WELL?"

A RICH man went to Washington, where he met with a member of Congress (which is the American Parliament, you know). And this man he had known, when a lad, in a very different condition of life.

"Why, sir," said he, "are you a member of Congress? I remember when you used to black my boots for me."

"Well, sir, did I not do it well?" was the prompt and appropriate reply.

Now, boys, let me tell you something. The great secret of success in this life is doing well whatever one has to do; and that thing is not well done which is not done at the right time.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and "never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

Do what you have to do promptly, and you will not fail. True and lasting success is not the result of chance, but of God's blessing on well-directed effort.

Nor is there any honest occupation, however humble, that is not honourable, if well followed. No one need be ashamed of humble birth, or hesitate to own the lowliest labour, if he can say the labour was well done.

THE CHERRY-BUD.

God sometimes seems a great way off, and we wonder if he cares for us. I know Jesus told us to say, "Our Father," and the Bible teaches that "He is *nigh* to all them that call upon him;" and yet we cannot help sometimes feeling that he is too great to mind our small affairs, and has larger interests to overlook than ours. This is not a happy feeling. Oh, no; it is unhappy. While I was feeling so one day, I walked out on the terrace, and pulled a bud from the cherry-tree. It was in the early spring, and the trees looked bare as winter. It seemed as if spring, like hope, was frozen up.

The bud was not a spring bud, then. No. It was made last summer; for summer is at work, not only to make leaves, and flowers, and fruit, for its own year, but it begins a bud—it begins millions of buds for the *next* year. What a forethought this!

But a bud is a tender thing. Are they not running a great risk to come so long beforehand? for how can they weather the winter storms, frost and ice, and wind and snow? The cherry-bud which I held in my hand survived all this.

"How did you live, little bud?" I said, carrying it into the house. Then I began to uncover it, and that let me into the secret. How much do you think that one cherry-bud had on? First, I took off *thirteen* little coverings, hugging it round like the coats of a pine apple. That showed as if somebody cared for it. Then I found three larger, finer, thicker ones; and under these three more, woollier and warmer. Here were *six* blankets, besides *thirteen* coverlids.

What do you suppose I found between two of the blankets? The smallest insect you ever saw, no bigger than a hair's-breadth, but with legs to run away fast enough, when I waked him up. "Did your mother put you in this warm cradle?" I asked. "Have you slept sweetly here all the winter?" It did not answer, and seemed impatient to go.

"What did you find inside the blankets?" Three little buds—blossoms to be, and cherries in July. They looked like three tiny babies fast asleep, and not yet ready to get up. They were *not* ready, for I was not the one to rouse them. It belonged to that good nurse, the sun, who was fast warming up for the work. Now I was about it, however, I thought I would look a little further.

"Is the flower all there inside you, little bud?" I peeped in, and found atoms of the most delicate white leaves you ever saw, all beautifully grained; and, oh! had I lighted on a mine? for here was a nest of gold—golden specks, moulded and rounded with the rarest skill. How many? Thirty-five. Here indeed was the blossom, and these were the pollen-boxes of the stamens, for I found each gold speck perched on a little stalk; and all these grouping round the heart of the blossom, the future cherry.

Who would have thought of finding this little world of life and beauty here—such delicate paintings, such exquisite workmanship, part fitting part, many parts forming a perfect whole, and not only one, but hundreds, thousands, millions clinging to the dry, black branches of the garden trees? I looked out of the window, and thought of all these, living, growing perfectly, with no haste; noiseless, hid from all eyes—all eyes but One. He knows them all, counts them all, watches them all,

loves them all as they strengthen and ripen, bearing another life in their warm, white bosoms—the full fruit, the rich, ripe, delicious "White-Hearts" of July. Ah! the garden trees looked no longer bare.

Will the great God have such care and love for a bud, and not care for you and for me? Then God seemed no longer afar off. He was near, very near. A sweet sense of his love and care folded me round, and I was very happy.

The Half-hour Bible Class.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. PAUL.

OUR last lesson closed with the imprisonment of the great Apostle of the nations. In his trial before Festus, he appealed from the lower tribunal of the procurator to the higher tribunal of the Emperor; and when he appeared before Agrippa, that royal man, after hearing the Apostle's defence, freely and unhesitatingly acknowledged that he might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Caesar. Conscious of his innocence, Paul stood erect. At the very time that he was converted to the Christian faith, the world stood in need of a great man—a man who could touch humanity at all its points, irrespective of national priority and political influence, of intellectual culture and social refinement, of religious creed and popular belief; and God gave this great man to the world in the person of this new convert. Though a Jew by descent, our Apostle could claim the high distinction of being a Roman free born; while his mental development and his moral activity singularly fitted him, as the subject of the inward life, to carry the principles of Divine enlightenment and of spiritual freedom into all nations. We have tracked his course through years of incessant self-sacrificing labour; and now all but a final halt is put upon his steps. He is now in Rome—the very centre of the world's power—but in bonds. Separated from all other prisoners, he is allowed to live in his own hired house, under the constant surveillance of a Roman soldier, but meets with neither hindrance nor injury in the prosecution of his sublime object. He opened his house as a school for Christian instruction, in which he taught with all freedom and confidence, no man forbidding him.

But let us turn to the Sacred History, and take for the basis of this interesting lesson, the words which we find recorded in—

Acts xxviii. 16—20; 30, 31.—When we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him. And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together: and when they were come together, he said unto them, Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans. Who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Caesar; not that I had ought to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain. . . . And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

Now, if it was at the instigation of his own countrymen that the Apostle had been arrested and handed over from tribunal to tribunal, why was it that he opened his ministry in Rome among the Jews, and not rather among the Gentiles?

"Such was his uniform practice, first to seek access to his

countrymen; and the man who penned the incomparable hymn in praise of that love which 'endureth all things,' was bound to show its influence in leading him to 'hope all things' in regard to his fellow-countrymen."

Yes—hope strengthened his soul, and the more that Truth was despised and crucified, all the more deeply did he feel the glorious duty of serving that Truth; and hence he first addressed the message of mercy to his kinsmen according to the flesh. But was there anything to encourage him in persevering in this course?

"We are told, that as he from morning till evening expounded and testified of the kingdom of God, persuading these his brethren concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets, some believed the things which were spoken."

The simple fact that some believed was proof enough that the moral condition of his brethren was not hopeless; but was not the cup which love had sweetened soon dashed from his lips?

"While some believed, others believed not; and it may be, that the unbelievers formed by far the majority."

It is indeed to be feared that the greater number closed their ear and their heart to the words of life; and such were the elements of opposition which began to gather round him, that he had nothing to look for from his own nation in his approaching trial. But why was his trial delayed?

"It might have been that his accusers were not prepared with the evidence which they meant to adduce; and according to Roman law, the case could not proceed till they were personally present."

In giving us the very words in which the Apostle addressed his Jewish brethren, whom he called together three days after his arrival in Rome, the history tells us that he was bound with a chain. Does he himself ever refer to this fact in any of the epistles which he wrote and sent from Rome to any of the churches?

"In Ephesians vi. 20, he says—'For which cause I am an ambassador in bonds;' or, as it is in the margin, 'in a chain.' In the first chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians, he three times uses the phrase 'my bonds.' In Colossians i. 24, he says—'Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you;' and, in his salutation to the church (iv. 18), he prefers the request—'Remember my bonds.'"

The history asserts that Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house at Rome. Now, what evidence is there in any of his letters that his imprisonment was so protracted?

"In the Epistle to the Philippians, i. 13, he speaks of his bonds being manifest in all the palace, and in all other places: that is, his imprisonment was a fact known not only in Rome itself, but in places far beyond it, and remote from it. The same epistle speaks of the Philippians sending once and again to him such things as they deemed necessary for him in his afflictive circumstances. It represents him, moreover, as waiting with solicitude the issue of his trial:—'Him therefore (Timothy) I hope to send presently, so soon as I shall see how it will go with me; but I trust in the Lord that I also myself shall come shortly;' but as this was doubtful, he had already prepared their minds for the sad alternative, by assuring them, in the seventeenth verse, that he was prepared to be offered upon the sacrifice and service of their faith."

At length the day of trial came. He entered the hall of judgment still chained to his sentinel, but with step how firm! and as he approached the bar, the fire flashed from his eye, revealing a soul within which was conscious of its integrity. There he stood, calm and composed. But what is the charge preferred against him?

"The accusation is neither stated in the history, nor

referred to in any of the epistles, and must be matter of pure conjecture."

Not entirely so. As the charge was preferred by the Jewish sanhedrim, we can conceive of the accusation being made to rest upon the fact, that Paul had left the religion of his fathers, and had become the disciple of the new faith, which they deemed subversive of their own old established creed. Now, if his Christianity was a living protest against their Judaism, was not their Judaism a standing protest against the heathenism and the idolatry of the whole world?

"Certainly; and if they as Jews claimed the protection of the imperial power, there was no reason why the Apostle should not claim the same protection as a Christian."

To this the sanhedrim could offer no reply; and thus, at the very outset, the case broke down. Then we may conceive that they shifted their ground, and insinuated that our Apostle had been guilty of rebellion against established authority, and that his teaching amounted to nothing less than treason. How could the Apostle meet such a charge as this?

"If it be, as it is supposed, that his Epistle to the Romans was written at least six years before he ever set his foot within the walls of the Imperial City, then he had only to appeal to that letter, addressed to the Christians in Rome, in proof of the fact, that not only was he himself the friend of order and good government, but that, as a teacher of the new faith, he had not failed to inculcate the lessons of a hearty and unconstrained loyalty."

Nor this only. If he had ever uttered or even whispered a single word against the throne or the empire, there were the soldiers to whom he had been successively chained, and there were the thousands to whom he had given the lessons of holier instruction, not excepting numbers of Nero's household, who could bear witness to the fact of his allegiance and submission. Here the evidence was all in his favour; and, such was its overwhelming fulness and force, that nothing could have been more triumphant than his defence—nothing more honourable than his acquittal. And now that he is again a free man, whither does he bend his steps?

"It is supposed that after spending a few months in Rome, and other parts of Italy, he returned to Asia Minor, whence he sailed to Spain, and again found his way back to European Greece; and that at Nicopolis, where he hoped to have a season of rest and tranquillity after five years of travel and labour, an information was laid against him, and a second time he was arrested and taken prisoner to Rome, where he was now treated as a common malefactor."

But what had he done to render himself obnoxious to Roman law? What was the new charge now preferred against him, not by the Jews, but by the Romans themselves?

"It is said, that he was now accused of setting fire to the Imperial City, and thus of endangering both life and property to an unspeakable extent."

This charge had its basis in the historical fact that Nero, wishing to have a lively and dramatic spectacle of Troy in flames, employed certain incendiaries to set fire to the city, which brought down upon him the indignation of his people; and then, to screen himself from the odium of such a deed, he had the depravity to attribute it to the Christians, whose numbers were great in the city. To the Christians, as a body, it was well known that the Apostle sustained the most intimate relation, and, proceeding upon the information which they had received, it was perhaps natural for the Roman authorities to believe that he had during his first imprisonment so acted on the minds of his converts as to lay the train of this

fearful conflagration. Now, what evidence have we that he was a second time a prisoner at Rome, and subject to suffering?

"His first imprisonment took place in A.D. 60—61, and in his second Epistle to Timothy, which was written A.D. 66—67, we find him speaking of himself as then at Rome, and in bonds. Thus, in chapter i. 16, 17, we read, 'The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain: but, when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me.' Again, in chapter ii. 9, 10, we find it written, 'Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake.'"

But where is the proof that he was acquitted of the charge there laid against him?

"In 2 Timothy iv. 16, 17, we have these remarkable words—'At my first answer (or during my reply to the first charge) no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me: . . . and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.'"

Still he was not set free—he had another charge to answer; but between his first and second defence there was some shorter or longer interval which he was doomed to spend within the gloomy walls of a cell. Were any of his Apostolic letters written in that interval?

"Only the second Epistle to Timothy, in which he avows himself ready to be offered, and expresses his unwavering trust in his living and glorified Saviour."

But for what object or end did Paul write this Epistle to his son Timothy?

"During his reply to the first charge, he had been abandoned by his most attached friends, and his great heart reaching out for sympathy and succour, he sat down and wrote to Timothy, and besought him to come shortly—speedily unto him."

If the Apostle really refuted the first charge, and was acquitted as innocent, on what pretext did the Roman authorities detain him as their prisoner?

"He was now accused of being the teacher and propagator of what the Romans called an 'illicit religion'—of a religion diametrically opposed to the principles and maxims which obtained in the empire, and throughout the whole of the heathen world."

Yes, and this was his only crime. It was founded in fact, and he had no wish to conceal it—far less to deny it. Of this New Faith, he says—"I am appointed a preacher, and an Apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles; for the which cause I also suffer these things; nevertheless, I am not ashamed." If it were a crime to be a preacher of Christ's Gospel, then of that crime he was most surely guilty, and hence his condemnation. Now, in what temper or disposition of soul did he look forward to the fatal hour?

"With a courage and a firmness worthy of the man, the Christian, and the Apostle of a religion which is the religion of heroism, he was led out to the place of execution."

Even at this distance of time, we fancy that we see him as he went along, with the tread of a hero in his step, and with the calm fortitude of the martyr sitting on his brow. The place of execution was not far distant, and on reaching the fatal spot, we think we hear his manly voice in the triumphant challenge—"Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?" The headsman's sword glitters in the light of heaven, but with a calm repose on Christian Truth, and with the glories of a higher world bursting upon his view, he says—"I am ready to be offered; I have kept the faith."

Is there any probable ground on which to rest the belief, that Timothy arrived in time to witness the last scene in the life of this illustrious man and servant of Christ?

"None: yet we may hope and believe that some few of his former friends gathered round him at this last solemn moment, and followed him to the scaffold."

He faltered not, neither fainted. With a fortitude which nothing could overcome, he laid his head upon the block, when in a moment there fell the headsman's sword; and nothing remained but the lifeless form.

"Weeping friends took up the corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinths where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted church found refuge for the living, and sepulchres for the dead." The spot in which his earthly remains were laid is truly consecrated, and is now the burial place of those members of the Protestant faith who may die in Rome, and where even now mingle the ashes of many nations.

From the closing scene in the life of this great teacher of the Christian Faith, we may learn these four things:—

1. That nothing insures such peace and hope in death as the merciful provisions of the Gospel.
2. That to enjoy triumph in death, we must keep firm and unyielding hold of the Truth in life.
3. That death is but one of the conditions of higher and more perfect life, as that life exists in the soul.
4. That this higher life will have its final and perfect development, amid the lights and the revelations of that world where the light is unclouded, and the knowledge is unlimited—where the life is perfect, and the bliss is for ever unconfined.

Germs of Thought.

MANY live miserably and meanly, just to die magnificently and rich.

FASHIONABLE people are apt to starve their happiness, in order to feed their vanity.

A MAN may suffer without sinning, but a man cannot sin without suffering.

THE ancients dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying.

RESIGN and deny thyself wholly; for though true self-denial is harsh at the beginning, it is easy in the middle, and becomes most sweet in the end.

THE pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank him cannot be innocent.

AS we go on in life, we ought to be more public-spirited, and to make our anxieties, projects, and prayers devote themselves to some matter of general concern.

FAMILY PRAYER, if it notice home events, gives a great reality and tenderness to religion, particularly in children's eyes. It brings God to them as immediate and loving.

A MAN may light the fires of his devotion from another flame, and may thus be zealous at a prayer-meeting, but cold when on his knees alone. If this be the case, he is in great danger, and should at once seek fire from above.

LOWLINESS of heart is a great guard against plausible errors. The man who bows in lowliness before the Cross cannot lift his head high enough to be agitated by a merely speculative theology.

RABBI ELIEZER said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them—"Then you should turn to God to-day; perhaps you may die to-morrow. Thus every day will be employed in returning."

OUR need of preventive grace is nowhere more felt than when a temptation comes upon us suddenly. At such moments, if left to ourselves, we are weakness itself. Under such access of the enemy, great crimes have been committed.

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."

FOREVER with the Lord—
Oh, thought of joy divine;
The loss of Eden's fall restored,
And heaven for ever mine.

To win this priceless grace,
Jesus, my Saviour, died;
Wide as the ruin of our race,
The ransom he supplied.

Salvation's wondrous boon—
Oh, soul-reviving word!
Oh, light of heaven's eternal noon,
For ever with the Lord!

There, while the ages roll,
His love supreme our own;
And every transport of the soul
Immortal as his throne.

No griefs of earth to mourn
Those holy realms afford;
Unto thy rest, my soul, return,
For ever with the Lord.

THE CHANNINGS.—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYFNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.

A KEEN wind, blowing from the east, was booming through the streets of Helstonleigh, striking pitilessly the eyes and cheeks of the wayfarers, cutting thin forms nearly in two, and taking stout ones off their legs.

Blinded by the sharp dust, giving hard words to the wind, to the cold, to the post-office for not being nearer, to anything and everything, Roland Yorke dashed along, suffering nothing and nobody to impede his progress. He flung the letters into the box at the post-office, when he reached that establishment, and then set off at the same pace back again.

Roland was in a state of inward commotion. He thought himself the most injured, the most hard-worked, the most-to-be-pitied fellow under the sun. The confinement in the office, with the additional work he had to get through there was the chief grievance; and a grievance it really was to one of Roland's temperament. When he had Arthur Channing and Jenkins for his companions in it, to whom he could talk as he pleased, and who did all the work, allowing Roland to do all the play, it had been tolerably bearable; but that state of things was changed, and Roland was feeling that he could bear it no longer.

Another thing that Roland would perhaps be allowed to bear no longer was—immunity from his debts. They had grown on him latterly, as much as the work had. Careless Roland saw no way out of that difficulty, any more than he did out of the other, save by an emigration to that desired haven which had stereotyped itself on the retina of his imagination in colours of the brightest fantasy—Port Natal. For its own sake, Roland was hurrying to get to it, as well as that it might be convenient to do so.

"Look here," said he to himself, as he tore along, "even if Carrick were to set me all clear and straight—and I dare say he might, if I told him the bother I am in—where would be the good? It would not forward me. I'd not stop at Galloway's another month to be made into a duke royal. If he'd take back Arthur with honours, and Jenkins came out of his cough and his shadowiness and returned, I don't know but I might do my inclination violence, and remain. I can't, as it is. I should go dead with the worry and the work."

Roland paused, fighting for an instant with a gust of wind and grit. Then he resumed—

"I'd pay the debts if I could; but, if I can't, what am I to do but leave them unpaid? Much better get the money from Carrick to start me off to Port Natal, and set me going there. Then, when I have made enough, I'll

send the cash to Arthur, and get him to settle up for me. I don't want to cheat the poor wretches out of their money; I'd rather pay 'em double than do that. Some of them work hard enough to get it: almost as hard as I do at Galloway's; and they have a right to their own. In three months' time after landing, I shall be able to do the thing liberally. I'll make up my mind from to-night, and go: I know it will be all for the best. Besides, there's the other thing."

What the "other thing" might mean, Mr. Roland did not more explicitly state. He came to another pause, and then went on again.

"That's settled. I'll tell my lady to-night, and I'll tell Galloway in the morning; and I'll fix on the time for starting, and be off to London, and see what I can do with Carrick. Let's see! I shall want to take out lots of things. I can get them in London. When Bagshaw went, he told me of about a thousand. I think I dotted them down somewhere: I must look. Rum odds and ends they were: I know frying-pans were amongst them. Carrick will go with me to buy them, if I ask him; and then he'll pay, if it's only out of politeness. Nobody sticks out for politeness more than Carrick. He——"

Roland's castles in the air were suddenly cut short. He was passing a dark part near the Cathedral, when a rough hand—rough in texture, not in motion—was laid upon his shoulder, and a peculiar piece of paper thrust upon him. The assailant was Hopper, the sheriff's officer.

Roland flew into one of his passions. He divined what it was, perfectly well: nothing less than one of those little mandates from our Sovereign Lady the Queen, which, a short while back had perilled Hamish Channing. He repaid Hopper with a specimen of his tongue, and flung the writ back at him.

"Now, sir, where's the good of your abusing me, as if it was my fault?" returned the man, in a tone of reasoning remonstrance. "I have had it in my pocket this three weeks, Mr. Yorke, and not a day but I could have served it on you: but I'm loth to trouble young gentlemen such as you, as I'm sure many of you in this town could say. I have got into displeasure with our folks about the delay in this very paper, and—in short, sir, I have not done it till I was obliged."

"You old preacher!" foamed Roland. "I have not tipped you with half-a-crown lately, and therefore you can see me!"

"Mr. Yorke," said the man earnestly, "if you had filled my hands with half-crowns yesterday, I must have done this to-day. I tell you, sir, I have got into a row with our people over it; and it's the truth. Why don't you, sir—if I may presume to give advice—tell out your little embarrassments to your mother, the Lady Augusta? She'd be sure to see you through them."

"How dare you mention the Lady Augusta to me?" thundered haughty Roland. "Is it fitting that the Lady Augusta's name should be bandied in such transactions as these? Do you think I don't know what's due to her, better than that? If I have got into embarrassment, I shall not drag my mother into it."

"Well, sir, you know best. I did not mean to offend you, but the contrary. Mind, Mr. Roland Yorke!" added Hopper, pointing to the writ, which still lay where it had been flung, "you can leave it there if you choose, sir, but I have served it upon you."

Hopper went his way. Roland caught up the paper, tore it to pieces with his strong hand, and tossed them after the man. The wind took up the quarrel, and scattered the pieces indiscriminately to the four compasses. Roland strode on.

"What a mercy that there's a Port Natal to be off to!" was his comment.

Things were not particularly promising at home, when Roland entered, looking at them in a quiet, sociable point of view. Lady Augusta was spending the evening at the deanery, and the children, from Gerald downwards, were turning the general parlour into a bear-garden. Romping,

quarrelling, shouting and screaming, they were really as unrestrained as so many young bears. It would often be no better when Lady Augusta was at home. How Gerald and Tod contrived to do their lessons amidst it, was a marvel to everybody. Roland administered a few cuffs, to enjoin silence, and then went out again, he did not much care where. His feet took him to the house of his friend, Knivett, with whom he spent a pleasant evening, the topics of conversation turning chiefly upon the glories of Port Natal, and Roland's recent adventure with Hopper. Had anything been wanted to put the finishing touch to Roland's resolution, that little adventure would have supplied it.

It was past ten when he returned home. The noisy throng had dispersed then, all save Gerald. Gerald had just accomplished his tasks, and was now gracefully enjoying a little repose before the fire; his head on the back of my lady's low embroidered chair, and his feet extended on either hob.

"What's for supper?" asked Roland, turning his eyes on the cloth, which bore traces that a party, and not a scrupulously tidy one, had already partaken of that meal.

"Bones," said Gerald.

"Bones?" echoed Roland.

"Bones," rejoined Gerald. "They made a show of broiling some, down-stairs, but they took good care to cut off the meat first. Where all the meat goes to, in this house, I can't think. If a good half of the leg of mutton didn't go down from dinner to-day, I possessed no eyes."

"They are not going to put me off with bones," said Roland, ringing the bell. "When a man's worked within an ace of his life, he must eat. Martha"—when the maid appeared—"I want some supper."

"There's no meat in the house, sir. There were some boiled bo—"

"You may eat the bones yourself," interrupted Roland. "I never saw such a house as this! Loads of provisions come into it, and yet there's rarely anything to be had when it's wanted. You must go and order me some oysters. Get four dozen. I am famished. If I hadn't had a substantial tea supplied me out of charity, I should be fainting before this! It's a shame! I wonder my lady puts up with you two incapable servants."

"There are no oysters to be had at this time, Mr. Roland," returned Martha, who was accustomed to these interludes, touching the housekeeping. "The shop shuts up at ten."

Roland beat on the floor with the heel of his boot. Then he turned round fiercely to Martha. "Is there *nothing* in the house that's eatable?"

"There's an apple pie, sir."

"Bring that, then. And while I am going into it, the cook can do me some eggs and ham."

Gerald had turned round at this, angry in his turn. "If there's an apple pie, Martha, why could you not have produced it for our supper? You know we were obliged to put up with cheese and butter!"

"The cook told me not to bring it up, Master Gerald. My lady gave no orders. Cook says if she made ten pies a day, they'd get eaten, once you young gentlemen knew of their being in the house."

"Well?" said Gerald. "She doesn't provide them out of her pocket."

Roland paid his court to the apple pie, Gerald joining him. After it was finished, they kept the cook employed some time with the eggs and ham. Then Gerald, who had to be up betimes for morning school, went to bed; and I only hope he did not get the nightmare.

Roland took up his place before the fire in the same chair and position vacated by Gerald. Thus he waited for Lady Augusta. It was not long before she came in.

"Come and sit down a bit, good mother," said Roland. "I want to talk to you."

"My dear, I am not in a talking humour," she answered. "My head aches, and I shall be glad to get to bed. It was a stupid, humdrum evening."

She was walking to the side table to light her bed candle, but Roland interposed. He drew the couch close to the

fire, settled his mother in it, and took his seat with her. She asked him what he had to say so particularly that night.

"I am going to tell you what it is. But don't you fly out at me, mother dear," he coaxingly added. "I find I can't get along here at all, mother, and I shall be off to Port Natal."

Lady Augusta did fly out—with a scream, and a start from her seat. Roland pulled her into it again.

"Now, mother, just listen to me quietly. I can't bear my life at Galloway's. I can't do the work. If I stopped at it, I'm not sure but I should do something desperate. You'd not like to see your son turn jockey, and ride in a pink silk jacket and yellow breeches on the race-course; and you'd not like to see him enlist for a soldier, or run away for a sailor? Well, worse than that might come, if I stopped at Galloway's. Taking it at the very best, I should only get worked into my grave."

"I will not hear another word, Roland," interrupted Lady Augusta. "How can you be so wicked and ungrateful?"

"What is there wicked in it?" asked Roland. "Besides, you don't know all. I can't tell you what I don't owe in Helstonleigh, and I have not got sixpence to pay it. You'd not like to see me marched off to prison, mother."

Lady Augusta gave another shriek.

"And there's a third reason why I wish to be away," went on Roland, drowning the noise. "But I'll not go into that, because it concerns myself alone."

Of course, the announcement that it concerned himself alone, only made my lady the more inquisitive to hear it. She peremptorily ordered Roland to disclose it to her.

But Roland could be as peremptory as she, and he declined, in positive terms, to explain further. "It would not afford you any pleasure, mother," he said, "and I should not have mentioned it but as an additional reason why I must be off."

"You unhappy boy! You have been doing something dreadful!"

"It's not over good," acknowledged Roland. "Perhaps I'll write you word all about it from London. I have not smothered William Yorke, or set old Galloway's office on fire, and those respected gentlemen are my two *bétes noires*. So don't look so scared, mother."

"Roland!" uttered Lady Augusta, as the fact struck her, "if you go off in this manner, all the money that was paid with you to Mr. Galloway will be lost! I might as well have sent it down the gutter."

"So I said at the time," answered cool Roland. "Never mind that, mother. What's that paltry hundred or two, compared to the millions I shall make? And as to these folks that I owe money to—"

"They'll be coming upon me," interposed Lady Augusta. "Heaven knows, I have enough to pay."

"They will do nothing of the sort," said Roland. "You have no legal right to pay my debts. Not one of them but has been contracted since I was of age. If they come to you, tell them so."

"Roland, Lord Carrick gave you money once or twice when he was here," resumed Lady Augusta. "I know he did. What have you done with it all?"

"Money melts," responded Roland. "Upon my word and honour, then, I do believe it must melt at times; it vanishes so quickly."

My lady could not cavil at the assertion. She was only too much given to the same belief herself. Roland continued—

"In a little while—about three months, as I calculate—after my arrival at Port Natal, I shall be in a position to send funds home to pay what I owe; and, be assured, I will faithfully send them. There is the finest opening, mother, at Port Natal! Fortunes are being made there daily. In a few years' time I shall come home with my pockets lined, and shall settle down by you for life."

"If I could but think the prospect was so good a one!" exclaimed Lady Augusta.

"It is," said Roland emphatically. "Why, mother, Port

Natal is all the rage: hundreds are going out. Were there no reasons to urge me away, you would be doing the most unwise thing possible to stand in the light of my going. If I were at something that I liked, that I was not worked to death at; if I did not owe a shilling; if my prospects here, in short, were first rate, and my life a bower of rose-leaves, I should do well to throw it all up for Port Natal."

"But in what manner are these great fortunes made?" wondered Lady Augusta.

"Of course, I shall acquire all that information. Stuck in this know-nothing Helstoneleigh, I can only state the fact that they *are* made. I daresay I can find an opening for one or two of the boys out there."

Lady Augusta—persuadable as ever was a child—began to look upon the plan with less prejudiced eyes—as Roland would have styled it. As to Roland, so fully had he become imbued with the golden harvest to be gathered at Port Natal, that had an angel descended to deceive him, he would have refused to listen.

"There will be the losing you, Roland," said Lady Augusta, hesitating whether she should scold or cry.

"Law, what's that?" returned Roland, slightly. "You'll get over that in a day, and return thanks that there's one source of trouble less. Look here! If I were in the luck of having a good commission given me in some crack Indian regiment, would you not say, 'Oh be joyful, and start me off at once? What are you the worse for George's being away? Mother!' he added somewhat passionately, 'would you like to see me tied down for life to an old proctor's office?'"

"But, Roland, you cannot go out without money. There'll be your outfit and your passage; and you can't land with empty pockets."

"As to an outfit," said Roland, "you must not run your head upon such a one as George had. A few new shirts, and a pair or two of water-proof boots, that will be about all I shall want. I remember shirts and waterproof boots were mentioned by Bagshaw. What I shall mostly want to buy will be tools, and household utensils: frying-pans, and items of that sort."

"Frying-pans!" ejaculated Lady Augusta.

"I am sure frying-pans were mentioned," answered Roland. "Perhaps it was only one, though, for private use. I'll hunt up Bagshaw's list, and look over it."

"And where's the money to come from?" repeated my lady.

"I shall get it of Lord Carriek. I know he'll give me what I want. I often talked to him about Port Natal when he was here."

"I had a letter from him to-day," said Lady Augusta. "He will be returning to Ireland next week."

"Will he, though?" uttered Roland, aroused by the information. "I have no time to lose, then."

"Well, Roland, I must hear more about this to-morrow, and consider it over," said my lady, rising to retire. "I have not said yet you are to go, mind."

"I shall go, whether you say it or not," replied frank Roland. "And when I come home with my pockets lined, a rich man for life, the first thing I'll buy shall be a case of diamonds for you."

"Stupid boy!" said she, laughing. "I shall be too old to wear diamonds then."

"Oh no, you won't."

My lady gave him a hearty kiss, and went to bed and to sleep. The visions of Roland were not without their effect upon her, and she had a most delightful dream of driving about in a charming city, whose streets were paved with malachite marble, brilliant to look upon. How many times Roland had dreamt that Port Natal was paved with gold, he alone knew.

Had Roland been troubled with over-sensitiveness in regard to other people's feelings, and felt himself at a loss how to broach the matter to Mr. Galloway, he might have been pleased to find that the way was, in a degree, paved to him. On the following morning, Mr. Galloway was at the office considerably before his usual hour; consequently,

before Roland Yorke. Upon looking over Roland's work of the previous day, he found that a deed—a deed that was in a hurry, too—had been imperfectly drawn out, and would have to be done over again. The cause must have been sheer carelessness, and Mr. Galloway naturally felt angered. When the gentleman arrived, he told him what he thought of his conduct, winding up the reproaches with a declaration that Roland did him no service at all, and would be as well out of the office as in it.

"I am glad of that, sir," was Roland's answer. "What I was about to tell you will make no difference, then. I wish to leave, sir."

"Do you?" retorted Mr. Galloway.

"I am going to leave, sir," added Roland, rather improving upon the assertion. "I am going to Port Natal."

Mr. Galloway was a little taken aback. "Going to where?" cried he.

"To Port Natal."

"To Port Natal!" echoed Mr. Galloway, in unbounded astonishment, for not an inkling of Roland's long-thought-of project had ever reached him. "What on earth should you want there?"

"To make my fortune," replied Roland.

"Oh!" said Mr. Galloway. "When do you start?"

"It is quite true, sir," continued Roland. "Of course I could not go without informing you."

"Do you start to-day?" repeated Mr. Galloway, in the same mocking tone.

"No, I don't," said Roland; "but I *shall* start, sir, before long, and I beg you to believe me. I have talked Lady Augusta over to the plan, and I shall get the money for it from Lord Carriek. I might drum on here all my life and never rise to be anything better than a proctor, besides having my life worked out of me; whereas, if I can get to Port Natal, my fortune's made. Hundreds and thousands of enterprising spirits are emigrating there, and they are all going to make their fortunes."

Had Mr. Galloway not been angry, he would have laughed outright. "Yorke," said he, "did you ever hear of a sickness that fell suddenly upon this kingdom, some years ago? It was called the gold fever. Hundreds and thousands, as you phrase it, caught the mania, and flocked out to the Australian gold-diggings, to 'make their fortunes' by picking up gold. Boy!"—laying his hand on Roland's shoulder—"how many of those, think you, instead of making their fortunes, only went out to die?"

"That was not Port Natal, sir."

"It was not. But, unless some of you wild young men come to your senses, we shall have a second edition of the Australian madness in Port Natal. Nothing can be more futile than these visionary schemes, Roland Yorke; they are like the apples of Sodom—fair and promising to the eye, full of ashes to the taste. Do not you be deceived by them."

"One must get on at Port Natal, sir."

"If one does not get 'off,'" returned Mr. Galloway, in a cynical tone that chafed Roland's ear. "The stream that flocked out to the gold diggings all thought they should get on—each individual was fully persuaded he should come home in a year or two with a plum in each of his breeches pockets. Where one made his way—made wealth—Roland, many starved, died, vanished, it was not known how; were never heard of by their friends more, or saw old England again. What good do you suppose you could do at Port Natal?"

"I intend to do a great deal," said Roland.

"But suppose you found you could do none—suppose it, I say—what would become of you out in a strange place, without money and without friends?"

"Well," returned Roland, who was never at a loss for an answer, "if such an impossible thing as a failure were to turn up, I should come back to my uncle Carriek, and make him start me in something else."

"Ah!" mockingly observed Mr. Galloway, "a rolling stone gathers no moss. Meanwhile, Mr. Roland Yorke, suppose you come down from the clouds to your proper

business. Draw out this deed again, and see if you can accomplish it to a little more purpose than you did yesterday."

Roland, liking the tone less and less, sat down and grew sullen. "Don't say I did not give you notice, sir," he observed.

But Mr. Galloway vouchsafed no reply. Indeed, it may be questioned if he heard the remark, for he went into his own room at the moment Roland spoke, and shut the door after him.

"Mocking old caterpillar!" grumbled angry Roland. "No fortunes at Port Natal! I'd go off, if it was only to tantalise him!"

CHAPTER L.

REALLY GONE!

MRS. JENKINS had many virtues. Besides the cardinal one which has been particularly brought under the reader's notice—that of keeping her husband in due subjection—she also possessed, in an eminent degree, the excellent quality of being a most active housewife. In fact, she had the bump of rule and order, and personally superintended everything—with hands and tongue.

Amongst other careful habits, was that of never letting anybody put a finger on her best sitting-room, for the purpose of cleaning it, except herself. She called it her drawing-room—a small, pretty room over the shop, very well furnished. It was let to Mr. Harper, with the bed-room behind it. Had Lydia dared even to wipe the dust off a table, it might have cost her her place. Mrs. Jenkins was wont to slip her old buff dressing-gown over her clothes, after she was dressed in a morning, and partake herself to this drawing-room. Twice a week it was carefully swept, and on those occasions a large green handkerchief, tied cornerwise upon Mrs. Jenkins's head, to save her cap from dust, was added to her costume.

On the morning following Roland's communication to Mr. Galloway, Mrs. Jenkins was thus occupied—a dust-pan in one hand, a short hand-broom in the other—for you may be sure she did not sweep her carpets with those long, slashing, tear-away brooms that wear out a carpet in six months—and the green kerchief adjusted gracefully over her ears—when she heard a man's footsteps clattering up the stairs. In much astonishment as to who could have invaded the house at that hour, Mrs. Jenkins rose up from her knees and flung open the door.

It was Roland Yorke, coming up at the top of his speed, with a carpet bag in his hand. "Whatever do you want?" exclaimed she. "Is anything the matter?"

"The matter is, that I want to say a word to Jenkins," replied Roland. "I know he must be in bed, so I just ran straight through the shop and up."

"I'm sure you are very polite!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins. "For all you knew, I might have been in the room."

"So you might!" cried easy Roland. "I never thought of that. I should not have swallowed you, Mrs. Jenkins. Take care! I have hardly a minute to spare. I shall lose the train."

On he went, up the second flight of stairs, without the slightest hesitation, and into Jenkins's room, ignoring the ceremony of knocking. Poor Jenkins, who had heard the colloquy, and recognised Roland's voice, was waiting for him with wondering eyes.

"I am off, Jenkins," said Roland, advancing and bending over the bed. "I wouldn't go without just saying a word to you."

"Off where, sir?" returned Jenkins, who could not have looked more bewildered had he been suddenly aroused from sleep.

"To Port Natal. I am sick and tired of everything here, so I am off at last."

Jenkins was struck dumb. Of course, the first thought that passed through his mind was Mr. Galloway's discomfiture, unless he had prepared for it. "This is very sudden, sir!" he cried, when speech came to him. "Who is replacing you at the office?"

"Nobody," replied Roland. "That's the primest bit in the whole play. Galloway will know what work is, now. I told him yesterday morning that I should go, but he went into a tantrum, and didn't take it in earnest. He pointed out to me about sixty things as my day's work to-day, when he left the office last night: errands to go upon, and writings to do, and answers to give, and the office to mind! A glorious commotion there'll be, when he finds it's all thrown upon his own hands. He'll see how *he* likes work!"

Jenkins could do nothing but stare. Roland went on—

"I have just slipped round there now, to leave a message, with my compliments. It will turn his hair green when he hears it, and finds I am really gone. Do you feel any better, Jenkins?"

The question was put in a different tone; a soft, gentle tone—one in which Roland rarely spoke. He had never seen Jenkins look so ill as he was looking now.

"I shall never feel any better in this world, sir."

"Well, give us your hand, Jenkins; I must be off. You are the only one, old fellow, that I have said good-by to. You have been a good lot, Jenkins, and done things for me that other clerks would not. Good luck to you, old chap, whether you go into the next world, or whether you stop in this!"

"God bless you, Mr. Roland! God bless you everywhere!"

Roland leapt down the stairs. Mrs. Jenkins stood at the drawing-room door. "Good bye," said he to her. "You see I should not have had time to eat you. What d'ye call that thing you have got upon your head, Mrs. Jenkins? Only wear it to church next Sunday, and you'll set the fashion."

Away he tore to the station. The first person he saw there, officials excepted, was Hamish Channing, who had gone to it for the purpose of seeing a friend off by the train. The second, was Lady Augusta Yorke.

Hamish he saw first, as he was turning away from getting his ticket. "Hamish," said he, "you'll tell Arthur that I did not come round to him for a last word; I shall write it from London."

"Roland"—and Hamish spoke more gravely than was his wont—"you are starting upon a wild-goose scheme."

"It is *not*," said Roland; "why do you preach up nonsense? If the worst came to the worst, I should come back to Carriack, and he'd set me on my legs again. I tell you, Hamish, I have a hundred reasons to urge me away from Helstonleigh."

"Is this carpet-bag all your luggage?"

"All I am taking with me. The rest will be sent afterwards. Had I dispatched the bell-man about the town to announce my departure, I might have got stopped; so I have told nobody, except poor old harmless Jenkins."

Of course it never occurred to proud and improvident Roland that it was possible to travel in any carriage but a first-class one. A first-class ticket he took, and into a first-class compartment he got. Fortunate it was that it was an empty one. Hamish was filling up the door, talking to him, when sounds of distress were heard coming swiftly along the platform. Before Hamish had time to look what caused them, they were close upon his ear, and he found himself vehemently pushed aside, just as Roland himself might have pushed him. He turned with surprise. Panting, breathless, in tears, waiting out that she should never see her darling son again, stood the Lady Augusta Yorke.

What could be the cause of her appearance there in that state? The cause was Roland. On the previous day, he had held a second conversation with his mother, picturing the glories of Port Natal in colours so vivid, that the thought nearly crossed my lady's mind, couldn't she go too, and make *her* fortune? She then inquired when he meant to start. "Oh," answered Roland, carelessly, "between now and a week's time." The real fact was, that he contemplated being away on the following morning, before my lady was up. Roland's motive was not an unfilial one. He knew how she excited herself over these partings; the violent, if short, grief to which she gave the reins; he remem-

bered what it had been on the departure of his brother George. One other motive also held weight with him, and induced reticence. It was very desirable, remembering that he was not perfectly free from claims upon his purse, that he should depart, if not absolutely *sub rosa*, still without its being extensively known; and that, he knew, would be next door to an impossibility, were the exact period imparted to my lady. Lady Augusta Yorke could not have kept a secret for a single hour, had it been to save her life. Accordingly, she retired to rest in blissful ignorance; and in ignorance she might have remained until he was fairly off, but for Roland's own want of caution. Up with daylight—and daylight, you know, does not surprise us too early when the dark days of November are close at hand—Roland began turning over his drawers and closets, to pick out the few articles he meant to carry with him: the rest would be packed afterwards. This aroused his mother, whose room was underneath his, and she angrily wondered what he could be doing. Not for some time, until after the noise ceased, did the faintest suspicion of the truth break upon her, and it might not then, but for the sudden remembrance which rose in her mind of Roland's particularly affectionate farewell the night previously. Lady Augusta rang her bell.

"Do you know what Mr. Roland is about in his room?" she inquired, when Martha answered it.

"Mr. Roland is gone out, my lady," was Martha's reply. "He came down in the kitchen and drank a cup of coffee; and then he went out with a carpet-bag."

Lady Augusta became excited. "Where's he gone?" she wildly asked.

"Somewhere by rail, I think, my lady. He said, as he drank his coffee, that he hoped our heads wouldn't ache till he saw us again. Cook and me couldn't think what he meant, my lady."

My lady divined only too well. She gave a prolonged series of shrieks, jumped out of bed, flung on any clothes that came uppermost, and started in pursuit of him, to the intense wonder of Martha, and to the astonishment of Helstoneleigh as she flew wildly through the streets to the station. The sight of Hamish at a carriage door guided her to her runaway son.

She sprang into the carriage—it was well, I say, that it was empty!—and overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproaches, all the while kissing and hugging him. Not two minutes could be given to their farewell, for the time was up, and Lady Augusta had to descend again, weeping bitterly.

"Take care of her home, Hamish," said Roland, putting his head out. "Mother dear, you'll live to say I have done well, yet. You'll see me come home, one of these fine days, with a covered wagon after me, bringing the bags of gold." Poor Roland!

The train steamed off, and Lady Augusta, to her discomfort of Hamish, and admiration of the porters and station boys, set off at full speed after it, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and sobbing and shrieking out that "She'd go—she'd go with it! that she should never see her darling boy again!" With some difficulty Hamish soothed her down to tolerable calmness, and put her into a fly.

They were scarcely beyond the station when she suddenly bent forward to Hamish, who sat on the seat opposite to her, and seized his hands. "Is it true that everybody gets rich who goes to Port Natal?"

The question was a poser for sunny Hamish. He liked to scatter flowers in his path, rather than thorns. How could he tell that grieving woman that Roland—careless, lazy, improvident Roland—would be almost sure to return in a worse plight than he had gone? "I have heard of people doing well at Port Natal," he answered; "and Roland is young and strong, and has years before him."

"I cannot think how so much money can be made," continued my lady, beginning to dry her tears. "There are no gold fields there, are there?"

"I think not," said Hamish.

"They must trade, then, I suppose. And, goodness me! what does Roland know about trading? Nothing. He talks of taking out tools and frying-pans."

"Frying-pans!" repeated Hamish, struck with the item.

"I am sure he said frying-pans. Oh, dear!" sobbed Lady Augusta, "what a relief it would be if folks never had any children! or if boys did not possess wills of their own! Hamish, you have never given sorrow to your mother! I feel that you have not!"

Hamish smiled at her. "Now you know, Lady Augusta, that your children are your dearest treasures," cried he, soothingly. "You would be the most unhappy woman living if you had none."

"Ah! you can't judge, Mr. Hamish Channing. You have no children of your own."

"No," said Hamish, laughing, "but my turn may come some day. Dear Lady Augusta, if Roland has his faults, he has his good qualities. Look on the bright side of things. Look forward with hope to the time that you shall see him home safe and well again. It will be sure to come."

"You speak as if you believed it would."

"Of course I do," said Hamish, "and everybody finds me a true prophet."

They were then passing the Hazledon charity. At the iron gates of the inclosure stood the Rev. William Yorke. "Roland left a message for him!" exclaimed Hamish, half mockingly, as his eyes fell upon the clergyman.

Lady Augusta, all impulse ever, suddenly put her head out at the window and stopped the fly. William Yorke, looking surprised to see who were its inmates, advanced to the door. The lady's tears flowed afresh.

"He is gone, William! My darling, self-willed, troublesome boy is gone, and I shall, perhaps, never see him more till I am an old woman."

"Who is gone?" returned Mr. Yorke.

"Roland. Never was a mother so tried as I. He will soon be on the sea, ploughing his way to Port Natal. I wish there was no sea!—no Port Natal! He went off without saying a word to me, and he is gone!"

Mr. Yorke, bewildered, turned his eyes on Hamish for explanation. He had never heard of the Port Natal project. Hamish nodded in confirmation.

"The best place for him," said Mr. Yorke. "He must work for his bread there before he eats it."

Lady Augusta shrieked: "How cruelly hard you are, William!"

"Not hard, Lady Augusta—kind," he gently said. "If your boys were brought up to depend upon their own exertions more, they would make better men."

"You said you had a message for him from Roland?" resumed Lady Augusta, looking at Hamish.

Hamish smiled significantly. "Not much of one," he said, and his lips, as he bent towards William Yorke, assumed an expression of sarcastic severity. "He merely requested me, after he was in the train, to give his love to the Rev. Mr. Yorke, as a parting legacy."

Either the words or the tone, probably the latter, struck on the Rev. Mr. Yorke's self-esteem, and flushed his cheek crimson. Since the rupture with Constance, Hamish, though not interfering in the remotest degree, had maintained a tone of quiet sarcasm to Mr. Yorke. And though Mr. Yorke did not like it, he could not hinder it.

"When does Mr. Channing return?" he abruptly asked of Hamish.

"We shall be expecting him shortly, now."

Lady Augusta gave the signal for the fly to drive on. William Yorke put his hand over the door and took hers, as the man began to whip up his horse.

"Do not grieve too much after him, Lady Augusta. It may prove to be the best day's work Roland ever did. God has given him hands, and brains; and a good heart, as I verily believe. If he shall only learn their value out there, let his lines be ever so hard, he may come home a wise and a good man. One of my poor pensioners here said to me, not ten minutes ago, 'I was brought to know my Saviour, sir, through hard lines.' Lady Augusta, those 'hard lines' are never sent in vain."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Ministerial Recollections. With Preface by the Rev. ABNER BROWN, M.A. Wertheim and Co.

The papers published under the above title appeared formerly in the "Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine." They are the productions of several clergymen, who have thought it probable that these sketches drawn from life might prove beneficial to others, by showing that the hopes and fears, the temptations and comforts, the consolations and the chastisements of men seeking after God have ever been the same. We quote one on death-bed repentance:—

"I remember a sick-bed scene, which at the time made a very deep impression upon me. It is not, I hope, even yet worn out. It was on a Sunday night, not long after the commencement of my ministry. I was about to retire, fatigued by the duties of the day; but before I could do this, there was a loud knock at the front door—a very unusual occurrence at such an hour. It was a messenger to request my immediate attendance on one of my parishioners, who was thought to be dying. I well knew the person: he had been much afflicted with sickness; but his afflictions, I too much feared, had not been blessed to him. Many a warning had I given him of the awful end of an ungodly life; many a time had I entreated him to consider his ways; to pray for grace to repent and believe; to flee, whilst he yet had time, to the Saviour for real peace and everlasting salvation. Though naturally a passionate man, he had always received my instruction with what I thought patience and a submissive spirit. I do not recollect, however, that any expression of thankfulness ever escaped his lips. For little temporal kindnesses towards himself or his family he had again and again thanked me, but for no other. The care of the soul was evidently not to him the one thing needful; his thoughts, heart, affections, were all of the world; and he appeared to have no hope or wish beyond it. It was not long before I arrived at the house, and was proceeding to enter, when I was thus accosted by one of the neighbours. 'Oh, sir, walk up, if you please! Poor H. is dying! He has been alarmingly ill the whole of the day, and now we think that he cannot be here long. But, bless the Lord! he is in such a sweet heavenly frame; I wish I was so fit to die.' Of course, I made no reply to all this, but went on as quickly as I could to the sick man's chamber. I entered the room with that mysterious awe which I think one ever feels on these occasions. It was a kind of garret; everything was remarkably clean and neat, as well as I could judge by the light of a small candle that was dimly burning on the window-seat; the walls had been recently whitewashed, and the little furniture that was there set in order. I noticed a Bible lying open on a small table covered with a white cloth. There were many persons in the room besides poor H.'s wife and children. My eyes were quickly fixed on the poor sufferer; he was lying in a most exhausted state, but perfectly sensible. I could perceive blood still oozing from his mouth; and I thought his moments were numbered. As far as I could understand what he said in reply to a few remarks I made, it was, that he was completely happy, without any fears; that he longed to be with Jesus; that he felt as if he was already in heaven. His wife, and the neighbours who were present, assured me that this had been his strain during the whole day, and a great part of the preceding night. I could not disbelieve what they said, more than what I myself heard; but in my own mind there were the most serious doubts as to the reality of his piety, and the safety of his state. I intimated as much to him. Conversion, I told him, was a great work, the work of God; that it could be described only by such great expressions as these—a new birth, a new creation, a resurrection from the dead; that he must not be satisfied with any peace or tranquillity of mind that did not rest on a solid scriptural hope that his sins were pardoned, and his person justified through Jesus Christ; that any other kind of peace was a delusion of the wicked one, the last mighty effort, it might be, to retain and ruin his soul. I then besought him most earnestly to look well into his heart, to pray God to search him and try him, and show him to himself; lest, after all, he should go down to the grave with a lie in his right hand. After a short prayer I took my departure. I did not expect to see this poor man again. Poor H. was, to the wonder of every one, still living on the morrow. He was a little relieved. The discharge of blood had revived him. There was no alteration as to his apparent frame of mind. He was still, he said quite happy; so great, indeed, he declared, had been his comfort and joys, that once or twice in the past night he thought that he was actually in heaven! Contrary to the expressed opinion of many medical men, he gradually recovered strength. He is,

I believe, still living, though years have elapsed since the time I speak of. But, alas! alas! he returned to his old and sinful habits. Prayer, the Bible, public worship, were all, I have reason to believe, neglected by him. He was living literally without God in the world. My remonstrances were received now just as they were received before his illness; with patience, but without feeling; and almost the last words he said to me were these—words implying the most awful sentiment—that he hoped his sufferings in this life would be instead of any sufferings in the next. Oh, how fearfully deceptive are death-bed professions of repentance and conversion to God! Surely it becomes us all, and ministers especially, to be slow to speak when we can only barely hope; and not to talk of a glorious heaven, and a never-setting sun, which, in the day of judgment, may prove to be the blackness of darkness for ever."

The Shepherd of Bethlehem, King of Israel. By A. L. O. E. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

THE writings of this author are in America very popular. This volume, "The Shepherd King," is founded on a peculiar plan. A domestic story, supplied by the writer's imagination, is so constructed as to include a series of simple lectures on the life of David. A young clergyman is introduced into the plot, and arrangements are made for him to deliver his lectures at his own residence. These lectures become considerably interesting, and the incidents recorded in the tale are made to cluster around them, and derive most of their importance from them. In general, we approve of the tone and tendency of the work; on one point only have we any doubts. We refer to the military allusions. Many good and wise men regard war in all cases as an unmitigated calamity, and are anxious to do all they can to avoid creating a love for a soldier's life. This is not the case with "The Shepherd King," which, for this reason, would not command the unqualified approval of such as hold peace principles.

The False Position of the Authors of the "Essays and Reviews." A Lecture by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. Wertheim and Co.

THIS lecture is an appeal to the Bible and the Prayer-book as the best refutation of the sentiments professed by the writers of the "Essays and Reviews." The lecture also embodies various powerful quotations from eminent writers in support of the doctrines which the essayists seek to impugn. With the closing remark we heartily coincide—"Hold fast the Bible as a book to live by. Embrace its teaching, receive its doctrines, practise its precepts, hope in its promises. Live the Bible, and you will become an evidence of its truth, and a demonstration of its holy origin. There is nothing it does not offer, nothing it does not give to the man who feels his wants and seeks its bounty. Truth that never grows old—riches that never decay—pleasures that never clog—a crown that is never tarnished—griefs assuaged and fears tranquillised—bright hopes and incorruptible immortality, are the gifts of God to all that cling to the hallowed truths of Holy Writ."

The Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals. With Engravings. Sampson Low and Son, 47, Ludgate Hill.

THE authorities from which these illustrative anecdotes are selected are not given, but the book is cleverly compiled and very neatly printed. As a book for the table, or as a present for young persons, the production before us is worthy of notice. Abundant entertainment will be found in its pages.

Sketches from Pictures, and other Poems. By E. L. London: Edward Moxon and Co.

THESE poems have evidently been written at various intervals and with different degrees of merit. Some of them will be read with pleasure.

Oak Leaves. By JOHN BOWMAN GRAHAM. Glasgow Maurice Ogle and Son.

A VOLUME of short poems, most of which have appeared in one of the Scotch periodicals. They exhibit poetic feeling.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 16.

PAMPHILIUS.—In 309 died Pamphilus, presbyter of Caesarea. He was of an eminent family, of great wealth, and extensive learning, and ardently devoted to the study of the Scriptures. He is said to have collected a library of 30,000 volumes, solely for the promotion of the Christian religion. Traces of this library still remain at Paris, and elsewhere.

MELANCHTHON.—On this day, in 1497, was born at Breithen, in the palatinate of the Rhine, Philip Melancthon. His proper name was "Schwartzerd" (black earth), which, according to the fashion of the day among the learned, he changed into the Greek term for the same word, as Calvin also Latinised his own name from Cauvin. At Tubingen, he became a lecturer. In 1518, he received the high encomium of Erasmus; and at the instigation of Luther and Renclin, was invited the same year, by the elector of Saxony, to fill the chair of Greek in the recently founded university of Wittenberg. At this seat of learning he was at once under the mighty spirit and influence of his intrepid colleague, Luther. During the progress of the Reformation he visited many cities; nor was his pen idle in the cause. Though his compositions had not the overwhelming torrent of Luther's rhetoric, yet their quiet, elegant, and self-possessed tone was not the less useful in aiding the emancipation and progress of Germany. In 1530 Melancthon drew up the "general confession," which was presented to the Emperor at Augsburg. After Luther's death he was often sorely perplexed and harassed. Men of bolder character thought him somewhat irresolute. He died at Wittenberg, 19th of April, 1568, at the age of sixty-three. The amiability, gentleness, and benignant purity of Melancthon—his zeal, learning, and assiduity, have placed him next to Luther, or rather as his associate, in the great work of the Reformation. While he sometimes fretted at Luther's vehemence, he venerated its grounds; and Luther, though he thought Philip's procedure was to be stigmatised sometimes as mere expediency, was yet won by his gentle demeanour and unquestioned sincerity. The apostle Paul and the loving John present us with the same diversity of natural character. But these qualities on the part of Melancthon often silently commended the "new doctrine" where the whirlwind of denunciation had only produced terror and revulsion. A new edition of his works (originally printed in four volumes, folio, in 1562) has been in course of preparation for some years. The general title is "*Corpus Reformatorum*," of which eighteen quarto volumes have already been published.

FEBRUARY 17.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—In 1739 George Whitefield preached in the open air to the colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol. He had been in America, but was obliged to return to receive priest's orders. In London he waited on the bishop and primate, who each received him favourably, and highly approved of his designs respecting his charge in Georgia, hoping thus to fix him in America, as a fitting sphere for his zeal. While waiting, subsequent to his ordination, for contributions for his "orphan house," he resumed his public labours, which had been suspended by his previous departure. His popularity was as great as ever. One day, preaching at Bermondsey church, he knew that nearly a thousand persons stood outside unable to obtain admittance, and he felt a strong inclination to go out and preach to them, standing on a tombstone. It was this circumstance and occasion that led him to adopt the then unclerical practice of preaching in the open air; and it was soon commenced at Kingswood—a tract of country so abounding in low and degraded beings, principally colliers, in the most abject state of poverty and brutality, that when Whitefield first announced his intention of going to America to convert the Indians, many of his friends said, "What need of going abroad for this? Are there not

colliers enough at Kingswood?" To these benighted people he had yearned to open the light of heavenly truth, and they had no churches. He came among them and preached one day, without notice, from the first three verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew, his audience numbering then only about two hundred. The second time he preached, two thousand persons had assembled; the third audience numbered between four and five thousand; and they went on increasing until they were estimated at twenty thousand. Meanwhile the authorities had taken offence, and would no longer suffer him to preach in the churches; so that what he had adopted of choice became a matter of necessity. "The sun," says Whitefield, alluding to one of these meetings, "shone very bright, and the people standing in such an awful manner around the mount in the profoundest silence, filled me with a holy admiration." On another occasion, "The trees and hedges were full. All was hushed when I began, and God enabled me to preach for an hour with great power, and so loud that, as I was told, all could hear me. Blessed be God! the fire is kindled." The silent attention of these motley multitudes proved the power of God's Word, through the preacher, over them, and gave him increased confidence. But when he saw the white gutters made by the tears that trickled down their black cheeks—black as they came out of the coal-pit—his thankful heart was full; and, reviewing it, he remarks—"As the scene was quite new, and I had only just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned severe inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand persons were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say. But I was never totally deserted. The open firmament above me, the prospect around me, with the sight of assembled thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me." Many sneered to see a mere stripling, habited in the clerical gown, address the people from a table upon unconsecrated ground. But the example of Whitefield, owned of God in the conversion of sinners, has found imitators in our own day; nor has a Bishop of London disdained to sanction outdoor efforts by preaching lately in Covent Garden.

FEBRUARY 18.

MARTIN LUTHER.—In 1546 died Martin Luther, at Wittenberg. Born at Isleben, in Saxony, in 1483, of humble parents, Martin, to support himself at school, sang songs at the doors of the citizens. Yet this was he who, in the providence of God, was destined to shake the Papal throne to its foundations. In manhood he yet occupied the theological chair at Wittenberg, so that his first prejudices were enlisted in the service of the worst portion of the Roman Catholic church. In dignity a professor, in theology an Augustinian, in philosophy a nominalist, and by education a mendicant monk, Luther seemed, like Paul, to have been precisely the last man to have been selected for the publication of the truths of the everlasting Gospel. The first act of his evangelical life has been hastily ascribed, by three eminent writers—one of whom was a professing Christian—Bossuet, Hume, and Voltaire, to the narrowest motive: jealousy of a rival order. They say that the Augustinian friars had usually been invested, in Saxony, with the sale of indulgences, and that it only became offensive to Luther when it was transferred to a Dominican. This is not true. The Dominicans had been, for three centuries the special favourites of the holy see, and none of the contemporary adversaries of Luther ever advanced the charge against him, even at the moment when the controversy was carried on with the most unscrupulous severity. Luther did not, while obedient to the Pope, deny to him the power to remit such human and merely temporary chastisements as formed a part of ecclesiastical discipline. Had not Leo X. published an edict, in which he claimed the power of delivering sinners from all punishment due to every sort of transgression, both in this world and the next, Luther would never have

despaired of any reasonable accommodation with the Pontiff, nor would he have appealed from the Pope to a general council. This may be said as a matter of human probability, and irrespectively of what were the over-ruling designs and agency of the Great Head of the Church. It is far too much to say that had Luther's concession been carried into effect, the Reformation would have been stifled in its birth. Its progress might have been retarded, had not the violence of its enemies afforded it seasonable aid. The well-known dispute with Eckius, on the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, proved for the Reformers a substantial triumph in the fact, insulting as it was to Papal despotism, that the appointed arbiters left the question undecided. The Pope, in a bull of June 15, 1520, solemnly condemned his heresies, and summoned him to retract them within sixty days, at the Vatican. He refused the act of humiliation required of him. More than that, Luther determined to anticipate the anathema suspended over him by withdrawing himself at once from the communion of the Church. With this view he caused a pile of wood to be erected within the walls of Wittenberg, and there, in the presence of a great multitude of all ranks and orders, he burnt the bull, and with it the decretals, the extravagants—in fact the entire code of Romish jurisprudence. He had prefaced this measure by a renewal of his former appeal to a general council, so that the extent of his resistance may be accurately defined. The bull of excommunication immediately followed, January 6, 1521, but it fell, as in other instances, quite harmlessly. Here, then, was the circumstance from which may be dated the open progress of the REFORMATION. Luther's marriage did not take place until 1525, the nun whom he espoused having quitted her convent and renounced her profession long before. Even into a hasty outline of the life of Luther we have not space to enter. We may observe that he was not present at the Augsburg diet in 1530, but he was in constant correspondence with his friend Melancthon during that fearful period. The celebrated "confession" there published was constructed on the basis of seventeen articles previously drawn up by Luther. From that crisis the history of the Reformation took, in Germany, more of a political, and, perhaps, less of a religious character; but Luther still continued, for sixteen years longer, to exert his energies in the cause of God, which was peculiarly his own, and to influence, by his advice and authority, the new ecclesiastical system. Luther died in the same year in which the Council of Trent assembled for the self-reformation of the Papacy. But that attempt, even had it been made with judgment and sincerity, was then *too late*. During the twenty-nine years which composed the public life of Luther, the principles of the Reformation having fallen upon hearts already prepared for their reception, were rooted beyond the possibility of extirpation. The newly-discovered PRESS had given the world an *open Bible*; and when the great Reformer closed his eyes, he knew that the object of his mission was virtually accomplished; that *the Truth* was safe in the hand and under the direction of Him, the God of Truth, who is the way to Life eternal.

FEBRUARY 19.

BISHOP BURGESS.—In 1837 died Thomas Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, the son of a grocer, who rose by his own merits. He was a man of extensive learning and a voluminous author; was instrumental in founding the Royal Society of Literature, and also St. David's College, for the education of Welsh ministers—an enduring monument of his piety and benevolence. To this institution he bequeathed the whole of his extensive library.

FEBRUARY 20.

THE RESTRICTIVE BILL.—In 1786 a bill was introduced into the British Parliament placing a duty of twenty shillings a gallon on spirituous liquors, and fifty pounds license for selling them. This was done professedly to prevent their excessive use; but it was defeated so far as to tolerate punch at a low rate, the merchants of Bristol and Liverpool fearing the decrease of consumption in rum and other things distilled from molasses.

FEBRUARY 21.

ROBERT HALL.—In 1831 died Robert Hall, at the age of sixty-six, the distinguished author of the discourse on "Modern Infidelity," and previously, of an "Apology for the Freedom of the Press." Of this latter composition—which, though written with rapidity, at once secured for him a high position—it has been correctly said, that it is "characterised by the manly avowal of liberal principles, communicated in language at once forcible and beautiful, thundering with energy, and lightening with flashes of brilliant eloquence." Robert Hall, the son of a Baptist minister, was born in 1764. At Aberdeen, while a student, he became associated, as well in intellectual pursuits as in close friendship, with Sir James Macintosh. These eminent men ever after retained for each other sentiments of the highest consideration and attachment. They were so marked at college for their unanimity, that their class-fellows would often point to them and say, "There go Plato and Herodotus." The bracing effect of that rivalry and of those friendly discussions in which he and Sir James were wont daily to engage, in their wanderings—by the shore or in the fields, was, to one of Robert Hall's order, like the tightening of the strings of a musical instrument, which, when wound up to the proper pitch, was hereafter to pour forth strains of powerful and enchanting melody. At the close of 1783 he became the assistant pastor with Dr. Evans, at Broadmead, Bristol. In 1785 he was appointed classical tutor at the Bristol Academy, and in 1791 he was invited to succeed Mr. Robinson in the pastorate at Cambridge. As in the instance of Jay of Bath, members of the university frequently, and in considerable numbers, attended the afternoon services; and several senators, as well as clergymen of the Established Church, formed their earliest models in eloquence from his lips. The progress of the French revolution did not more violently agitate any place in England than Cambridge. It was then and there that he contended for the "freedom of the press," and followed up the appeal with the avowal of the dangers from that "modern infidelity" which forms no necessary consequence or adjunct of its disruption from political shackles. The essay was well timed, and met a pressing necessity; for, between 1795 and 1799, many "debating societies" were formed, especially in London, to which the working classes were allured on the Sunday evenings, and which shortly became the ill-concealed nurseries of infidelity. In his well-known "Sermon on Infidelity," first preached at Bristol in 1800, and subsequently at Cambridge, he thus expresses in a preface his own view of the case, which, unhappily, is even yet not entirely without application in our own day:—"To obliterate the sense of Deity, of moral sanctions, and a future world, and by these means to prepare the way for the total subversion of every institution, both social and religious, which men have been hitherto accustomed to revere, is evidently the principal aim of modern sceptics—the first sophists who have avowed an attempt to govern the world without inculcating the persuasion of a superior Power." He intimates, also, that "it is the immaculate holiness of the Christian revelation which is precisely what renders it disgusting to men who are determined to retain their vices." These things will show that this eminent man was profoundly *conservative* in his defence of the great outworks of our common Christianity. Want of space forbids a more extended sketch of Robert Hall's labours, character, and usefulness.

FEBRUARY 22.

FASTING AND FEASTING.—In 1630 this day had been appointed in Massachusetts as a general fast. It was changed into a day of thanksgiving, and the custom throughout the American States is annual. No ship had arrived in a great length of time, and the stock of provisions for the people was nearly exhausted. At this critical moment a vessel arrived from England, laden with provisions, and they immediately changed the day of fasting into one of feasting. It is more than probable that there was something more than an outward show of thanksgiving on this occasion.

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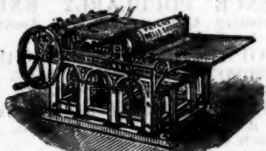
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